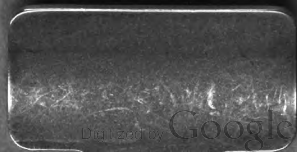


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# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

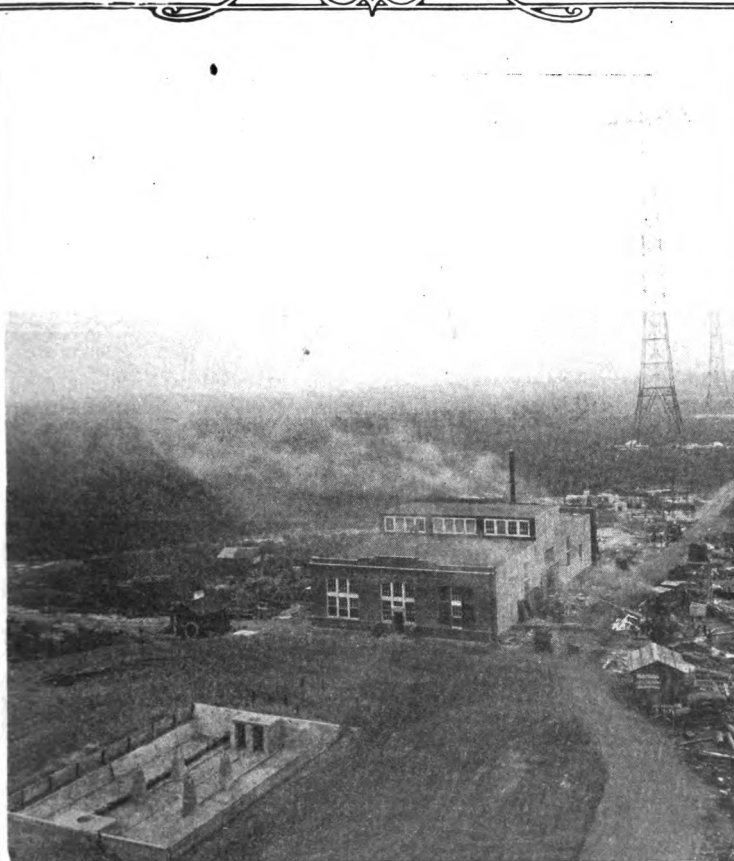
PUBLISHED BY  
**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**

JANUARY, 1922

VOLUME 3

AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



N. Y. RADIO CENTRAL POWER HOUSE AND COOLING POND

# RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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## RADIO CENTRAL

Last January there was published in this magazine a short description of the starting of the work at Radio Central together with a brief account of the main divisions of the work.

Since, much has been published regarding the engineering features of the newly-opened station and this ground has been covered so thoroughly that it is felt that the interest of our readers will be better served by a short account of some of the problems that have been encountered and the methods used to overcome them, rather than by a repetition of technical and descriptive matter.

The problem differed from that at the other high power stations in two important particulars: the first being that the station was built new from the ground up, on a property which had not before been used for communication purposes; and secondly, that the layout of this property was such that it was necessary to place the staff house and cottages at a distance from the radio station proper.

The ten square miles of property is irregular in shape, the general outlines being roughly those of a rectangle about three miles by four with many indentations. The radio station had to be located on this area in such a manner as to provide for twelve wings, each as long as possible and a sufficient distance away from the neighboring holdings to allow a ground system to be put down. This problem was satisfactorily solved by a series of trial layouts and by the purchase of a small amount of additional property. One special problem under this head was the location of wing II (which crosses several ravines, or "kettle holes") in such manner that the towers came on the tops of the rises rather than in the hollows.

It must be remembered that practically the entire tract was covered with woods of varying character, ranging from a substantial growth of pine down to scrub oak bushes. This all had to be cleared for a distance equal to the length of two wings and a width of 600 feet. Local labor proved very successful on this part of the work.

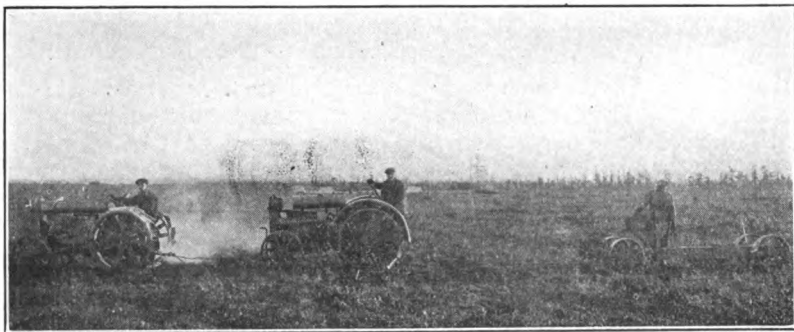
The next problem in hand was securing a supply of gravel for concreting purposes. Gravel would seem to be abundant on Long Island, but many test pits had to be dug and a substantial plant erected at the selected site before the gravel could be gotten out. This plant supplied a train of trucks, which put the screened product on the work. Water was another serious problem. Long Island is, practically speaking, one huge sand dune; the streams are very few and in most cases the only water to be had is straight down.

Two wells were, therefore, driven, one at the radio station and the other at the staff house. These are about 180 feet deep and from them, by means of deep well pumps, a plentiful supply of very pure water was obtained, the temperature of which does not vary more than a degree or two from 47° F. the year around.

In order to get about the works, roads had to be constructed and the corporation has built about six miles altogether, reaching from the radio station out on both wings V and II of the antenna system; to the staff-house and to the railroad siding, which was especially constructed by the Long Island Railroad to enable prompt delivery of materials to be made.

One of the first things to be done was to have the property surveyed and mapped with the existing buildings plotted, and also the scheme for the radio station and antennae. This map was used as a basis of all layouts and additions from time to time and was made sufficiently accurate to enable any required calculations to be made from it.

The major problem in 1920 was to start the construction of the power house simultaneously with the casting of the concrete tower foundations and the commencement of the work on the ground system. Ordinary construction methods were used for the first two parts of the work mentioned, but an economical method had to be especially developed in laying the ground wire, as there are some 450 miles of it in an area three miles long and 2,000 feet wide. It was not considered economical to put it in by hand, so a series of experiments were made by our engineers together with the J. G. White organization, our contractors, and the result was that a spe-



THE PLOW

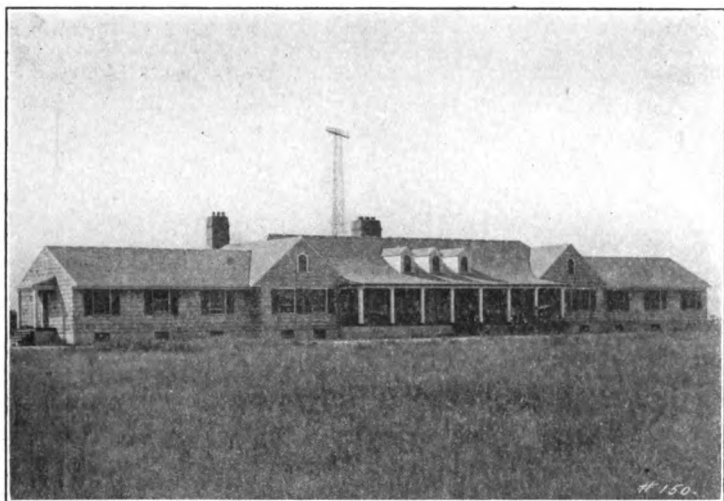
cial plow was developed, which cuts a narrow slot in the ground about 20 inches deep, automatically pays out the wire

at the bottom of the slot and tamps the earth over it. This machine, or machines, for there are now four of them, is drawn by two Fordson tractors and can work through all ordinary ground, cutting wood and stumps up to 4 inches in diameter. It must not be supposed that all this was attained at once. There were alterations, adjustments and improvements by everyone connected with the plows' development and use.

In the first part of 1921 the sub-contractors for the towers, the American Bridge Company, appeared with their plant and proceeded to start the actual erection as soon as weather permitted. This was a most interesting piece of work from every standpoint. The bridge company used several very novel schemes in putting up the steel, among them being a floating gin pole, supported in stirrups below and shrouds above, which could be swung into any position for hoisting the various members and itself raised to higher levels as the work progressed. The crossarms were put together on the ground, each half separately, and hoisted up in such manner that the weight of one balanced the weight of the other. This avoided serious unequal strains upon the towers during the entire process, the final step being to slack off the weight on both together. It should be mentioned in this connection that the bridge company conducted this work in such a careful and painstaking manner that no man was either killed or seriously injured, which is a very good record for a contract of this size.

In the spring the alternator installation was commenced to somewhat better advantage than at other stations, because there were no traffic conditions to meet and the layout had been especially prepared for the alternator installation. Nothing from obsolete installations had to be used or fitted to the work in hand. The result is a power station, which is clean-cut with a good open floor layout all on one level with easy accessibility to all parts of the equipment. The boiler room is depressed below the general level, the only part visible being the stack. Antenna work was one of the parts of the construction taken up during the summer. The sixteen wires now up form a substantial construction which, it is thought, will only require a small amount of work to maintain, and in connection with the very extensive ground system already gives a signal, the qualities of which are so well known that no mention need be made of them here.

The supply of power is obtained from the 23,000-volt lines of the Long Island Lighting Company over an extension eight miles long from the village of Port Jefferson. A very substantial outdoor sub-station has been erected, adjacent to



STAFF HOUSE

the radio station, for step-down and control, which is accomplished by hand-switching on the high tension side and the usual remote control for the low tension.

The staff is housed in a well-designed set of quarters, situated on a gentle rise in ground near the North Country Road, the main highway through this part of Long Island. The design follows generally that of the old-time Long Island farm houses, its main features being two end wings of eight single bedrooms each, a large combined living and dining-room and two back wings, one containing the kitchen quarters for the help and the other a suite for official visitors. The building is one story in height only and, while of plain finish, is pleasing in appearance and looks, in fact, very like a country club. Two cottages are being put up for the married members of the staff, following in their general lines the architecture of the staff house itself.

The construction forces, during the progress of the work had to meet many special problems, which are now almost forgotten, but which were important enough at the time; such as the selection of the most suitable automobile trucks for the work in hand, they having not only to travel on the roads, but over the soft loamy surface of the ground adjacent to the towers and also over practically pure sand. Water could not be piped everywhere and finally a water-carrying wagon had to be resorted to. The mild winter of 1920-21 allowed the roads to get into such poor shape that special measures



had to be used to render the surface sufficiently solid to permit the steel for the towers to be hauled in time to start erection promptly. Carload after carload of cinders was purchased and at one time it was thought that we might have to keep on purchasing this material indefinitely.

One very pleasing feature of the work was the high reputation maintained by the contractors' organization in the neighborhood. Construction men are sometimes thought not to be the most desirable people to have about, but Radio Central work gave an opportunity to refute this argument in most substantial fashion. As mentioned in this paper at the time of the starting of the work, our neighbors of Port Jefferson, Rocky Point and vicinity have been most cordial in both their business and social relations with all those associated in any way with the station and it is gratifying that the men connected with the work have done so much to return these kindly attentions.

One alternator set is now in operation and by the time this article is published the other will be practically ready. The operating staff has taken over its duties and the construction department takes this opportunity to express its pleasure in turning over to their competent hands this first unit of the Radio Central station. It is believed that all the men connected with the building of this work have had much satisfaction in it. It has been work of a novel, engaging and stimulating character and everyone who has been privileged to be connected with it has gained advantages for himself, which it would not be easy to duplicate.

W. G. L.

### OUR OWN BROADCASTING

Several thousand radio telephone enthusiasts were entertained Wednesday evening, December 14, from 9:15 to 10:15 P. M. at the opening of the Radio Corporation of America's new broadcasting station at Roselle Park, N. J. A special program had been arranged with the following theatrical stars:

Louis Breau, composer of Humming, piano solo.

Harry Howard, of Hitchy Koo, popular songs.

Jack Cook, of Keith's vaudeville, entertainer.

Nat Saunders, comedian, songs.

This new broadcasting station has a sending range of 100 miles and has been opened for the benefit of New York City and vicinity, operating at a wave-length of 360 meters. This initial performance is the forerunner of a regular service to the public and is entirely gratis.

## E. J. NALLY ELECTED VICE-PRESIDENT MARCONI SPORTS CLUB OF LONDON

ONE of the interesting features in connection with the various Marconi Companies in London is the great interest taken by all employees in the Marconi Sports Club—an organization encouraged and assisted by the executives of the various companies.

The Marconi Sports Club boasts a fine field in the suburbs of London with club houses, tennis courts, and all necessary equipment, in charge of a physical instructor. Cricket matches and other tournaments are played on this field almost every evening during the summer months and regularly every Saturday afternoon.

The Annual Finals attract much public attention and a very large gathering of spectators, and suitable silver cups and prizes are awarded the champions.

Mr. E. J. Nally, President of the Radio Corporation of America, was recently elected Honorary Vice-President of the Marconi Sports Club, and in the name of the Radio Corporation presented the Club a handsome silver trophy which will be of a permanent character. The Radio Corporation cup will be competed for annually and will be held by the winner for the following twelve months.

It is suggested that some such scheme of athletics might be inaugurated by the staffs of the Radio Corporation by combining the Broad Street office, Executive office and 326 Broadway office forces. *Who will be the first to bring forth a practical plan whereby this may be possible?*

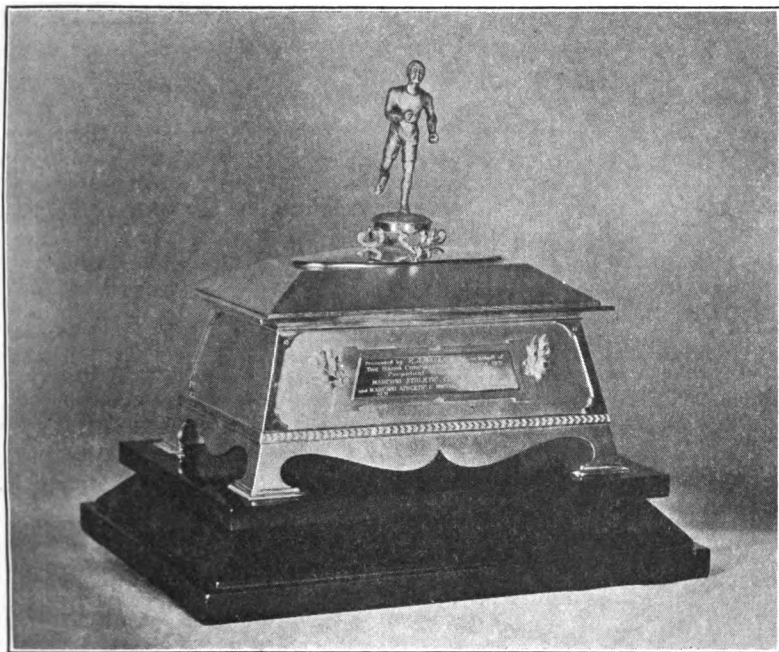
*(Copy of letter received by Mr. Nally)*

Marconi House,  
Strand,  
London, W.C.2, Eng.

Dear Mr. Nally:

At the last meeting of the Committee of the Sports Club, the members agreed my proposal that we elect you an honorable Vice-President of the Club. I have given Mr. Randell instructions as to the wording of the letter and I hope he has conveyed the invitation to you properly. He is not a good hand at letter writing.

What I particularly desire to make plain to you is that according to Resolution, the committee are only able to elect



THE TROPHY

as Vice-Presidents, Directors of the Companies in Marconi House. Thus, we are excluded from electing directors or high officials from other companies abroad.

It, therefore, occurred to me that we might create "Honorable" Vice-Presidents and elect anybody we wished to honor to that body. I hope you will see your way to accept the appointment and thus confer a great pleasure on the Committee and the members of the Club generally.

With best regards,

I am sincerely,

(Sig.) R. M. KOETZ.

## PACIFIC DIVISION NEWS

## AUTOMOBILE CASUALTIES

**M**R. AND MRS. ROHRIG, and their reputed and reputable two friends, while proceeding in their Ford coupe from Point Reyes to Marshall during the night hours of the first rainy day of the season, slipped off the narrow road and fell 75 feet over a bank, the machine apparently trying to act in the capacity of an egg-nog mixer, for it is said the machine contained all of the ingredients to make such a beverage; in any event, there was plenty of evidence of eggs and milk on the occupants of the coupe when they finally crawled through the rear window. Operator Walling, unbeknown to the coupe party, was following some distance behind them and as he passed, without knowing it, the break in the highway fence, he heard "QST, QST, QST," and replied "QRZ, QRZ, QRZ"; stopped his Ford, backed up and located the weak signals; helped the occupants to the roadway and proceeded with them to Marshall, where a rescue party was organized, consisting of operators, electrician, receiving engineer, riggers and laborers, together with rigging paraphernalia. The coupe was in due time dragged back to the roadway, turned right-side up, the self-starter pressed, the engine functioned and the coupe proceeded to Marshall under its own power. No one was physically injured, but the clothes, hair and *amour propre* are impossible of repair.

Operator Nichols, of Marshall, returning from Santa Rosa in another Ford coupe on a dark and stormy night (Santa Rosa is in the heart of California's wine-making country) skidded off the road, causing the wheels to collapse.

Superintendent Roy, of Marshall, en route from Petaluma, the California town that has a record for chicken raising (*he says* he had his wife with him), collided head-on with the *Ford cut-down*. Mutual suits were threatened, but it is understood that since the Ford was proceeding to the chicken country and Roy returning therefrom, it would be wise not to obtain any publicity.

Engineer-in-Charge Bollinger, of Bolinas, transporting a Government official from San Francisco to Bolinas, in a Buick of 19—? vintage, collided with the U. S. Mail stage. It will be remembered that Mr. Bollinger, a short time ago, returning to Bolinas from the said *chicken country*, drove a Ford truck head-on into an Oldsmobile Eight, the results being that Bollinger and the truck rolled over the bank for some distance, for which performance he expects to obtain, he says, several thousand dollars from the owner of the Oldsmobile through the insurance company. In any event, we know of



several visits to his legal adviser in San Francisco. His possible success in this matter has so emboldened him that he threatens to start suit against the Bolinas U. S. Mail stage.

"Not half has yet been told."

#### FACETIOUSNESS

The village of Bolinas has the most wonderful damped wave phone known to the radio art. Most of us have been under the impression that it was necessary to have undamped waves for the operation of telephones; nevertheless, the writer can make an affidavit that the telephone connecting the village of Bolinas and the village of Willow Camp literally operates on the damped wave principle.

The two villages are connected by a farmer's line, strung on poles across the shallow bay. When the tide is in and the wind blowing from the southwest, the waves from the waters of the Pacific periodically wash over the telephone wires, and as a result the voices are intermittently cut off. If that isn't damped wave telephony, what is?

Some of you who have been at our Marshall station have noticed how beautifully the flowers and shrubs are growing around the steps to the main entrance of the hotel, and also have seen the wide sloping concrete railings of the stairway. Not long ago the writer, while at Marshall, was discussing with Mr. Roy the, of course, momentous (?) problems with which we have to contend, Mr. Roy at the time sunning himself at full length on the broad concrete railing and near him humming birds were extracting honey from the flowers. Suddenly one of the humming birds, attracted either by the color of Mr. Roy's hair which borders on the—we might say—geranium, or by the brand of hair oil which he uses, made a dash for Mr. Roy's head. You can imagine what followed.

What do you have to be to get a military funeral. Answer—DEAD!

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#### PACIFIC DIVISION

*K. P. H.—5-K. W., 60-Cycle Non-Synchronous Rotary Gap Records*

November 6, 1921, 7:03 A. M.—Copied messages from steamer *Nanking*, 4,050 miles from San Francisco.

November 17, 1921—Copied traffic sent by Japanese Coastal Stations JOC and JCS.

November 10, 1921—Copied KHK station in the Hawaiian Islands at 8 A. M.

November 11, 1921—Copied traffic from steamer *Nanking* while that vessel was near *Shanghai, China*.

# RADIO PROVIDENT CLUB ANNUAL REPORT

New York, December 12th, 1921.

Total number of members, 1921.....	95
Less withdrawals .....	20

Profit sharing members .....	75
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Received from members during fiscal year.....	\$8,692.66
Less amount withdrawn by members.....	355.00

Net amount received from members.....	\$8,337.66
Net profit for year.....	738.29

Total amount to be distributed among 75 members	\$9,075.95
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## PROFITS, 1921

Candy (Messrs. Heisel and Kaminsky).....	\$270.00
Cigars and cigarettes (Mr. Hock).....	105.00
Dances held May 5, Oct. 12, and Nov. 17, 1921.....	156.70
Coffee, etc. (Miss Brown) .....	1.84
Toilet articles (Miss Vones) .....	3.78

\$537.32

Interest from loans .....	67.85
Interest from bank acceptances .....	113.82
Interest from bank balances.....	21.10

\$740.09

Less stationery expense .....	1.80
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1921 NET PROFIT .....	\$738.29
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Percentage of Profit 16.21%.

M. H. PAYNE, *President*,  
G. HEISEL, *Vice-President*,  
L. MACCONNACH } *Trustees*  
A. NICOL }

## MARINE COASTAL STATIONS

**B**USINESS is very good, thank you! Our steamship operators are co-operating in an effective manner and the superiority of our service and facilities is becoming more and more realized by our steamship friends. The large trans-Atlantic passenger ships have no difficulty in maintaining communication with our Cape Cod station nearly all the way across the Atlantic. This means a quick and reliable service for the business man and, in fact, the general public traveling on the seas.

The continuous wave tube transmitter at WNY is doing fine work. A test with the S. S. *Caracas* proved exceedingly encouraging. The large set which is now in use at WNY was designed especially for ship service. After being completely tested at the New York station, it will be installed on the U. S. S. B. *America*. A set of a different type will be permanently installed at WNY.

The radio staffs attached to the large trans-Atlantic passenger ships MSU, MKC, MBC and many others are to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which they dispose of their traffic to our WCC station. It frequently becomes necessary for WCC to use No. 2 C.W. long wave marine receivers. By doing this WCC is able to receive from two C. W. equipped ships simultaneously, which reception is in addition to the 600-meter traffic.

Our Chatham station is frequently interfered with by the operations of nearby naval compass stations. Steps have been taken to overcome this interference, and we greatly appreciate the co-operation shown by ship operators in working around and through this interference.

Ships arriving and departing from New York should frequently call our WNY station to ascertain whether or not any traffic is on hand. Ships lying at Quarantine should also frequently call WNY and arrange schedules for transfer of traffic or give WNY a QRU before closing the station.

Our coastal stations are now receiving numerous TR reports. We desire to get as many of these as possible, as all of them are forwarded to our Marine Information Bureau.

Our New York station, WNY, for five consecutive nights exchanged traffic direct with the S. S. *Eastern Merchant*, off the West Coast, the last report being 964 miles southeast of San Pedro. This is a Shipping Board vessel coming under the Eastern division and indicates good work on the part of both ship and coast station personnel.

## RADIO INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

### NEW YORK

**M**R. R. LE ROY DUNCAN and Miss Edythe Osgood Youngs are now Mr. and Mrs. Duncan. To the R. C. A. fraternity outside of New York this means simply that another member has made himself a more useful citizen, but to those around the various offices in New York, especially at 326 Broadway, and more especially at the Radio Institute, it is an item with greater news value than any in many months. All looked upon Mr. Duncan as a confirmed bachelor.

For the past year Mr. Duncan has been chief code instructor and assistant to the director of the Institute, and since his connection here has surpassed all records at making friends. There are very few who do not know him, and to know Mr. Duncan is to like him and admire his many sterling qualities.

It is not surprising, then, that upon the occasion of his marriage, which was at St. Michael's Church, in 99th Street, New York, on November 23rd, there was a church full of friends, and that before and after the ceremony many handsome presents were received.

If the bride, who, as the newly-married couple received the congratulations of all, looked so lovely as to make everybody feel that Mr. Duncan had drawn the prize of the season's debutantes, was not previously aware of the popularity of her newly-acquired husband, she saw much evidence of it on that evening.

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### THE CLICKS

**W**HY they picked on ye poor little treasurer to write something on THE CLICKS is more than I can see.

The Secretary, whose literary abilities are far above mine, insists that all the officers should contribute, alternately, a little write-up on THE CLICKS to WORLD WIDE WIRELESS. The next contribution will be from our honorable president, Miss Bassett, and I am sure it will be well worth reading. Since I am supposed to talk about THE CLICKS and not about myself, I will continue with my story.

Some bright girlie of THE CLICKS dropped a little note in our suggestion box and it set all THE CLICKS thinking (not an unusual practice for our members). At our last meeting this suggestion was discussed, and we have definitely decided to hold our First Annual Dance on February 10, 1922, the Friday evening prior to Lincoln's birthday, giving all who attend an opportunity to recuperate.

Thanks to the efforts of the committee, Miss Brodie, Miss Sloyan and Miss Burnes, we have been very fortunate in securing the Apollo Studios at 381 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, at a very reasonable rate, enabling us to dispose of our tickets at the small cost of 50 cents each. Through Miss Mainwaring's influence, we have obtained the services of a good orchestra at a moderate price.

Now, we would like all the employees in and around New York City to attend the first dance given by THE CLICKS. Out of business hours we are a jolly bunch and we are sure you will all have a great time.

Tickets may be procured from members of THE CLICKS in their particular offices.



## CO-OPERATION

*(The following letter needs no comment)*

Marshall, California,

December 3rd, 1921.

Mr. A. A. Isbell,  
General Superintendent,  
San Francisco.  
Subject—Care of Property.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of request for the co-operative interest and personal assistance of our employees, for the preservation and improvement of the Company's property; I would like to state that this letter was passed around among the men and a personal talk given them on its contents, and some of the men's attention have been called to the letter from time to time.

Although it would be hard to state in detail just what has been accomplished toward the carrying out of the plans as outlined in the letter, I am sure that it resulted in better co-operation between the employees and Corporation, and the personnel are taking a greater interest in the preservation and improvement of the Corporation's property.

In the hotel where the single men are quartered they take more pride in helping keep the place neat and clean, and a great many articles which have become worn or broken have been replaced by them. Some time ago it was noticed that the water glasses were becoming short on account of breakage; two dozen new ones were purchased by the men. Again, there were not sufficient cups; additional ones were purchased. And from time to time they replace different articles such as cooking utensils,

dishes, etc., instead of asking the Corporation to purchase them. Some time ago a new Cabinet phonograph with many new records were purchased by the men. They are now taking up a collection among themselves to re-cover the billiard table and purchase a new tennis set. Of course some of the above items are small ones, but nevertheless it shows that the men have the right spirit.

The cottages are well kept up and a great many minor repairs are made from time to time. The floors are kept polished and waxed and the furnishings are repaired and kept in good conditon. A great many new flowers have been planted around the cottages and additional flower beds are being prepared for the planting of more flowers and plants in the coming spring.

As a laborer is employed to care for the lawns, trees and flowers adjacent to the hotel, in addition to doing other odd jobs the men do not interest themselves so much in this work; however, some of them have assisted the gardener in trimming the trees and shrubbery. All drain ditches are kept clean, sidewalks kept graded and repaired, etc.; but this work is attended to by the gardener.

Each year a vegetable garden has been planted at the station, but heretofore the only ones interested in this were the married men and their wives; but this coming spring the single men are planning a large garden in which they expect to raise sufficient vegetables for the mess during the entire season.

Yours very truly,

F. M. ROY,  
Superintendent.

## AT YOUR SERVICE!

*(The Men Who Built Radio Central)*

Here we are, gentlemen; here's the whole gang of us,  
Pretty near through with the work we are on.  
Know where they've heard us? 'Twill give you the hang of us,  
To far-off Japan our CQ has gone!

Yes, Radio Central's *our* letter of reference,  
With towers far aloft, and wires underground,—  
What's next to be built? Simply tell us your preference,  
Where shall the voice of our labors resound?

Got any planets that have not been connected?  
Would you wireless to Mars—signal the Moon?  
Our team of workers has been hand-selected,  
Give us a fresh task,—we'll finish this soon.

Our specialty's doing some impossible chore,  
Realizing things other people can't do,—  
We're sun-bronzed and wind-lined, tough and fit to the core,  
Nothing's insuperable! Call out our crew!

Electrician and steelman, mason and digger,  
True sons of Martha, with vigor and tang,  
Carpenter and lineman,—bricklayer, rigger,  
Who'll find a new job for this R. C. gang?

## CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Radio Corporation entertained the staff on the evening of December 23 at the Woolworth Building to the number of about 250, quite a number being present from out of town. Refreshments were served, followed by moving pictures of the inauguration ceremonies at Rocky Point, and by singing by Miss Browdie, of the Engineering department, who is gifted with a voice of charming quality. Music under the able direction of William J. Schmidt, of the President's office, filled out the evening with dancing. The affair was a most enjoyable one.

## NEW YORK RADIO CENTRAL

William A. R. Brown, formerly on the Standard Oil steamer *Rayo*, has shipped as junior operator on the tin ship *Henry Ford*, plying between the power house and community house at Radio Central. According to Brown, rounding the Horn cannot compare with a passage over the shoals of Rocky Point.

YA COME!! Oh, boy, page H. G. Ritz, who parts his hair in the middle and is built like a politician. If we are to believe Henry, all ship operators part their hair thus to keep the ship on even keel. Henry at present occupies state-room No. 57, east wing of the Put-and-Take Inn. A fine boy, this Ritz, and especially partial toward horses and geese.

Our General Superintendent dropped the remark some weeks ago that Radio Central's first party be given a write-up in these pages, and in order to comply, the committee reports thusly:

We had a fine party—a good time was enjoyed by all—AMEN.

Rumor rumblings tells us our able Assistant E. C. is departing soon for Southern Seas. Tho' only with us a short time he has made many friends, among whom are the kids and the cat. Maybe he can find some brown babies to play with down Hawaii way. However, we trust his superior half, Mrs. Franklin, will be his guiding star, as we understand she accompanies him sou'west. We won't hand him any of this good luck and many kisses gaff, because anyone who does his bit like our Assistant E. C. has things coming his way, whether we wish it on him or no.

On the night before the last one, not a sound was in the room, till the cat fell off the sofa, when there came a sudden boom! Harry Sparks had fell a-sleeping, he always falls that way; he was dreaming of his Winnie, and how she has her say; of the goose we had for dinner, a-steaming on the tray, that goose with stuffin' in her, we had Thanksgiving Day. His snore was old and rusty, the cat she let a sneeze, his note was bum and musty, for he was sending V's. And thus he laid a-snoozing, until the break o' day; just dreaming of his Winnie, snoring W—Q and K.

Speaking of silent workers and night riders, we have one in our midst, Bill Snyder. Bill is a fine fellow an' a' that, but that ride on the 1:42 will bear explanations. A certain female with first initial W, can explain all, we think, Will.

A young man wants to know what is a nice gift for a young lady. Why not a fur coat, Frank? The bold, brave hunter was out and bagged enough game so that we had rabbit pot-pie for breakfast. No kidding though, we would have had it, only it was *too cold* when Frank shut off the alarm at 4:30 A. M. last week.

Mr. Harold E. Feathers recently joined our staff as machinist. He is a fine fellow, we dare not say anything else. Only this, it was Lucky strikes that kept him from his natural growth.

J. G. White work order No. 00062 reads, "One pair of French doors in the community house to be heightened one

inch, to accommodate G. W. Schaefer and H. E. Feathers."

Didn't we tell you the cook was training Levi! When the cook is indisposed at breakfast time Levi makes French toast, 'n everything. However, he cannot make tea, so we print herewith a home-made recipe which runs something like this: One handful of water to one handful of tea; it's worth trying.

Ladies and gentlemen, open your ears (the ladies needn't mind, takes too long to find 'em). Radio Central Aerial Club gave a dance in the Community House, November 26th. Particularly due to the aid of Mrs. Leavitt with decorations and refreshments and to Mrs. Usselman as hostess, the affair was a great success. A color scheme of orange and black with lamp shades of old rose gave the room a wonderful glow. A fine three-piece orchestra aided by the *punch* direct off the still, topped the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston of Riverhead and visitors from Port Jefferson, Yaphank and Stony Brook, everyone in fact, enjoyed a fine evening. We are having another soon.

### ROUND-ABOUT

EILVESE REQUESTS ATTENTION FROM BERLIN

CENTRAL TELEGRAPH OFFICE VIA NEW YORK

At 7:46 a. m., December 2nd, Eilvese not being able to secure attention on the wire from its central office in Berlin, sent the following note by wireless to New York:

"Please rush request to Nauen to tell Berlin to answer Eilvese on the landline."

### IMPRESSIONS OF MEXICO

*By George W. Hayes*

(Continued)

To the Emperor Maximillian and his consort the Mexicans owe the first real effort to beautify their city. Flowers and trees were planted in the central square, parks laid out and the people brought to realize that they had the setting for a beautiful city.

From 1810 until 1870 the city was the scene of almost constant warfare.

The people, fearing destruction or confiscation, would not invest their money and, needless to say, commerce was practically dead. Under General Porfirio Diaz, a man of upright character, energetic and of unquestioned patriotism, who ruled the country from 1876 until 1911, with the exception of four years, 1880-1884, Mexico enjoyed comparative peace. Phenomenal progress was made. Foreigners were made welcome. Colonies have been established by them in the outskirts of the city and they have built many beautiful homes. A drainage system comprising nearly 37 miles of canal and tunnel was completed in 1898, at a cost of twenty million dollars. There is an excellent system of modern sewerage.

Early in the morning the streets present to a stranger many interesting sights: A two-wheel cart drawn by a donkey and laden with fruit, charcoal or wood, a burro laden with one of the commodities, or perhaps an Indian with the load on his back, and be it noted that if there is a burro in the family the man rides and the woman trots along behind. It is not uncommon to see a man or woman driving a flock of turkeys through the traffic. In many cases household possessions are moved by hand. Two men carry the load on a wooden frame. One man will carry a complete bed on his back.



CHICKENS EN ROUTE TO MARKET (Referring to Those in Crates)

From a convenient doorway one may see an Indian woman kneeling on the floor, grinding corn by hand using a flat stone just as her ancestors did hundreds of years ago. The Mexican tortilla, a form of pancake made from the ground cornmeal and water, baked on sheet iron over a charcoal fire, are sold by the dozen by these women. They taste good but are so tough that one has to Fletcherize.

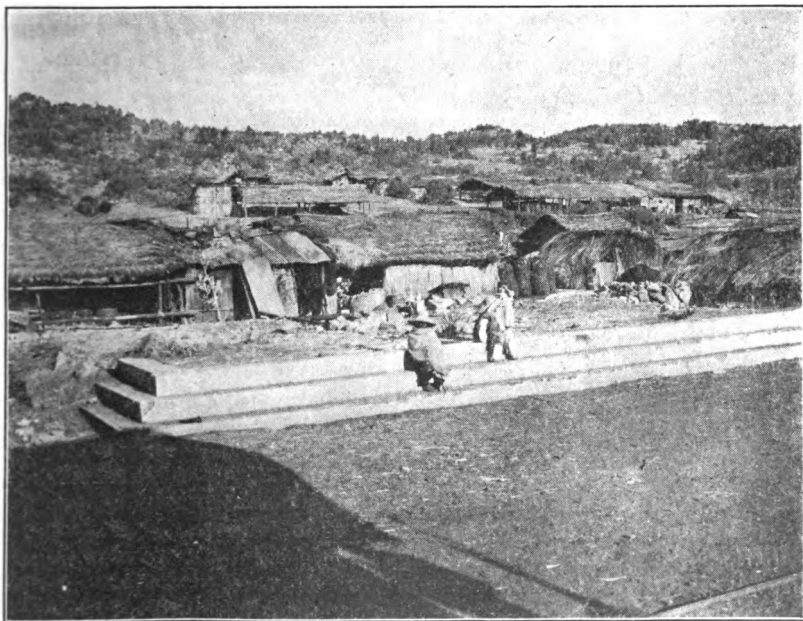
One is being constantly passed by men, women and children carrying pitchers of pulque, the national drink, a milky white substance obtained from the maguey, a species of cactus commonly called century plant. The distilled pulque, known as torquillia, having a high percentage of alcohol, is often referred to by Americans as T. N. T.

Beggars are found everywhere, many of them maimed during the revolution. Every disability is used to the utmost advantage in the solicitation of alms. Some of the cases are very dreadful.

There are numerous flower, fruit, bird, cat and dog vendors on the streets. Flowers are very reasonable, calla lillies selling for twenty cents a dozen, pansies, large bunches for two cents. Oranges and bananas sell for about a cent each.

One is continually being approached by the lottery vendors. Besides the National Lottery, each one of the twenty-seven states of Mexico has a lottery. The dates are so arranged as to have a drawing every day, and one may see the enthusiastic winner treating every one he knows until most of the money is gone. The people are, in general, carefree, generous and happy, and always ready for a good time.

There are numerous parades. It seemed to me that they were honoring a celebrity almost every day. On certain festival days the Indians from the surrounding country, some of them walking more than twenty miles, bring their families into the city. They are permitted to sleep in the streets and parks during the night. They bring with them articles of hand work, which they sell for what they can get. The city is overrun with them for a day or so, and then they drift away.



DEPOT DESTROYED BY REVOLUTIONISTS OCCUPIED BY SQUATTERS



Traffic laws are very lax. One takes many chances using the cross walks. Indeed in case of an accident the pedestrian is more often arrested than the driver. The travel is congested and the pulque-sodden cabmen drive as recklessly as the more enlightened automobile driver.

The roar of the traffic, the yelling newsboys and the constant call of the vendor makes it noisy indeed. Toward twilight, the hour for the fashionable promenade, the crowd grows denser and the noise increases. The shop windows light up and hundreds of electric signs flash on. There is a constant stream of high-class turnouts, many of the women dressed in Paris importations. The uniforms of the soldiers and the toreadors make glowing bits of color. The women come out on the balconies and all the city is ready to see and be seen. While the dress of the poorer women is very ordinary, the well-to-do are noted for the variety and elegance of their clothes.

The shops are open from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 4 to 6 P. M. From 12 to 4 P. M. the people who do not take the popular noonday siesta, either ride or spend their time in the cafés, moving picture houses, etc.

In the many beautiful city parks laborers are employed to sweep the grass. Each morning, using brooms made of tree branches, they industriously sweep and take great pains to gather up all small leaves. They sprinkle the lawns, using old-fashioned sprinkling cans. One is amazed at this lengthy operation, particularly as there are many hydrants in the parks and a hose attached would accomplish the work in short order.

Mexico City boasts of a flower market. Here one can buy, after much bargaining, the most beautiful flowers for the proverbial song. The natives make a specialty of huge funeral wreaths, the largest I ever saw. It is dangerous to stop and admire them because one is soon swamped by dozens of them with the makers madly reducing prices in order to sell. Tropical song birds in native-made bamboo cages are sold in this market. One is repaid for a visit simply to hear them.

The public market, established in 1524, is one of the oldest landmarks of the city. One can purchase almost every conceivable object there.

The locally-known thieves' market is of interest to foreigners, because it is thought to be a place where thieves dispose of their booty, but the Mexicans claim it is a sort of bazaar where cheap and imitation jewelry and other objects of varied nature are sold.

In the national pawnshop (mountain of piety) I found pledged pianos, office safes, automobiles, beautiful jewelry, and coming down the line to bathtubs, brass beds, etc. Anything portable, excepting live stock, can be pledged. The smallest sum loaned on an article is 12 cents and the largest \$4,000. About 40,000 articles

are pawned each month, in return for about \$250,000. The interest paid on pledges amounts to about \$20,000 a month. The mountain of piety is often patronized by the well-to-do who pledge their jewelry, etc., to secure some coveted pleasure.

Among the beautiful structures in Mexico City the cathedral takes first place. It is known as the Holy Metropolitan Church of Mexico. It is the largest church in the country and said to be the largest on the continent. It is in the form of a Greek cross, 426 feet long and 203 feet wide. It has two naves and twenty side chapels, a magnificent high altar and an elaborately carved choir, the balustrade of rich metal being valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars.

While the construction of the cathedral, covering a period of nearly one hundred years, has resulted in many irregularities, the general effect is most imposing. Many of the ornaments of gold and silver, including a chalice covered with gems and claimed to be worth \$300,000, are said to have been sequestered by the Juarez Government at the time the reform laws were passed. However, some people are inclined to believe that the priests were not taken entirely unawares and had time to hide a great part of the treasure in the walls of the cathedral. There are many Roman Catholic and several Protestant churches in the city.

The National Palace, bordering on the same square as the cathedral, occupies a city block. Many of the government offices are housed here, including the office of the President of the Republic, the Senate, the Ministers of State and War, the stamp printing office, Federal Treasury, etc.

Mexico has a very fine collection of pictures, and a national library with many priceless literary treasures. There are numerous charitable institutions. There are schools of law, medicine, agriculture and engineering, besides an Academy of the Fine Arts. Public schools are free and attendance is compulsory.

The National Theater is one of the most beautiful of the modern buildings. A box holder drives his car directly on an elevator. The car is then raised to the particular tier on which the box is situated, driven to the entrance of the box and carried down to the street on another elevator. The curtain, one of the largest in the world, is made up of pieces of stained glass, representing Poposatpetl in eruption. It was executed in the Tiffany Studios, New York City, costing \$800,000. The theater has been under construction for several years. About nine million dollars have been spent to date. It is estimated that it will take two years and four million dollars to complete the work according to plans. There are many other theaters of note and, of course, numerous moving picture houses.

*(To be continued.)*

## KAHUKU

**K**AHUKU has not been up for inspection for some time, but its certainly not our fault. Some time ago one of our scribes consumed much valuable energy in writing a volley of truth about Hawaii, which we presume that the Editor dropped into the waste basket.

Between tuning coil conflagrations we manage to have an occasional outing to drive away Old Man Care. A few weeks ago, J. L. Finch, who formerly blushed at the stenographers at 233 Broadway, organized a hiking party which climbed to one of the highest peaks in Oahu. The following extracts from the conversation of some of the members of the party while toiling up the mountain-side, shows conclusively that it, indeed, was an interesting trip:

Miss X——: Er—ah—are we going too fast for you?

Miss X——: Will you have a drink from my canteen?

Miss X——: Will you have some of this chocolate? You know, it's very nourishing.

Miss X——: Is there nothing I can do for you? And to all the foregoing Miss X—— informed Mr. Finch that she was just perfectly lovely and didn't need a thing, and now J. L. declares someone is always taking the joy out of life. Nevertheless, we wish them all the good luck in the world, and trust that their journey eastward will be pleasant.

H. B. Morris, who owns a Chevrolet and drives it between repair periods, is now considering ways and means to dispose of it, in order that he can purchase an automobile. Bolinas papers, please copy.

E. P. Hill gave us to understand, on his arrival at Kahuku, that he and the gentle sex had been and would continue to be on speaking terms only, but indications are that they have resumed diplomatic negotiations as it were, and he is now receiving nightly instructions from a local school-ma'am on the peculiarities of the aurora borealis—at least that's what Hill says it is, and we never question the statements of an ardent student.

The Honorable W. A. Flanagan, known to those who have the distinction of being intimate with him as Pat, is saving his money to get married, so some one said, and if such is the case we feel sure that some one in the interests of conservation should spread the tiding throughout the villages of Kahuku and Wahiawa, in order to discontinue the rank waste of time on the part of certain members of the Department of Education.

Ernest Peterson, our Chief Engineer, is becoming quite a linguist. Pete states that it's just as easy to cuss in Japa-

nese as in Hawaiian, but goes on to state that he prefers the former. We do not wish to convey the opinion, dear readers, that Pete is profane, but his duties are such that a little of the stuff has been exceedingly helpful at times, and you know there is nothing like being prepared for an emergency.

Mrs. Noble, the wife of our Machinist, longs for the balmy air of Shanghai, her home, and the Mr. has an equal longing for the city by the Golden Gate. So to prove that they are on a strictly fifty-fifty basis they are out here on the rock, half-way between the two objects of their desire. Nothing like being conciliatory.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean recently completed the first milestone of married life and celebrated the event by giving a very enjoyable dinner to their friends at their home.

Th other day the E. C. happened to be walking by the house of Clerk Murakamai, when he heard blood-curdling sounds coming forth therefrom, and immediately conceived that Joe and the Missus must be doing battle, and was just about ready to rush in and settle the first family argument of the Murakamais, when it suddenly dawned on the E. C. that Joe recently acquired a talking machine, and the blood-curdling cries proved to be the latest record of a famous Japanese prima donna. *Pax vo biscum.*

Mrs. Graff, wife of the Engineer-in-Charge, recently returned to the mainland with W. H. G., Jr., for the improvement of Jr.'s health.

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## MARION

*By XLX.*

**A**T the Radio Station, Speedo was on duty as shift engineer,

One night in November, twenty-one, when all was bright and clear.

The hours rolled on, one by one, until at least came midnight; Then Speedo's watch was over and he set forth into the night.

"The stars so bright o'erhead and the silvery moon serene,  
Looked down in silence on the calm and peaceful scene.  
Speedo was alone upon the street—no other was in sight—  
No. What is this? A kitten is also enjoying the night.

"The kitten slowly turned its head and cast a curious glance;  
The kitten paused upon its way and watched Speedo advance.  
Speedo walked on down the street and dark his shadow cast,  
Upon the kitten in the road as he went bravely past.

"As sweet and languorous as Roy's most wonderful incense,  
Had been the fitful breezes of the night but a moment since;  
But suddenly Speedo stopped as if in fright or funk,  
And sniffed the air—Speedo's kitten was a skunk.

"Speedo stopped and pondered and right lustily he swore;  
Only a few steps further and he would have gained his door,  
But instead of a vision of delightfully soft inviting bed,  
There came a fearful picture of bruised body and broken head.

"The station lay a mile away, his home of yards a score,  
But Speedo saw the vision, and Speedo hesitated no more.  
He turned and slowly traced his steps as one grown gray  
and old;  
The night no more was beautiful, the wind was now so cold.

"Speedo trudged his weary way and perfumed the midnight  
air;  
Speedo reached the station and sought a welcome there.  
He arrived at the station as the clock was striking four,  
But instead of a warm welcome, Speedo was shown the door.

"Sad and broken and weary, Speedo then turned to the hotel,  
Where all was dark and silent which Speedo thought was well.  
He hesitated upon the porch, then passed on through the door;  
Stock cursed loudly in his sleep; Wagner ceased to snore.

"But again silence ruled supreme, the darkness was intense;  
Roy's fond dreams of love and life changed to thoughts of  
incense.  
Speedo crept into number three and softly closed the door,  
Leaving only a faint perfume which woke young Baby Moore.

"Morning dawned bright and fair and brought the hungry  
horde  
From dreams of home and mother to gather round the break-  
fast board.  
The air was heavy laden—hostile eye met hostile eye,  
For no man trusted his neighbor with that perfume hang-  
ing by.

"Wixon looked at Stock, and Stock passed it on to Roy. Mrs. Cobb gave one gentle sniff and chided some naughty boy. Roy looked askance at Wagner, and Wagner back at Fred; And none there knew that Speedo slept just overhead.

"They left the festive board, brother at war with brother; Each eye was dark and sombre, each vowed vengeance on the other.

Then up above our Speedo awoke from his dreams and arose, And then came down to breakfast with his daintily scented clothes.

"Then the mystery was solved and Speedo his sad story told; Angry eyes softened and the boys welcomed him to the fold. They listened with wet eyes to the sad tale of his woes; (Though Mrs. Higgins says that each kept a hand to his nose.)"

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### CHATHAM

**D**ESPITE reports to the contrary, Chatham is still on the map, and OUI is still sending traffic to us. Modesty forbids our telling about the splendid working of our Marine station, excepting to state that we are making new records for distant ship working.

Howthesoever, the days of the glue-pot are passing and may the death be swift and quiet. As the *Chatham News* says: "Despite the attention of four doctors and seven trained nurses—she died without a struggle." The soothing hand of death cools many a living fevered brow; and so when the crape hangs on the door of old CM and the ivy has topped the wall and old Zip (our trained mountain lion) is dead—at least there will be that sweet contentment that comes with the realization that we do not have to arise for the midwatch.

Now that the demand for operators seems to be on the decrease, many of the staff are turning their talents to other fields of endeavor,—in fact, many of them have literary aspirations. HN coughed up this one:

"Break OUI!" cried old KY.

"I'll read this bird no longer.

Don't ask me why, but put him by

Till sigs from him get stronger.

But OUI would not stay bi—  
 That's why this tale I tell,  
 Tho cussed KY till blue the sky  
 with threats of trips to —L—CM.

So on the mill against his will  
 Old KY plugged along,  
 Tho raving still, he thumped his mill  
 When sigs got good'n strong.

The above is so rotten that it almost sounds good. Here's another written by someone who evidently had no confidence in his poetical ability. He wouldn't even sign his name to it:

A fool there was and he learned the code—even as you and I,  
 On many a box car's top he rode, giving the shack the sly,

He learned to O S passing trains,  
 Which didn't require so very much brains

And kept his character free from strains—even as you and I.

He stood his trick by the greenlight shade—even as you and I.  
 And the bloom of youth began to fade—the mazda dimmed  
 his eye,

But he stuck his post and made good, too,  
 And hoped some day to dispatch 'em through—even as you  
 and I.

Well, soon he was swinging a wicked bug—even as you and I,  
 On a bonus wire I saw his mug—some five years passing by,  
 He gave his youth, his health, his power  
 To the game of moving eighty-five an hour—even as you and I.

I met him, boys, the other day,  
 His hand was shaky and his hair was gray,  
 He had done his bit and had lost his fight—  
 Hell, I'll finish this tomorrow night.

Following dedicated to H. L. B and associates:

At this station we have three engineers,  
 Old IDO is QRZ and OUI is QRT,  
 The signals they gave you would drive you to tears,  
 What a helluva state things are getting to be.

#### *Reciprocation*

What is the reason, the GM sighed,  
 That Chatham is going to 'ell,  
 There are too many poets, the TM replied,  
 For the size of its personnel.

Wednesday evening, December 7th, being the eve of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Wood and son on vacation to

Europe, the staff gathered at the hotel for a send-off and presented them with a coffee set as a token of appreciation and good will and wished them *bon voyage* and a safe return.

A few more nails in our coffin. Following members of staff transferred to New York: S. P. Kelly, J. A. Worrall, G. Gouldrup and B. F. Hoard. We certainly regret the departure of the many fellows whom we had learned to know so well, and wish them every success.

We extend a cordial welcome to Mrs. Pfautz and daughter, who are now living at the station.

### NEW BRUNSWICK

**W**HO is responsible for the statement that New Brunswick has passed its stellar role to Radio Central?

R. C. may have had a large assemblage of diplomats and Consuls General at their opening, nevertheless, not wishing to cast any reflections on R. C., it was noted that during the past few weeks, N. B. was called upon to perform the duties of both R. C. and our own.

Since Carter bought his Overland, we have noticed repeated trips to New Brunswick and Bound Brook. How come? Carter claims it is for gas and oil, but who knows? We regret to say that he has left for a few weeks' duty at T. U. relieving Mr. Eshleman, E. C.

It seems as if we are continually called upon to furnish aid somewhere. Our highly esteemed Dynamo Tender, E. D. Sabine, Jr., has been recalled to New York office for duty. Says he is certain now that New Year's Day will not be spent in the Power House.

When at R. C., Rigger J. Van Doren searched far and wide for our friend Schaefer, but could not locate him. Who calls you up now, Schaefer? New Brunswick and Bound Brook belles are anxious to know where you are.

Bill Dunn, our Chief Engineer, after plumbing one of the masts, entered the kitchen with his transit. He offered to take our chef's picture and she readily agreed. After borrowing her apron for a dark cloth, the transit was sighted and picture taken. He was thanked profusely, and she is now waiting for the picture.

The New Brunswick staff extend their best wishes to all co-workers for a bright and pleasant New Year.

### NEW YORK BROAD STREET

**A** SEVEN page notice was pinned to the bulletin board at Broad Street congratulating McLellan on the splendid showing he made on the German circuit recently, averaging a speed of 33 words a minute for over four hours.



The performance is not only a credit to McLellan but also establishes the fact that real speed can be *maintained* on radio.

Mr. Seron is looking forward to having his name on the board next. Well, everyone is going to get a chance to prove his ability.

No doubt by now the newlyweds, Messrs. Sheehy and Henderson, have learnt to putter around a gas range with precision, and have become proficient in the art of turning over frying hen-fruit.

It will not be surprising if we have to make other announcements in the near future. Messrs. Dieghen and George Shea are frequently seen gazing at the brilliants in the window at Keene's and making frequent trips to Maiden Lane. We understand Dieghen is already betting the dope on the price of crockery.

We hear that Irving Bickford is trying to convert his mechanical bug into a plough, as he almost succeeded in knocking down his garage with a backward movement.

Now that Ruby Yelland has been transferred to our new Branch office there is a tendency towards rubber collars and an absence of silk sox. The only thing Ruby will miss is the put-and-take prune emporium on New Street, also well patronized by other members of the Broad Street staff.

Miss Friemark took charge of the Broad Street contributions to the Christmas Fund, and we understand, was well pleased with the result.

When a man of Herbert Meldrum's age puts bright stuff on his hair, it's a cinch there's a woman in the case. What excuse, "Hoib"?

Mike Svendsen is keeping very quiet these days. Wonder what he has up his sleeve? Guess the only time he will capitulate is when some pretty woman sobs on his shoulder and tickles him under the chin a few rounds. Then Mike will kiss himself good-bye. Look out, Mike, some male-runner will dangle a hook within easy reach of you and will swallow the entire tackle, and when you come to, you'll be standing shouting out the last sad rites, "Until death us do part."

Some mysterious notes are finding their way to the abstract department (written in Spanish). Well, we have two names on the list, one married that leaves one who certainly will meet with disappointment, as we understand the lady in question has higher aspirations.

The space recently occupied by Mr. Lemon has been the subject of much discussion and it has, we think, been planned to use it for a display of mirrors and also to fix the interior as a rest room for the ladies of the abstract department. Look out, girls, food attracts mice, so if you don't eat all

your lunch give it to some one that feeds the sparrows.

Another joint savings account is apparent. Johnnie Rice and Miss Grady seem to have established a mutual understanding.

Miss Wohlgemuth was the recipient of a large package which, when opened, was found to contain some candy which mysteriously disappeared a few hours previous. It was rumored that she had enlisted the aid of a detective to solve the mystery.

Miss Pollnick is learning Spanish. There's a reason. "*Si usted lo ve tres o cuatro noches en la semana no demorara mucho en aprender.*"

Miss Blankford has a double set of troubles now, her own and the welfare. Trying to come to a decision on some of the suggestions made by the members.

Miss Toor enjoyed Thanksgiving: Went motoring to Port Jervis. We are unable to give any further particulars.

As a sign that the cost of clothing is on the decline, "Lightning" Leo was all dressed up in a new suit. Due to neglect the tag was not removed—\$2.98. We are not criticizing the suit. It was real good value for that price.

Mr. Crouse spent Thanksgiving at his home in Schenectady and had quite an enjoyable time. Says he is waiting for the girl that can cook like his mother.

George Manhardt brings an alley score card to work with him every day and in his spare time goes over his past performances. Claims he rolled a score of 268 in one game.

Miss Sinnot is trying to reduce to 130 or so, but without food reduction. Takes an interest in football, and we understand is doing considerable hiking.

It is noticed that the girls are not leaving the building in pairs as formerly but we can't go any further than the corner. Where do you meet him, Miss Collins?

Those who noticed Conway at the Provident dance are wondering if the glasses he wears assisted him any in locating his lady friend. Maybe someone would like to borrow them and try.

The two mysterious looking suitcases which are under Mr. Hill's desk are keeping all in a state of suspense in the public library.

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### WASHINGTON

**W**ELL, folks, we are still here, larger in numbers since we last wrote, for with the addition of Messrs. Tannenbaum and Kane our force is increased to four. We also had the company of Mr. Martin Jurist for a few days. Mr. Martin Jurist of the Commercial department. Perhaps

some of our readers are not acquainted with the gentleman, although it's not very likely, for in Mr. Martin's capacity of solicitor it behooves him to make himself known to all and sundry. Ask Mr. Bullen of the *London Daily Telegraph*. We cannot refrain from relating some of Mr. Jurist's experiences whilst he dwelt here among us. It's too good to let go.

Martin swore by all the gods he would get Mr. Bullen's file away from our competitors before he left Wn., and to obtain this objective he generally waylaid that gentleman at least three times per day. On one of these occasions Mr. Bullen decided to acquaint Martin with his objections to Radio; whether he admired his perseverance or desired to rid himself of this highwayman, we cannot say; but he delivered a broadside to the following effect: "Look here, I used to file with Marconi, but one day, after giving them a very urgent message, they called me on the phone twenty-four hours later to tell me that—er, hum, watchercallit static, static, was in the air and my message still on hand. So feel safer with cables." We are still waiting for the file. Another day Mr. Jurist entered the press room and brought an eagle eye to bear on the busy correspondents. One looked promising. Yes, it was a Radio blank, a long one, too, and single spaced. Up rushed our anxious solicitor and asked if he could take the first sheet. The busy (?) correspondent looked up with a smile and replied: "No, thanks, this is going by mail. It's to my best girl." Exit Martin. Number three incident is about the best. Scene: Press room again. Seeing what looked from the rear like a son of Nippon busy at the typewriter, Mr. Jurist approached (from the rear) with the words, "Clear to Japan this morning, sir. We are in good shape to rush your message right through." Imagine the consternation when the correspondent turned round, showing a far from Japanese face and delivered the following: "Yapan! Voos? Vot I care about Yapan. I write for the St. Louis *Yiddish News*." Exit Martin—quickly.

It is quite untrue that these setbacks were the cause of Mr. Martin returning to New York. They did not deter him from trying, and we saw with our own eyes his orders to return. Did you miss him, BR? Fdh had a similar experience of mistaken identity. He approached a distinguished looking gentlemen—to all appearances a son of sunny Italy, and in his best Italian informed him: "We hava da quick Marconi telegramma servizio to Rome deesa morning." Whereupon his friend turned round and said, in the most perfect English: "Why, my dear friend, you have mistaken me for an Italian. I am from India, but I'm awfully glad to see you, ole top."

So that's the way it goes, hard to tell 'em.

We feel for the boys on the Pacific. If you have as much trouble getting traffic from Japan as we have trying to convince them we are here, no wonder we hear of a delay of a few hours at times.

We go up to them and talk RCA and Radio till we are hoarse and breathless, then they turn round and say, "Thank you very much, I use Wireless as much as possible." The part that makes a solicitor gasp is that you talk and talk and nearly believe you have expressed yourself in every way and given enough for them to at least express surprise, but they never bat an eye. They must be some poker players. We rather expect a combine between the Postal and Radio in the near future—not as two Corporations combining, but as—Still, we must not betray secrets. How about it Tn?

As much as we dare say, is that the Postal's counter is very close to our own, and they employ lady counter clerks. We leave you to form your own deductions. Kane claims he was double-crossed, but we must maintain a strict neutrality in order to keep peace in the family and refrain from expressing any opinions.

Business is dull, RC. We regret we cannot keep you busier, but to tell the truth, the stuff is not here to get. If it was, you would have it, for we have done everything but knock 'em on the head and take it from 'em. Many of the correspondents have left town and there is very little doing. There is a meeting of the big conference only about once every two weeks and the intermediate meetings of committees do not feed the press-men, and consequently they cannot feed us.

How long it will drag on thusly we cannot say. One optimist declared in the paper tonight it would be over by Christmas, but as the Scotchman said, "I hae me doots." Well, if we are doomed to spend the festive season here we will make the best of it, and hope somebody will send a few Merry Christmases to keep us busy.

We also will take this opportunity of wishing all our colleagues the season's greetings and all happiness in the year to come.

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#### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Mr. S. Inada, of Tokyo, Chief Radio Engineer of the Japanese Department of Communications, who is in attendance at the Disarmament Conference in Washington, was a recent New York visitor.

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Mr. Robert C. Edwards has been appointed Purchasing Agent, vice W. P. Van Wyck, resigned.

Captain Powhatan Page, of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Company, Buenos Aires, who has been in New York for several weeks, sailed for home on the S. S. *Aeolus*, December 7th.

Mr. William Brown, Attorney, has returned from a business trip to Washington.

Mr. S. D. Coffman has been appointed custodian at Belmar station vice R. D. Greenman, deceased.

F. A. Blanding has been appointed Assistant Engineer-in-Charge at New York Radio Central, vice R. E. Franklin, transferred to Kahuku, T. H.

A new branch office has been opened at 105 Hudson Street, New York.

Mr. J. B. Rostron, Assistant Traffic Manager, has returned from his vacation. During his absence his duties were performed by Mr. H. Chadwick, Superintendent.

Mr. Emil Osterbind, Supervisor of the well-known German station at Nauen, is visiting the Radio Corporation of America for several weeks to gain impressions of American radio methods with a view to seeing if they are applicable to his system.

Mr. B. F. Hoard sailed for Germany December 2nd on the S. S. *Wuerttemberg*, for the purpose of inspecting radio operating methods in that country.

Mr. W. E. Wood, Superintendent at Chatham station, accompanied by his wife and son, sailed for England, December 10th, on the *Haverford* for a visit to his old home, where he has not been since 1912.

Mr. W. G. Lush of the Engineering department will sail for Poland in January to act as Engineer-in-Charge of construction of the new station near Warsaw, to be erected by the Radio Corporation for the Polish government, which is to communicate with the United States. The Assistant Engineers, who have not yet been selected, will follow Mr. Lush in the near future as their services may be required.

The Norwegian Administration is conducting experiments at its end of the circuit and for 30 minutes on December 2nd, controlled the Stavanger transmitting station by Wheatstone automatic direct from Kristinia. It is hoped that this may become a permanent method of operation.

#### BETROTHAL

Mr. Eugene S. Pearl, one of Mr. Bucher's hard working understudies, well-known Beau Brummel of Passaic, N. J., stepped off to Brooklyn recently and captured Miss Laura O. Stevens by the time-honored method of convincing the lady that the radio man has a good future.

## WEDDING BELLS

At Baltimore, November 22nd, George Alfred Bellis, of Accounting department, to Marian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Clifton Lynch. The happy pair was handsomely remembered by the groom's office associates.

## EASTERN DIVISION

## NEW YORK

**I**RVING ELLINGHAM, now somewhere in or about the Indian Ocean on a 'round-the-world cruise of Mr. Arthur Curtiss James' yacht *Aloha*, received newspaper publicity in New York the other day through a letter written by Mr. James to the Y. W. C. A.

The letter reads in part:

"You have made history today. About two thousand miles from Honolulu, just as we were going to lunch, Mr. Irving Ellingham, our radio operator, handed me a radio-gram from you which he had picked up as it was being sent from the high-powered radio station at San Francisco to Honolulu. \* \* \* It certainly seemed uncanny to pick up a message in the mid-Pacific."

The *Aloha* is not expected back in New York until about June. In the meantime, Mr. Ellingham's friends are missing him greatly—one in particular. She says Irving is a wonderful man, a perfect gentleman and one with an ever-pleasing disposition.

Clair A. Weaver, our pretty little telephone operator, has added duties since our last notice of her here. She now has nineteen lines within the office; two direct to the Franklin exchange; one to the Worth exchange, and two to the main switchboard in the Head Office.

The following letetr from Operator William F. C. Hertz, now on the *Editor*, but recently on the *Acropolis*, will prove of interest.

"I would like to say a few words in praise of both the working and service of Chatham (WCC). He carries exceptionally well. I copied him on the *Acropolis* midway between the Azores and Gibraltar. Have even heard him right off Gibraltar. This, all on 600-meter spark. I have worked him on different occasions when 1,500 to 2,000 miles distant. The note is very distinct and can be singled out from five or six others quite easily. He tunes extremely sharp and carries strong. I consider WCC the best station on the coast.

"Would also like to say that the WNY station is giving most excellent and satisfactory service. On the last voyage of the *Acropolis* we cleared all our incoming traffic through

WCC and WNY, eliminating all others, including such far eastern stations as Cape Race, Sable Island, etc."

Congratulations are being showered on C. S. Thevenet, the popular *City of Montgomery* operator, on the advent of a little son, Bennett Stuart Thevenet, who arrived November 16th, weighing nine and a half pounds. And maybe Thevenet isn't proud!

Sam Schneider is making a trip on the *City of Savannah* with R. S. Shipley, trying out a different tuner.

Jack O'Connell took out the *Zulia* with W. M. Cline as junior.

E. H. Walter sailed as senior on the *Gdansk*.

Benjamin B. Skeete joined the *Kenowis* and is now en route to South America.

George Lipsyte is running on the sound steamer *Mohegan*.

William T. Dunlap took out the *Half Moon*, which recently gained publicity through the deaths of two engineers while in port, one murdered and the other burned to death in his bunk.

John W. Tonkins is now on the *Willpolo*, running to Pacific ports.

P. C. Cariotto is en route to Italy on the *Lloyd*, formerly called the *Woodricken*, and for which a service contract has just been signed.

S. F. Neilssen left for New Orleans and the Far East on the *Steel Scientist*.

H. S. Van Cott left on the *Sinsinawa*.

C. E. Stevens is now purser-operator on the *Dochra*.

## BOSTON

**F.** C. JUSTICE is on the *Vesta* and J. J. Muldoon is on *Socony* 84.

R. W. Rice and N. W. Filson are on the *J. M. Danziger* and *Cerro Azul*, respectively.

Henry Munroe is awaiting a call for duty at New Brunswick station.

R. G. Philbrook and G. E. Travis are at leisure.

The above gives an account of our notables, with the exception of A. T. Barber, who writes from the Gulf that he does not expect to return North very soon. Barber is on the *Salem County*.

H. B. Whipple arrived on the *George W. Barnes*, and this time had no apparatus trouble to report.

R. W. Hannah is on the *Bylail*, relieving C. J. Circeo, who has resigned.

H. S. Gates has returned to the *Perfection*.

## NORFOLK DISTRICT

**W**E have very little to report in this issue because of the recent slump in shipping which has dropped to a point where our inspectors have a minimum of work to perform in a maximum of time. But that's not the half of it—

In the last week of November the S. B. deleted all its ships which were laid up at Camp Eustis. This necessitated some nice work on our part returning the spare parts held in our storeroom and replacing missing and expended parts of Schedule B. However, everything is now adjusted to the satisfaction of the S. B. and we have delivered the conglomeration of phones, screwdrivers, Mac clamps, etc., *ad finitum*, which we had held in our storeroom for safekeeping.

The deletion of the laid-up ships at a time when shipping was deadest necessitated the cutting down of the force at Norfolk, hence Inspectors Butt and Soukup have been laid off. Soukup says he expects to go home over the holidays and rest up from his labors at Camp Eustis. Butt will no doubt do the same, thus continuing almost without interruption the vacation he began the last part of November. The force at Norfolk now consists of Mr. Gilpin, Manager; A. B. Brown, Constructor and Inspector; and Miss O'Neill, Stenographer.

There was a flurry of shipping the other day, during which we assigned B. C. Springer, late of the *West Camak*, to the USSB *Independence Hall*.

## BALTIMORE DISTRICT

**M**R. G. A. BELLIS, of the Head Office, was a recent visitor, while in the city for the big event. We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations.

Former Inspector Lindauer, of the Savannah office, is assisting Constructor Grantlin with the installation of our standard P-8-A equipment on the new combination ore and oil carrier *Bethore*, built at Sparrow's Point.

Victor R. Good was recently assigned to the Standard Oil steamer *Caloria*, which will act as mother ship to the group of tankers laid up seventy miles from Baltimore.

During one of the breathing spells while dismantling several of the laid-up Standard Oil tankers, Inspector Smith was seen on the deck of the *Standtow No. 2* trying to ring sea gulls with old P-4 quenched gap gaskets. Feed 'em a little of Paul's "Best in the world," Smithy, and see if that won't get them next time.



Newspaper reports state the tanker *Santa Rita*, Operator Juan Adden, which recently left this port, is eighteen days overdue and we trust by next writing that she will have arrived safely.

Charles E. Landman, after several months on the waiting list, was assigned to the *Birmingham City*, en route for the Far East.

The *Sudbury*, with Operator William F. Vogel, recently arrived here from Hamburg. William tells us he did things up in great style while on the other side. Guess he did, with German marks at 160 to the American buck. Even at that, Bill didn't bring anything back with him but a bad cold.

## GULF DIVISION

### NEW ORLEANS

**H**AROLD O. ZAHN, late of the *City of Lordsburg*, is now in charge of the newly assigned Shipping Board steamer *Dungannon*. Both the *City of Lordsburg* and Operator Zahn have been on the beach for repairs.

Charles B. Buddecke, of tug boat fame, is now carrying oil out of Mexico on the *Quabbin*.

William L. Friend, Jr., has rejoined the services in the Key West district, having been assigned to the *Mascotte* as junior.

Stanley Turberville, after a few days on the beach, as the result of the laying up of the *St. Augustine*, is now out on the *Huguenot*.

C. F. Bailey has been transferred from the *Tekoa* to the *William H. Doheny*. The *Tekoa* has subsequently been placed out of commission at New Orleans.

Leon C. Wyndom, after a lengthy sojourn in the wild wood of Indiana, has re-entered the service, assigned to the *Watertown*.

Assistant Division Superintendent W. H. Hammond has resigned from the service, having accepted an assignment with Loyola University. Paul R. Ellsworth, Division Traffic Clerk, has been assigned in Mr. Hammond's place. Thomas J. Alderman, who for the past four years has been in charge on the *Coahuila*, succeeds Mr. Ellsworth.

A. E. Ermatinger has been assigned to the *Coahuila* as junior.

C. W. Peters has been appointed District Manager at Galveston, succeeding G. B. Williamson, who is returning to the service at sea.

William H. Claussen has entered the service with the assignment of the *Cliffwood*, a Shipping Board steamer.

Paul R. Cassidy has been assigned to the *Dannedaike*;

this vessel, after a lengthy lay-up at Mobile, is now back in service.

David L. Stokeley has relieved John R. Brunnette on the *Harry Farnum*; Brunnette has elected to remain ashore for a while.

Frank G. Hull succeeded in landing the first bare-boat chartered Shipping Board vessel—the *Lake Gera*.

Other assignments made since our last contribution: Julian C. Shannon to the *Cecil County*; J. P. Rombach to the *Hahira*; L. J. Yuhl to the *George B. Mackenzie*; R. E. Blanton to the *Derbyline*; P. D. Herrold to the *Danville*.

From an operator who recently went back to the farm on a vacation:

"My moneyometer has been registering around the zero mark for several days, and if I do not get an assignment soon I am afraid the folks at home will break my plate and throw it off the table—besides the sea-fever is undermining my whole system. Anything from a tug to the *Leviathan* will not only be accepted but appreciated.

"A telegram collect, bearing an assignment, will be answered in person within twenty hours after receipt."

The Key West district reports the following changes: Harold Ely transferred from the *Henry M. Flagler* to the *Joseph R. Parrott*; P. P. Nisbet from the *Miami* to the *Mascotte* (senior); W. F. Franklin from junior on the *Miami* to senior on the *Miami*.

New York take notice: Married at New Orleans (Gret-na) on November 29th, 1921, Emanuel Lemelson, of New York, to Miss Alice L. Dalton of New Orleans. Lemelson is now, and has been for some time, pounding brass on the good ship *Orleans*.

From the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* (November 9th, 1921):

"Havre, Tuesday.—The United States Shipping Board steamer *Hegira*, which has arrived here, had a tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic, and two unusual experiences in which wireless played an important part, according to Chief Radio Operator Exerjian. The first engineer of the steamer fell seriously ill and medical aid was summoned by radio, to which the White Star liner *Baltic* replied and her surgeon prescribed treatment after receiving detailed symptoms of the case. The next day the patient became worse and the *Princess Matoika* wirelessly that she was coming to take the patient. This was done in a heavy sea, the transfer being accomplished in fifty-five minutes. The next day the *Hegira* received radio news of the steamer *Manatee* on fire at sea and altered her course to give aid. The *Hegira* stood by and

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escorted the *Manatee* into the English Channel, where a tug sent by the Shipping Board office in London took the *Manatee* in charge and the *Hegira* proceeded to this port."

### GREAT LAKES DIVISION

#### CLEVELAND

**N**OTHING much to write about, as all vessels with the exception of a few car ferries are securely tied up at their respective docks, while the makers of the dots and dashes are sojourning either at home or drifting aimlessly from district to district, looking for a winter berth.

However, not all the operators are drifting, as we have just been notified that Daniel Cupid made a bull's-eye when he stole away from the bachelor ranks of the Lake Michigan district our honorable C. D. Peck. It is our great pleasure to extend to both Mr. and Mrs. Peck the happiest returns of the day.

The three Jenkins boats were the last to tie up, and with the pulling down of their antennae, it meant the season was at an end.

Inventory is the order of the day, though 1922 plans are gradually looming over the horizon. For the interest and information of Great Lakes division operators, who seek employment in other divisions during the winter, it is advisable their application for 1922 be filed with either the Cleveland or Chicago office not later than February 15th, so that the spring assignment list can be shaped around prior to the '22 start.

Detailed information relative to the order of placement, namely, seniority, etc., will, in addition to being published in the February issue, be given first-hand by letter, should the applicants desire it.

We most sincerely hope that everybody enjoyed a very Merry Christmas, and take this opportunity to extend to all R. C. A. employees a bright and happy New Year.

### PACIFIC DIVISION

#### SAN FRANCISCO

**T**HERE have been pretty busy times around the plant regardless of the slump in business, although Installer King managed to find time to equip the new Standard Oil tanker *H. M. Storey* with a P8 panel set.

Shipping has been good, considering the general condition of business, and the arrivals and departures make a fine showing. The lumber business is very brisk, due to a demand for building throughout California and particularly in Los Angeles, and on account of a heavy demand in the Orient.

The Matson liner *Lurline* has been tied up at pier 46 and is being entirely remodeled. She will be rebuilt in a manner similar to the other Matson liners. We have planned to assign one of the old timers, namely, Arthur Baxter, when the *Lurline* sails for Honolulu.

Some of the parts of the new detector and amplifier units have commenced to arrive but we have not as yet had the pleasure of trying one out. We are afraid that most operators will be disappointed because there is to be no loud-speaking attachment.

800-meter attachments have been installed on nearly all of our vessels on the Pacific coast. The bearings which have been obtained have proven very accurate, and the captains are beginning to rely on them, and on the whole seem very much interested and enthusiastic.

F. J. Clazie, junior on the *Manulani*, is remaining home for the holidays and a more important purpose. His place for the trip is being filled by William Chesebrough. Horace Dean Moffatt is again with us in charge of the apparatus aboard the Shipping Board steamer *Tippecanoe*. Charley Morenus and George Renish are first and second, respectively, on the Grace liner *Santa Cruz*, en route to South America. As both these operators are radio-enthusiasts, exceptional work is expected from the *Santa Cruz* equipment.

William S. Davis was recently assigned to the *Maui* as junior. This is Davis's first experience on a passenger liner, and we believe under the guidance of such an old timer as Edmond Smith, Davis will soon come up to our expectations.

Philip Thorne and Frank Rutzen have arrived on the steamer *China*, after their regular two-month Oriental cruise. Ever since we have dispensed with our female clerical force these two gents do not show their gold teeth.

New assignments have been few and far between. Our list of applicants numbers over seventy-five, including many old-timers, and we hope shipping conditions may change soon so that many will receive assignments.

#### SEATTLE

**D**URING the month one new contract was signed in this district covering the installation on the motor ship *Donna Lane*. A 1-KW. 60-cycle set was installed. O. Hinsch was assigned and his operating reports are very favorable.

The *City of Seattle*, which for years ran between this port and South Eastern Alaska, has been sold to Mr. Dimon, of New York. We will continue to give service to the new owners, and L. Benson was assigned to make the trip to the East coast.

T. A. Kinsey, who was on the *City of Seattle* for the past two years, is now operating on the same run as senior on the *Spokane*. Elmer Moe, Kinsey's former partner, is again with him as junior.

The *Wheatland Montana* was tied up this month and Neil Ross was transferred to the *Pomona*.

H. F. Wiehr is now senior on the *President*, and reports fine results with his new submarine set.

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#### PORTLAND

**O**PERATOR E. L. Brunk, recently on S. S. *Pawlet*, has quit the radio game and gone back to school. Brunk is learning to pull teeth. If he does come back to radio, let's hope he will not try to practice on some operator.

W. W. Strom returned to Portland by rail after turning the S. S. *Swiftscout* over to the new managers at New York.

W. C. O'Connor, who left Portland on S. S. *Swiftstar* some time ago, has returned to the old home town.

C. M. Carlquist just returned from New York, where he left the S. S. *Swifteagle*.

Walter Tease is back after making a trip to Europe on S. S. *Swiftwind*.

Operator V. Bernett is taking his vacation at Portland while S. S. *Curacao* is undergoing repairs.

Some of the boys who visited Portland lately, are: E. H. Robertson, S. S. *Las Vegas*; F. M. Rice, S. S. *Pomona*; E. A. Weinert, S. S. *Willhilo*; R. E. Whitcomb, S. S. *Springfield*; M. R. Holbert, S. S. *El Dorado*.

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#### PORT OF LOS ANGELES

**I**T has been so long since an operator has been assigned to duty out of this district that the two oldest men on the list (Beraldo and Somers) have grown so old that they were not recognized by the writer yesterday when they called at the office to see if there might be a chance for a job within the next year or so.

We do our best at the consolation game, but the boys say that they can't get fat on consolation, hence the roomy appearance of their wearing apparel. It does seem that consolation is a poor diet unless prescribed by a dietician, and the writer cannot lay claim to being in that class. However, from the looks of the daily news of our local papers, there will be several more boats making Los Angeles their headquarters soon, and we hope to have jobs for the boys who have been so faithfully waiting, and who have responded so readily for duty when occasion required a man in an emergency.

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

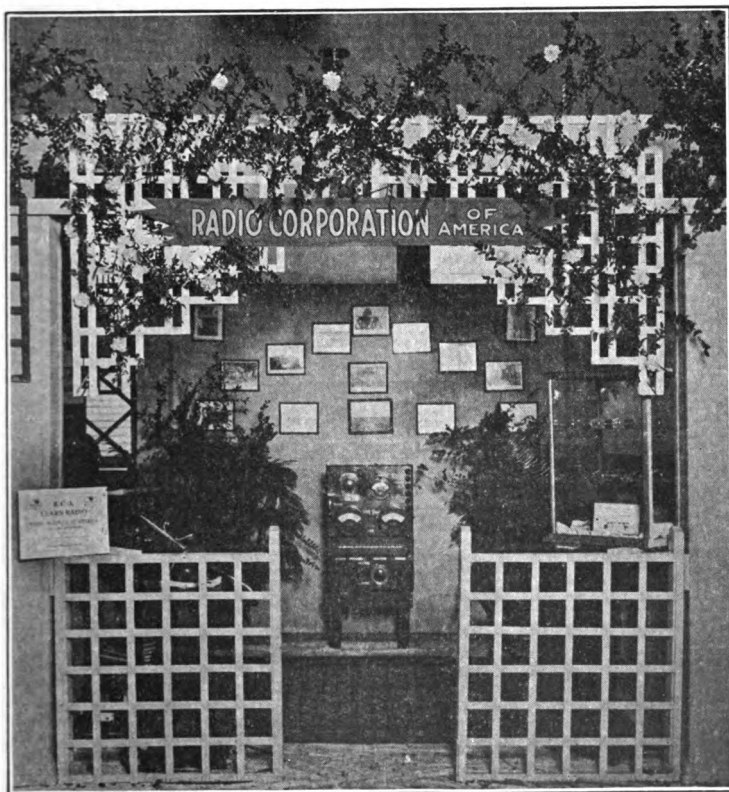
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VOLUME 3

AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



R. C. A. BOOTH, SAN FRANCISCO RADIO CONVENTION

# RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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## SAN FRANCISCO RADIO CONVENTION

**T**HE R. C. A. booth at the recent Radio Convention and Show held in San Francisco, December 28-30, 1921, was considered by many to have been the most unique and interesting exhibit of the show. To the right was a show case in which Mr. Isbell and his men had placed a few tubes and a Marconi coherer. The comparison between the two methods—the old and the new—was quite striking. On a table behind the case was a Marconi magnetic detector with an oldtime tuner and crystal detector, in direct contrast with the present-day effective vacuum tube receiving unit.

## A NOTABLE OCCASION

On the evening of January 10th a banquet was tendered by Mr. Young, Chairman of the Board, and Mr. Nally, President, of the Radio Corporation, to M. Emile Girardeau, Managing Director of the Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie sans Fil, Paris, at the Lotos Club, New York, on which occasion some forty eminent Radio scientists and executives gathered to do honor to the distinguished French visitor who is, at the present time, acting as representative of the French Government at the Conference on Limitation of Armament at Washington.

The list of guests present follows:

Owen D. Young, Chairman of Board, Radio Corporation.  
E. J. Nally, President, Radio Corporation.  
C. A. Coffin, Chairman of the Board, General Electric Co.  
Gano Dunn, President, J. C. White Engineering Co.  
E. W. Rice, Jr., President, General Electric Co.  
A. G. Davis, Vice President, General Electric Co.  
G. E. Folk, General Patent Attorney, Am. Tel. & Tel. Co.  
W. A. Winterbottom, Traffic Manager, Radio Corporation.  
Dr. Irving Langmuir, Research Dept., Gen. Elec. Co.  
L. A. Osborne, Vice President, West'house Elec. Mfg. Co.  
W. S. Gifford, Vice President, American Tel. & Tel. Co.  
E. W. Harden, firm of Jos. B. Colgate & Co.  
Hon. John W. Griggs, Gen. Counsel, Radio Corporation.  
Charles Neave, of law firm of Fish, Richardson & Neave.  
J. W. Elwood, Secretary, Radio Corporation.  
Dr. W. R. Whitney, Research Dept., General Electric Co.  
William Brown, Attorney, Radio Corporation.  
Ira J. Adams, Patent Attorney, Radio Corporation.  
C. J. Ross, Comptroller, Radio Corporation.  
Stuart M. Crocker, Assitant to Mr. Owen D. Young.  
A. H. Morton, Assistant to Mr. A. G. Davis.  
G. S. De Sousa, Treasurer, Radio Corporation.



Maxwell Barus, firm of Fish, Richardson & Neave.

A. E. Reoch, Asst. Chief Engineer, Radio Corporation.

Dr. A. N. Goldsmith, Radio Corporation.

Pierre Blancheville, Engineer, Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie Sans Fil.

C. G. Dubois, President, Western Electric Co.

George S. Davis, General Manager Radio Tel. Department, United Fruit Co.

L. F. H. Betts, Patent Counsel, Radio Corporation.

Philippe B. Varilla, Engineer.

Dr. M. I. Pupin, Prof. Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University.

Gerard Swope, President, International General Elec. Co.

George P. Gardner, Director, General Electric Co.

E. F. W. Alexanderson, Radio Corporation.

F. A. Stevenson, American Tel. and Tel. Co.

David Sarnoff, General Manager, Radio Corporation.

Nicholas Pietri, Head of French Cable Co.

Colonel J. J. Carty, Vice President, American Tel. and Tel. Co.

Emile Girardeau, Managing Director, Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie Sans Fil.

Mr. Nally acted as toastmaster and prior to introducing the guest of the evening, paid high tribute to the great progress and remarkable achievements of the French Radio Company, over the destinies of which M. Girardeau presides.

M. Girardeau spoke in English, as follows:

Gentlemen: Allow me to thank Mr. Nally and Mr. Young for the honor they have just bestowed upon me; they have even more honored me by gathering here the eminent men I see around this table. Thank you, also, for the words which have just been spoken and which interpret sentiments of friendship, veneration and fraternity towards my French colleagues, whom I here represent. I am not surprised at these marks of sympathy, but they move me deeply. Americans and French have been champions of liberty in the world together in the most memorable events. This cannot be forgotten and this will not be forgotten.

Men of good will here present work constantly in order that these two great people may understand each other ever better, in order that the merging of their ideas may bring about a still closer union, and in order that the ocean which separates them may be a lesser obstacle to their mutual understanding. They are busy developing the forerunner of all intercourse, social, commercial and political. In truth, all of us are working for this magnificent achievement, uniting and directing our efforts towards that ideal. We are trying to do

even better, and to bring to other countries the benefit of our work according to the motto: "Peace through science."

If we are not always well understood nor approved of by everyone, we must not complain. Men who have attempted to accomplish great things have never been fully understood. Many have been persecuted, and you know that some of them were burnt at the stake or devoured by wild beasts. We are permitted to hope that our fate will not be so cruel. But it is true, that poor humanity has generally adored her executioners; for example the great conquerors, and ill treated her benefactors; the men of science and philosophy—even unto Christ Himself. Persecution must not discourage us, and it is with joy that I accompany you along this dangerous path.

Not only does a neighborly spirit characterize the enterprise of electrical communications, but there even reigns co-operation: our art demands it. Why, then, should people be astonished to find a corporate connection existing between us? Especially when we produce waves, how could we ignore the rules of harmony? Is not everything that exists a result of divine harmony between oscillatory movements? Therefore, our directing principle is the best, and comes to us from on high. This leads me to explain to you why I did not feel out of place in a conference having the object of promoting general peace of the world. It seemed to me that we, the workers of the radio art, were well in the "line" traced in a masterly manner by your great Mr. Harding, and by your admirable Chairman of the Conference, Mr. Hughes.

Who, indeed, contributes more to the general good understanding in the world than those whose aim is to develop communications; that is to say, the exchange of ideas, particularly those which succeed in radiating in all directions at the same time for the knowledge of millions and millions of men, the generous thought of a man of genius. That is what you accomplished when the President of the United States spoke on peace through the intermediary of your great station on Long Island. I congratulate you for this happy beginning, one could not begin more honorably. I hope that among the many who will make use of this station there will never be anyone who will employ it to transmit messages unworthy of President Harding's ideal.

I cannot end without telling you what I have found most remarkable in the United States. To be sure, I have only seen a very small part of this country, but then in the portion that I have seen, there is something which especially impressed me; it is your telephone system. I am happy to say it before a few of those men who are responsible for so extraordinary a success. Will they permit me to say that they have had a

certain advantage over their European colleagues: The freedom to work. The telephone industry here is a distinct and separate organization, while in almost all European countries the operation of the telephone is reserved to the State. It seems to me that the State administrations are only successful in the industry of taxes of all kinds—but, as Rudyard Kipling says: "That is another story."

It is certain that the development of many American enterprises has been favored by the great freedom of which you avail yourselves.

I perceive that I, myself, make use of this liberty, when I abuse it perhaps in speaking too long. You must excuse me if I am still under the impression of my first day, when the liner entered the port of New York and there appeared before my eyes the luminous statue that holds a torch in her hand. Inspired by this lovely light that radiates all conscience here, permit me to raise my glass to the United States, to the Chairman of this reunion, Mr. Nally, to the eminent Chairman of the Radio Corporation, Mr. Young, and to each of the eminent men who are here gathered in the spirit of Franco-American fraternity, and to all those who are devoted to our noble art, radio. Gentlemen! Your health!

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Dr. Michael Pupin, recounted in a humorous vein some of his patent experiences in the early days of wireless, and ventured a few predictions for the future, the chief of which was his belief that the day of high power vacuum tube transmitting stations is just dawning and that very remarkable results may be looked for, and that the next ten years will certainly see as great (if not greater) progress in technical radio as has been witnessed during the past decade.

Dr. Langmuir also paid similar tributes to the vacuum valve, not only in its application to Radio but in many other phases of electrical engineering.

Mr. Gano Dunn, President of the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, which company has been engaged in the construction of our high power stations, drew some interesting comparisons between the well-known Nauven, Sainte Assise, and Rocky Point types of transmitting stations, and indicated that local conditions very largely govern the type of buildings and antenna structure utilized. It was generally admitted that the latest American type as erected on Long Island is a most economical and efficient one.

Other speakers of the evening who were also most thoroughly enjoyed by all present were: Colonel J. J. Carty and Mr. L. A. Osborne.

## IMPRESSIONS OF MEXICO

*By George W. Hayes*

(CONCLUDED)

ONE of the most interesting places to visit in Mexico City is the National Museum, occupying a part of the National Palace. The collection of idols is most unusual not only as to number but in that they are nearly all authentic, most of them were found in the Republic.

I have neither knowledge nor space to give anything but a general and superficial descriptive outline of the objects which most impressed me. The great number of idols made me almost feel as though they must have been factory-made and turned out by the hundred. Upon examination, however, each one was found to be different.

Considering the number of gods and demi-gods worshipped by the Indians, the number of representatives is not astonishing. In addition to a Supreme Deity called the "Lord of Duality" everything beautiful, powerful, or beyond comprehension was deified. Some of these were as follows: Earth-Mother; Sky-Father; Sun; Moon; Jaguar; Serpent, and others too numerous to mention. The favorite god of the warlike Aztec was, of course, "Huitzilopochtli"—the "God of War." The "God of Rain," because of agricultural needs, was perhaps a close second.

The statues range in size from inches to several feet. Some are of clay. The smaller ones are of gold, silver, turquoise, jade, and other metals, and semi-precious stones. The majority of the larger pieces, many of them showing excellent workmanship, are sculptured stone. In the making conventionalized animals and serpents have been introduced with grotesque human faces.

In the Hall of Monoliths I was most interested to find the Calendar Stone. I was familiar with the copy in the New York Museum of Natural History and was glad of the opportunity to see the original, considered to be the most important of Aztec relics. This stone—sometimes called the "Stone of the Sun"—is a single piece of porphyry weighing about twenty-four tons, irregular in shape, twelve feet in diameter by three feet thick. On the face is a carved disc, representing the sun, the divisions of the Aztec year and the Aztec mythological history of the Universe. It is known that by the aid of this stone the priests regulated their festivals, according to seasons, and made all of their astrological calculations. The necessary knowledge of a scientific nature to enable them to arrive at accurate conclusions must have been the result of long and patient study and observation.

According to Aztec mythology, the history of the world is divided into five suns or ages—four passed and one present. The first was destroyed by Jaguar; the second by hurricane; the third by volcanic fire, and the fourth by flood. One human pair is supposed to have escaped each disaster and lived to perpetuate their kind. The fifth and present age is to be destroyed by earthquake. This has been deciphered by archaeologists from symbolic carvings and codexes.

Indian historians tell us that the stone, weighing originally almost fifty tons, was transported by manpower over many miles of marshy lake bottom before it was placed in position in the Great Teocalli. Remembering that the Aztec had no animals of draught, this feat implies a high degree of mechanical skill, ingenuity and endurance.

The Spanish conquerors threw the Calendar Stone from the top of the Teocalli after the capture of Tenochtitlan. It was dug up from the sub-soil near the Cathedral in 1560. Parts of it were found broken off by the fall, probably accounting for the difference in weight. The Archbishop of Mexico, fearing its associations might influence the Indians to return to paganism, ordered it reburied. In 1790 it was unearthed, and cemented on the base of the Cathedral where it remained for nearly one hundred years before it was placed in the museum.

An object of interest, though somewhat gruesome, is the Sacrificial Stone, or Stone of Tizoc, as it is sometimes called, an immense cylinder of tractreyte, eight and two-thirds feet in diameter by two and three-quarter feet thick. It is difficult to reconcile the belief in human sacrifice with the more advanced knowledge of the Aztec. Human sacrifice was practiced throughout Mexico to a greater degree than history shows in any of the nations of antiquity. About twenty thousand were sacrificed every year, most of them to the God of War, and also a great number to the God of Rain. In these cases the captive was treated with little or no respect.

In some cases the ceremonial was more dramatic and the result of much preparation, as in the case of the selection of a beautiful and accomplished captive of high birth. For a year he was clothed as befitted the representative of a God; feted, almost worshipped. A month before the culminating event he was allowed three beautiful maidens as wives. Everything possible was done to induce religious fervor to carry him willingly to his death. It was considered most unfortunate should he grieve or regret. In addition, he was promised an abode in the House of the Sun, one of their heavenly homes. This was an inducement, as in the ordinary case the poor soul

reached the abode of the dead after traveling through untold horrors. Immediate transition to the same place was also promised warriors dying in battle, and women in childbirth.

Among other objects the museum is noted for its splendid collection of paintings and examples of the famous featherwork of the Indians. This art is now practically extinct. Minute feathers were used, of brilliant coloring, the finished product resembling the finest of mosaic work. There are numerous relics of Cortes and the Conquerors, and some splendidly reserved codexes. From the time of Emperor Maximilian—in addition to carriages, clothing, gold and silver dishes, etc.—was a room with walls, doors and furniture of beautifully carved jade.

Perhaps for a change it will be a relief to pass on to something quite different from the above, so I am going to give you a few impressions I received while on a hunting trip.

We were invited to join a party going to Mango, in the State of Morelles, some one hundred and thirty-five miles south of Mexico City. Finding that business matters were to be delayed for three or four days we gladly availed ourselves of this opportunity to see a part of the country with which we were unfamiliar.

A day was devoted to securing equipment, and on the following morning the party left on a train made up of two box cars, a first and second class coach. Though amply provided with government permits we experienced some difficulty in getting started due to a strike of railroad employees. All stations were in charge of soldiers and we were subjected to considerable inspection because of our firearms. However, we were under way at last and for about three hours passed through rolling country before beginning to climb the Sierra de Adjusco Mountains, reaching an altitude of 15,500 feet and descending gradually to 4,000 feet. At the higher level, wrapped in blankets, we just managed to keep warm. As we descended we discarded the extra clothing until we reached Cuernavacca, in the valley. There we were uncomfortably warm in summer clothing.

Arriving at Mango we were surprised to see no one in sight. There was not even the semblance of a railroad station. This is a part of the country where the revolutionary forces did untold damage. The Indians have abandoned their shacks and there has been no attempt to rebuild by the railroad. We had arranged to have our guides meet us at this point and we were rather let down by their non-arrival.

They suddenly appeared, seeming almost to have sprung from the ground. The packs were soon made up and we started on a four-mile hike, over a burro trail, through heavy

brush, to our camping site. By this time every one was pretty hungry and though there was some confusion over the preparation of the first meal in camp, hunger made willing workers and very shortly after the guides had the fire going; chow hushed the predominating cry of "When do we eat"? A few of the more ambitious spirits went out to see what they could find. Though nearly dark, they succeeded in bringing back some birds.

Thefts of horses and provisions and other damage done by bands of lawless men are not infrequent. Warned by the experience of other parties not to depend entirely on our own guides we decided that one of us would stand guard for an hour each night. In one case this led to an amusing incident. The chap in question at two o'clock one morning, napping at his post, was awakened by a burro that had strayed from the corral. Suddenly aroused, all he could see was the creature's enormous face. He thought we were done for—so did we when we heard the racket—for in trying to escape from the danger in front, he fell over the cooking utensils and into the fire. The memory of his shriek: "They're on us, boys! Shoot!" will always be a source of amusement to each one of us.

Camping here for a few days gave us time to explore the surrounding country. We came across ruins of Aztec dikes, walls and bridges. Of quite recent date was a sugar mill that must have cost at least a million dollars. This was part of a sugar plantation of 30,000 acres. Only the walls of the owner's home were standing. One could see that it had been very beautiful. The grounds had been carefully laid out and included two lagoons with fountains. An orchard that had included various fruit-bearing trees was almost covered by rank growth. The cost and labor of establishing a place of this sort so far from the railroad and almost in a wilderness must have been tremendous. All had been ruthlessly destroyed by the revolutionists.

Shrines seem to have been built everywhere; one finds them under bridges, in the depth of the woods, often almost hidden by vegetable growth. Birds of gorgeous coloring are plentiful, many of them songsters.

Many varieties of the orchid are included in the gloriously colored flowers. Trees are often covered with orchids. The flowering cactus, often growing to a height of thirty feet, were masses of highly colored blossoms.

We found plenty of deer and birds of all kinds. The country is infested with a kind of wild boar, but as they travel in droves of more than twenty-five and are rather dangerous to attack we left them severely alone. Of course,

there are numerous coyotes. We had plenty of snipe shooting in the rice fields. These fields are operated by the Indians and the labor of irrigating them is stupendous.

Returning to Mexico City the train stopped for a short time at Cuernaraca, one of the oldest cities in Mexico and one of the most picturesque. Though 4,500 feet above sea level it is so sheltered by mountains on the north that the climate is ideal. A cathedral founded by Cortes in 1529 is one of the most beautiful sights. This city was the conqueror's favorite residence. His palace is now used to house the State Legislature and local government offices.

Back again in Mexico City we were so busy that there was little time for sight-seeing. My last Sunday was spent at the Floating Gardens, originally small plots of cultivated ground held together by a heavy growth of vines and shifted from place to place at will. They are now attached to the mainland, covered with foliage and flowers they make a pleasant picture as one passes in a flat bottomed boat poled by an Indian, Venetian style.

The trip from Mexico City to the border was uneventful, except for a broken axle. We were thrown about by the first jolt, but as there was no one seriously injured we could only complain of several hours delay. During the trip I spent most of the time on the rear platform photographing and viewing the country, watching the Indians passing by laden with crates of pottery, charcoal, fruit, vegetables, etc., to be delivered to the nearest city. Here and there a man was seen burning thorns from cactus so as to use it for feed for his stock. There were a variety of scenes and some wonderful scenery that I wish I had the power to picture for others.

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#### RADIO PROVIDENT CLUB

A meeting of the Radio Provident Club members was held at the Head Office December 28th, and it was decided to resume operations of the Club for the year 1922. The following officers were re-elected:

President, M. H. Payne  
Vice President, G. Heisel  
Trustee, A. Nicol  
Trustee, L. MacConnach

It was voted that during the year 1922 the maximum monthly deposit by any member should be \$25.00, or a maximum deposit for the year of \$300.

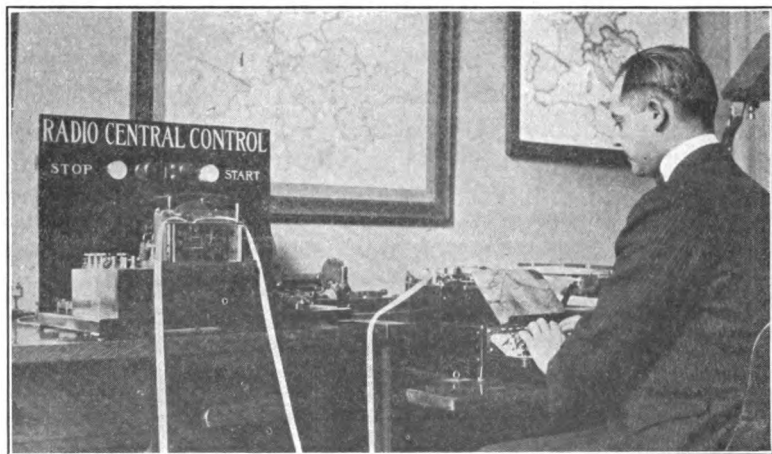
The Club will continue until December 15, 1922, when the amounts deposited will be returned to the members, with a proportionate share of any earnings.



## THE CLICKS

**B**EFORE going on to recite this little piece, in which we tell you about our immediate plans, let us announce something timely and which concerns our name. There having been some comments on the subject, we wish to give two very good reasons why we should remain *The Clicks*. The first: After carefully considering several names at the formation of our society, though we could probably have chosen a more sedate and impressive one, we decided *The Clicks* was more representative of what we really are and do, during the day. Most of us do a lot of typing, you know, and that causes a lot of clicking of keys. Therefore, we are *The Clicks*, although some of you may think we should be *The Clickers*. The second: We have science to back us up. It is a fact that clicks is a form of static which cannot be eliminated. Therefore, now that we are duly formed and functioning under the name of *The Clicks*, we do not propose to be eliminated.

Having made that point clear, and understanding each other as we now do, we wish to offer this little reminder of our first party, which will take the form of a dance at the Apollo Studio, Brooklyn, on the evening of February 10. Come all, for there is bound to be a great deal of fun, and you will surely have a good time. By all means, see that you are well supplied with tickets.



SWITCH PRESSED BY PRESIDENT HARDING FOR INAUGURATION OF  
RADIO CENTRAL

## OLD BOREAS RAMPANT.

The worst storm experienced in forty years at the Golden Gate, occurred on Christmas Day, causing the death of four persons, and prostrating wires in all directions. At one time the wind blew 100 miles an hour and the damage to property was very heavy.

General Superintendent Isbell was early on the scene and active in restoring his lines of communication. He had a strenuous trip to Marshall and Bolinas, owing to fallen trees and broken bridges. The demolition of telephone, telegraph and power lines was appalling. With characteristic energy Mr. Isbell soon brought order out of chaos and restored the movement of traffic to normalcy.

## AU REVOIR TO MR. LUSH

**P**RECEDING his departure for Poland as Engineer in charge of construction of the new Radio Station in that country, a delightful farewell luncheon for Mr. W. G. Lush was given in Meyer's Postkeller by his associates in the Engineering Department and, as the saying is, "a pleasant time was had by all." Mr. Reoch ordered the cigars for the crowd but seems to have previously conspired with the cigar girl for she wouldn't look at the money he was waving around, and added her charges to the bill.

In addition to Mr. Lush, General Manager Sarnoff and Messieurs Perepeczko and Marconi, representatives of the Polish Government, were guests of the engineers. Mr. Sarnoff acted as toastmaster and very acceptably filled that position, so "drying" these days. The engineers giving the party were Messrs. Reoch, Taylor, Graham, Ranger, Rossi, Everett, Shannon, Griffith, Hausell and Latimer.

After the table had been cleared, Mr. Sarnoff made a short speech gracefully wishing Mr. Lush "bon voyage," expressing his gratification that it had been possible to send to Poland the man who had been directly in charge of the construction of the New York Radio Central, the station of which we are all so proud. He believed that the Polish Government also should feel highly gratified for their representatives having already seen what excellent work he had accomplished could rest assured that their station would be the very best that could be constructed.

In his reply, Mr. Lush thanked Mr. Sarnoff for his kind remarks and said that it gave him real pleasure to know that the organization, individually and as a whole, was solidly behind him. It had been a great help to him in the construction of Radio Central and would be even more so in the work in Poland. Most of the members of the Engineering Department

were personal friends as well as business associates, and such a condition could not be anything but an inspiration to him. He expressed his great appreciation of the sincere spirit of co-operation displayed by the various representatives of the Polish Government with whom we have had dealings and hoped that it would continue. It augured well for the entire success of the project.

Mr. Perepeczko, through Mr. Marconi, then made a few remarks, expressing his appreciation of the manner in which the Radio Corporation was carrying out its task and assuring Mr. Lush that he would be glad to give him any assistance in his power.

In conclusion Mr. Sarnoff painted a glowing word picture of an Engineering department, not shrinking with age as some have pessimistically thought, but growing into an organization three or four times as large as at present, and confining its attention to the many problems which our manufacturing associates are not so well situated to handle as we.

Mr. Lush carries with him the good wishes of a host of friends.

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#### NEW YORK BROAD STREET NOTES

**T**HE annual winter migration of Mr. X to the warm and sunny South has afforded us the long awaited opportunity to get in some high-speed reception, and so far the results have proved very satisfactory indeed. It is, in fact, almost an invariable daily occurrence now to start up Carnarvon in the morning at high speed, and continue throughout the day until he is clear. Direct typing from the recorder tape appears to be the most satisfactory method of handling this traffic, and our operators are fast becoming experts.

While similar results have not been achieved on the other circuits, mainly due to difficulties at the transmitting end, we hope in the near future to demonstrate successfully high-speed reception on several circuits at the same time.

The heavy volume of Christmas traffic was handled splendidly, and there was practically no congestion. Much credit is due to those operators who bore the brunt of the bombardment, and some excellent individual performances were recorded. One in particular that stands out was the aural reception by Mr. Seron of 190 messages from MUU in two hours and forty minutes. This represents really fine work, and we are fortunate in possessing a number of men capable of duplicating such a feat. Messrs. Sheehy, Henderson, McClellan, Lynch, Kay, Tennenbaum, Otten and Meldrum are all

operators of high calibre, and are making good records for themselves and for the organization. There are other good men developing fast, and with some of the existing marks to shoot at, they can be depended on within a short time to give the "Speedsters" a keen race for supremacy.

A very interesting letter was recently received from Operator Hoard who is at present boosting RCA at POZ. He says that after nine or ten P. M. Berlin looks like a deserted city. Must remind him of Chatham. (We heard that two garage men have gone out of business there within the last few weeks.) The trip from the town to Nauen station is made in a sea-going hack, and occupies the best part of an hour. On the morning watch breakfast is not obtainable until one arrives at the station, and according to Hoard consists of bread and acorn coffee. Sugar is conspicuous by its absence, and dinner includes barley soup, bread, potatoes, and something resembling sausage. Supper the same, but not so much of it. We'll bet that the Chatham mess brought poignant memories to Hoard as he munched his portion of sausage. What?

Sundry engagements in and around New York prevented many of us from attending the Christmas party at H. O., but from what we heard it was a great success. Hope we'll be able to get there next time.

Wihtol, of the File Department, had his hair marcel-waved a few days ago. Messrs. Lowry and Dan Murphy tried to follow suit, but had to quit on account of the short waves.

Wondered why Blanqui, who lives in New York, always carried a New Jersey timetable. Now we know. She lives in Woodcliff.

Messrs. Kay and Tannenbaum have returned from Washington, and the latter has a new picture for the inside of his watch case.

It is rumored that Miss Hayden totes a cookery book around with her now. Well, there's nothing like preparedness, be it love or war.

We notice that a certain young lady is relying a great deal on Forsyth for information. Evidently a reconciliation.

The Christmas cigars donated by President Nally and Traffic Manager Winterobottom were greatly appreciated by the staff.

Messrs. Simpson and Friedman relieved Kay and Tannenbaum at Washington. Whether Tan gave either of them her address we don't know. However, we suspect NOT.

Joe Lynch came to us from Chatham heavily camouflaged by a hirsute growth on his upper lip which he claims got

there unaided. Glad to see you, Joe. Another car for sale?

Leo Weill has been promoted to Chief of his section, and has added to his importance by parting his hair in the middle. We also learn that he has bought a pair of spats, but is refraining from giving the girls this additional treat until his best shoes have been resoled.

Eckstein attended a party at Tuxedo—or was it in a Tuxedo? We forget.

Robinson has given up the idea of wearing a moustache. Says everybody was calling him Crusoe.

We now learn that the shortest way to the Brooklyn Bridge L is via Beaver Street in the direction of Bowling Green subway. At least that is the inference to be drawn from the fact that someone we know, who habitually uses the L, frequently misroutes himself. Not alone, of course!

It is remarkable how people get acquainted nowadays. A locket, into which a certain young lady of our acquaintance has been observed frequently gazing, opened unexpectedly the other day, disclosing a w. k. face at the Woolworth Building.

We saw someone outside looking very blue. If we were to hazard a guess it would be the Harlem blues. Right?

Mr. Hills was presented with a handsome smoking set by his staff on Christmas eve, and expressed suitable appreciation.

Miss Mullins and Miss Henderson have unfortunately been on the sick list. The former is now back, but we are very sorry that Miss Henderson's illness was of a more serious nature, necessitating her removal to a hospital. We hope for her speedy recovery.

Operator Friedman sailed for Germany the other day, and on his arrival he will proceed to Nauen for a few weeks duty. Hoard is returning to RC shortly.

Mr. Osterbind, Supervisor at Nauen, spent a couple of weeks with us, and was very interested in what he saw. We have no doubt that he will be able to make use of some of our methods, and this interchange of staff should appreciably increase the efficiency of the service as a whole. Mr. Karrottki, also from Nauen, is with us now, and will probably remain two or three weeks.

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#### CHATHAM

**Q**UITE a spell ago in the year of 1921 A. D., there throve a thriving young Radio Station in the wilds of Cape Cod. Said station was hard-by the hamlet of Chath-ham. The moniker was inherited, and was not a result of the numerous operators and would-be ditto's who gamboled about the spacious grounds and dwellings, for although

there were a small minority of the species described as "the north end of a south-bound," or to be brutally frank, "HAMS"—for every ham there were from two to eighteen gents who just tickled the key and played their Underwoods by ear. So although the name of hamlet had nothing to do with the hams thereby—the hams had a great deal to do with the hamlet, and its several dozen of upright citizens—even so far as calling each other by first names, borrowing each other's clam rakes, toothbrushes, and etc., etc., and etcetera.

The hard working citizens who wrung a living from their scallop beds, lobster traps, toy windmills and summer visitors, were startled one day to hear that the Radio Station was soon to cease to function. The merchants were quite put out and were wont to exclaim, O Shaw!" "gadzooks," "dern" and a few of the more uncouth were more violently vehement as they realized their best customers were about to hie themselves hence with profits, which same they coveted madly—e'en so.

One by one the Newyorkward bound operators straggled away, and the features of the thrifty merchants grew longer every straggle—not because of unpaid bills, for the happy-go-lucky element of the radio paid their bills with an astonishing regularity that was absolutely unusual—sometimes.

But with the last of the year came also the last straw, and four of the last dozen subtracted themselves from the Cape Cod landscape. 'Twas the attached news item that tore their simple souls asunder:

"Mr. J. K. Golder, of the Radio Station, and fifty per cent of the firm of Floodgold, Inc., who carried a choice line of peanuts and gumdrops, has sold out his share of the business and moved to New York—a town near Newark, N. J. Mr. Golder still retains his interest in the Chatham Trust Company, although he reduced the bank's resources considerably by withdrawing all of his deposits."

Joe Lynch, who drove an active Buick machine and owned a vigorous moustache, has taken his Buick, himself and moustache to the same scenery.

Benevolent Benny Titow, who owns neither a business, Buick, or moustache, but is Commander of a Ford, left the Ford in a nearby shed, and took both his shirts and himself to the same town.

'Airbreadth 'Arry Brownlie, who don't own much of anything, but was very high in social circles, has also torn himself away, which, all in all, will lower the social standing of the Radio 2.75%."

We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Worrall. Why keep us in the dark so long, Joe?

Despite the fact that 50 per cent of the various committees appointed to conduct our New Year's party hied themselves to New York, we had a very jolly party. The orchestra secured for the occasion by Bennie Titow furnished music for all kinds of dances and acquitted themselves splendidly. The refreshments prepared by our chef were excellent, especially the punch. We had punch to satisfy the most discriminating—that is to say “with” and “without”. Much of the latter went to waste.

Mr. Carl Dreher, Receiving Engineer extraordinary, had quite a thrilling experience during the Christmas holidays. He says now he can appreciate the feelings of a man in that jumping-off place at Sing Sing, N. Y., and also states emphatically that he is through rehearsing for such an event.

It seems that he was called on to fix up the MIM set; while he was tickling the tickler the tickler tickled him by getting a hearty grip on his hand. This treatment by the vamp so shocked Dreher that he remained absolutely paralyzed, so much so that the kenotron baby he was nursing wiggled out of his arms and broke its neck. The following day at the breakfast table the voltage was estimated at 50,000.

Shortly after, Dreher decided to inspect the Marine antenna. When Brownlie removed the old shack to the top of the hill he forgot to fill in the holes where the piers had set; also forgot to place red lanterns in the vicinity of these excavations. Consequently Dreher had to fall in one of these holes and flounder around in ice-cold water. After exhausting his vocabulary of cuss words in seven languages he declared his troubles would drive any man to drink, but up to this writing we haven't tasted any of the bonded goods.

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#### MARION

**P** OOL has been a favorite pastime for some weeks at Marion. A pool tournament is now in the course of being played off. To date we have discovered that Engineer White knows more about pool than lots of other things. We know now how White spent his spare time before coming into our fold. We are quite sure this was before he was married, judging from his speed and the dust he cuts on the way home as soon as his eight hour watch is up.

In contrast, our Assistant Engineer, Mr. Cumming, don't seem to know so much about pool as he does alternators.

Pop Higgins wins the flannel lip stick by losing 14 straight games. The others are about as follows: White won 8, lost 2; Moore won 7, lost 3; Lockhart and Kennedy are tied for third place while Mr. Clifton, Wagner and Wixon are fighting it out among themselves for the fourth rung on the ladder.

Lockhart, who is self-styled "Dynamo Nurse," has proven himself an editor of considerable merit. He owns, operates, reports, prints and distributes a paper every two weeks called *The Astonisher*. Lockhardt plays no favorites at all, and it is very plain to be seen that his powers of observation are indeed very keen. Whether you are a Christian, Roman or Rigger, you fall in for your share of a knock. Some of the knocks fairly rattle the family secrets and skeletons. It is under consideration to favor the Editor of Wide World with a copy of the next Edition.

Albert Kennedy, the Governor's new clerk, has stepped out in society. We saw him shaking a mean foot at Hardy's dance last night.

Walter Wagner, our jolly rigger, has by some unknown underground method acquired such a pull with the last car on the Toonerville trolley from Mattapoissett that the car stops on the hill, toots its whistle and waits there till Walter rocks the countryside with a powerful resounding "Good Night, Sweet Patootie." Then Walter's number twelves pit-a-pat on the pavement till said trolley is reached and we're off for Marion. Walter is a good customer. He supports the last car, as does Lockhart.

Wicked Wixon reports someone stole his green carpet bag. This is the one he had with him the first trip he ever made from Harwich, Mass., to New York, and met that Gentleman Bandit Taxi-Cab Driver. He is planning on a trip to Boston and will need this bag in his business.

White's hound dog had "shore liberty." She is now the mother of seven pups. Pedigree doubtful.

Conversation overheard while Mr. Kroger was in deep thought (out Loud). Kroger: "This blankety, blank tube set gets my goat." Lockhart to Kroger: "I'll get 'Dinty' Moore if you need any help."

Lockhart, in his paper, *The Astonisher*, accuses Higgins of being a wife beater. But we know who is boss in the Higgins' diggins.

Speedo says Lockhardt's girl rolls her own. But how he knows we can't understand.

Sam Campbell leaned his chin on a metal window sill near the lead-in. Just then Chatham pressed the key and Sam claims Dempsey struck him.

F. B. Stock, has gone in the rigging business. Stock took over MacGeorge's assets and liabilities including his girl when Mac left. As said young lady was a downright Radio ham amateur operator, she has put Stock to work doing the job Mac should have done, but never got around to. Reports from Mattapoissett indicate an 85 foot mast already up and



that a 1 K. W. spark set with remote control one-half mile, will be working by February 15th.

Speedo Vermilya sold his spark set and installed a 100 watt Radio Corporation tube set. He has been heard in Cristobal, Canal Zone, by the operator of the United Fruit steamer *Zacapa*.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Frank Kremp, now engineer at Radio Central. Frank says he likes it there, especially the hunting, but—he adds, "It's a H of way from Kate."

**MARINE DIVISION  
SPECIAL ORDER NO. 156**

New York, December 30, 1921.

**RCA COASTAL STATIONS**

Effective January 1, 1922, our New London (WLC) station will be open only from 6 p. m. to 2 a. m. daily (75th meridian time).

On or about January 5, 1922, our Siasconset, Mass. (WSC) station will be reopened. Continuous watch will be maintained on 600 meters. Transmitting wavelengths will be 600, 450 and 300 meters (spark).

The coast tax of the Siasconset station will be ten cents per word, no minimum. Land line forwarding charges will be the same as for WCC and WNY.

**RCA SERVICE STATIONS**

The Radio Corporation's service stations in the following ports have been closed:

Savannah, Georgia.

Galveston, Texas.

Portland, Oregon.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA,

By. G. Harold Porter,

General Supt., Marine Division.

Our Siasconset (WSC) station has been reopened to general public service to assist Cape Cod (WCC) in clearing the heavy traffic ships. Siasconset is ideally situated for short-wave work and with an efficient operating staff headed by H. H. Holden, assisted by Mat Tierney, E. E. Engelder and C. W. Rogers we expect some big records will shortly be smashed.

The coastal station and landline forwarding charges applicable to Siasconset are the same as those of WCC and WNY.

We are rendering a valuable and efficient service to steamship companies and the general public and the ever-increasing volume of traffic satisfactorily handled indicates that our efforts are being rewarded.

WNY and WCC will shortly have combination telephone

and telegraph transmitters of a new model. This means less interference and more flexible service.

New London (WLC) is now open from 6 p. m. to 2 a. m. daily. Paul M. Robillard is the Manager-Operator and will give a good account of his station during the hours of operation.

Frank Shaw, of Pacific Coast fame, and late of WLC, is now performing at WNY.

E. E. Engelder, formerly at WLC, is doing the same at WSC.

Old-time George McEwen has been relieved as manager at WNY and has returned to the Traffic Production Division. Sorry to lose you, Mac. A. J. Costigan is the new Manager at WNY.

A new C.W. and I.C.W. transmitter is in operation at WCC. This set is operated on 2,200 and 2,800 meters. A special message broadcast service starts daily at 7 p. m., 75th meridian time. All messages on hand for ships are transmitted on 2,200 meters C.W. and repeated once on 2,800 meters I.C.W.

#### LISTEN FOR THIS BROADCAST

The press despatch is transmitted in the same manner, and on the same wavelengths, beginning at 10.50 p. m., 75th meridian time.

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FINE WORK  
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY  
31 State Street,  
Boston, Mass.

George S. Davis, 9th January, 1922.

General Manager,

Radio Telegraph Dept.

Dear Mr. Nally:

I am sure you will be pleased to know that our Cable Bureau at New York, through which all messages, both radio and cable, are sent and received, are very high in their praise of the service rendered by the Marine Bureau of the Radio Corporation. Mr. Murphy, our Chief Cable Clerk, tells me that at no time during the past five years has the radio service to and from ships at sea via New York been as efficient as it is at the present time

through the Radio Corporation service.

Very truly yours,

M (Signed) GEO. S. DAVIS.  
E. J. Nally, Esq.,  
233 Broadway,  
New York City.

PANAMA RAILROAD STEAMSHIP LINE

S.S. PANAMA

Radio Operators,  
WNY

Dec. 17, 1921.

Brothers at Radio:

We take this manner of thanking and complimenting the WNY operators for the way in which they assisted us in clearing our traffic during the SOS period of December 16th.

In our opinion everything was handled in the quickest and most efficient manner.

Thanking you again for this service, we remain,

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) G. GRAY, (GF),  
Chief Operator;  
(Signed) O. WALTER (AL),  
Junior Operator.

1:05 P. M., December 12th, KPH Station, San Francisco, exchanged traffic with the S.S. *China Arrow* while that vessel was 1,400 miles west of San Pedro, Calif.

SAN FRANCISCO  
CALIFORNIA ST.

**W**E acknowledge in this manner, receipt of greetings from Broad Street and WCY which we heartily reciprocate.

Our Xmas holidays went off with a snap and ended with a bang. All went well until the last of a heavy file was cleared about seven-thirty Christmas morning and then the elements cut loose and wrought havoc with our land wires. In fact, all wire facilities in this section of the state were thrown in a heap and it was not until December 28th that

things began to straighten out. We were totally interrupted between San Francisco and Marshall from 7.30 A. M. December 25th to 12.15 P. M. December 28th, during which time we relied on the old "suitcase route" for transferring traffic. This required various members of the staff at both ends to spend numerous hours in auto travel over bad roads, as well as messengers on the few trains that ply between the two points. The delay on traffic was not serious and we weathered the storm with flying colors. The restoration of our wires caused a sigh of relief to ripple through the crowd though, you may be sure of that.

The clean-up for the year is now in progress and all hands are working with a will to get the figures in shape for transmission to the head office. Our officials will be agreeably surprised when the results are known.

Speaking of RCA Service, how does the tenor of the following letters strike you?—

"We are overjoyed to pass on to you the information that through the Radio Corporation of America, The Kokusai News Agency was enabled to score one of the notable 'beats' of modern journalism. This was the story of the American proposals for limitation of armament. A message received by this office yesterday from J. Russell Kennedy, general manager for Kokusai at Tokyo said, 'Congratulations, navy proposition complete beat.' That 'complete beat' means Kokusai had this tremendous piece of news ahead of all competitors in Japan.

"Long before the conference, Kokusai decided to place its confidence in your service rather than in other means of communication. Long previous experience with your method of transmission brought about this decision. Our faith in you has been amply repaid and we know that you will aid us in putting over many other, and in fact, constant beats.

"I wish to thank you personally for your co-operation with me. Also I wish

you would let your local force know that the unfailing courtesy and promptness of everyone from manager down through the messenger boys in looking after Kokusai interests, are appreciated to the fullest extent.

"Mr. Moore is in Washington, but I know he wants me to express this gratitude we all feel. I know both he and Mr. Kennedy will write you their own letters of appreciation.

"When the conference is completed and perhaps from time to time during its progress, we plan to give you a list of the times Radio communication beats all others. We hope the list will be a long one and we know you will do everything to make the list a lengthy and notable proof of accomplishment.

(Signed) REED HAYES  
(KOKUSAI NEWS AGENCY)"

FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

"Permit me to thank you on behalf of the International News Service for the extraordinarily fast and efficient service of your Trans-Pacific circuit last week in handling our press dispatches from Tokyo covering the assassination of Premier Hara.

"It may please you to know that we beat the world on this important news and the fast manner in which you handled our dispatches played an important part in assisting our correspondent to perform this difficult news feat.

"The service you have been rendering us has been uniformly good but this was such an outstanding example of excellent transmission that I felt impelled to call

it to your attention and to thank you for it.

"Believe me, we are very appreciative of your fine co-operation.

"With kindest personal regards, I am, sincerely yours,

"(Signed) E. H. MARTIN,  
"PACIFIC COAST MANAGER."

And this one came from Balfour, Guthrie & Company in acknowledgment of receipt of the Radio Central booklet:

"The subscriber begs to thank you for the very instructive booklet on Radio Central issued by your Company.

"On perusal of this book one perceives the excellent system which your Company has installed in the interest of a first class radio service for the general public.

"The average person has no conception of the magnitude of such an undertaking until acquainted by the facts as presented in your booklet. Another point before closing I wish to touch on, and that is, the accommodations you have erected for the comfort of your employees. This is a most worthy part of your system, and I feel sure will augur well for the success of the Radio Corporation, as contented employees will devote their time to the accomplishment of the highest class of workmanship, no matter in what line of endeavor it should chance to be.

"The service you have rendered to this office has at all times been satisfactory and we give to you the business we have for transmission to points covered by your circuit.

Again thanking you for the attention to our 'Radio Wants', we are, yours truly,  
(Signed) BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO."

With the exception of one counter clerk, our Xmas roll call showed all present who were with us at Xmas, 1920. From the looks of them one would judge that hard work agrees with their constitutions, because our traffic has more than doubled during the year and no additions were made. Phil Givins, the "baby" from point of service, has completed nine months service and is going strong.

On New Years we were extremely sorry to hear that Marcus Perez would have to resign and go to the country for his health. Otto Schwartz was placed on the delivery desk succeeding Perez. Otto was the motor messenger for over a year and is a familiar figure about the office. His steed has been turned over to Messenger Edwards, who will continue to pilot the flivver into the suburban sections of the community. They say it knows the Radio route now and requires the touch of human hands only for starting and stopping purposes.

And Sheck has a son—George F. Sheckler, Jr., if you please. News of arrival came in the form of a TR report on December 29th, and incidentally the janitor has been busy picking up vest buttons from beneath Sheck's desk ever since. Congratulations, old top. Let us remind you that Bill Conway's twins are still at the head of the list, however, so how are you going to use the buggy that you promised to take off his hands?

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### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Stuart M. Crocker, of the Sales Division, has resigned and entered the service of the General Electric Company.

W. G. Lush, Engineer, sailed January 14th on the *Baltic* for Warsaw, where he will superintend the erection of the high power station to be erected there by the Radio Corporation, for direct service with America.

Mitsuru Sayeki, Chief Radio Engineer of Japan, was a recent New York visitor, en route for Tokyo from Paris where he attended the Radio Conference. He sailed from San Francisco January 13th on the *Korea Maru*.

Mr. T. Iwase, Chief Engineer of Telegraphs and Telephones at Dairen, is in New York en route to England.

Martin Jurist, solicitor, has resigned and is succeeded by Walter A. Scrivens.

Emile Girardeau, managing director of the Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie Sans Fils, Paris, was a recent visitor in New York. M. Girardeau is a delegate at the Disarmament Conference, representing the French Department of Posts and Telegraphs.

F. Perepeczko, engineer, has arrived from Warsaw to act as official inspector for the Polish government in connection with material to be shipped by the Radio Corporation for the new Polish station. He will have the assistance of K. J. Marconi, attache of the Polish consulate general at New York.

Mr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, Chief Engineer, returned on the S. S. *Adriatic* from Europe recently, after an absence of six weeks.

### WEDDING BELLS

Santa Claus put his official Christmas seal on the lifelong romance of Edwin A. Nicholas and Clara Witt. Mr. Nicholas is superintendent of the Great Lakes Division, and on Christmas eve announced his marriage. The couple had been sweethearts since the time when Edward was five and Clara was three. Their parents were neighbors. As children Edwin and Clara made mud pies together, walked arm in arm to school, and played at business and housekeeping. Twelve years later the families separated, but the boy and girl still remained intimate friends, and now they are happily married and receiving congratulations from far and near.

### EASTERN DIVISION

#### NEW YORK

**T**HE New York office of the Eastern Division is highly elated over recent news from the Great Lakes and extends sincere congratulations to Mr. E. A. Nicholas, who, it is hardly necessary to say, is as popular here as he is throughout the division which he superintends. Even during his recent visit here everybody thought Mr. Nicholas was still a confirmed bachelor, and it was a pleasant surprise to receive an announcement of his marriage.

Erwin W. Vogel, recalled as the hero of the torpedoed *Carolina*, and of numerous love affairs, now senior on the *Wytheville*, on a run to the Far East, addressed an exceptionally interesting letter to his friend, Reid S. Shipley, of the *City of Savannah*, in which he states that on November 9, while on the 180th meridian in the Pacific Ocean, he copied a complete program of press from France, a distance of 12,500 miles, or half-way around the world. This is a distance and copying record that probably cannot be beaten.

Among some other good work done by Mr. Vogel is that he has been copying KPK at San Francisco, with telephones on the desk, at a distance of 3,500 miles, and transmitted a message to that station when 2,600 miles off. He worked New York 750 miles west of Balboa, or 2,900 miles away.



The steamer *America*, with the same three operators, Estberg, Tamburino and Bollendonk, left New York January 3, the first American trans-Atlantic vessel equipped with an RCA tube transmitter. At last accounts the ship was in the English Channel and still reporting her movements.

New assignments of recent dates are: L. C. Doane to the *Vacuum*; Albert E. Spicer to the *Higbo*; Watson P. Dutton to the *Forndonian*; W. E. Davis to the *City of Lowell*; Joseph H. Gately to the *American Star*; Everett Singer to the *Northern Star*; R. C. Thomas to the *Caraca*; Adney Wyeth as junior on the *City of Montgomery*; A. W. Storey and W. V. Parrett to the *Crofton Hall*; C. K. Sturms to the *Hera*; M. D. Loos as junior on the *City of Savannah*; J. C. Stuart to the *Zulia*; Leslie Veader to the *Dallas*, and Richard Maixner to the *Fluosparr*.

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### BOSTON

**G**ERALD TRAVIS is on the *Swift Scout*, and for the first time in many moons has suffered himself to become pried loose from the ferries.

Harry Finkelstein was tickled to get the *Bylayl*, and A. R. Hamilton went to the *Jonancy*. With George Chute on the *Freeman* we do not anticipate any changes on these vessels for some time to come.

C. B. Hanna of the *Samuel Q. Brown* was a welcome visitor recently. Hanna brought, in addition to the first mate and some abstracts, a rumor of a plan to substitute slates for scratch pads. The idea seems not to appeal to him for some reason. Probably reminds him of school days and saddens him. Anyhow, he didn't appear as cheerful as his companion.

Frank Justice has left the *Vesta*, and at this writing is dutifully doing his best to see that the *Eagle* does not sail for Russia without an operator.

It is reported that Ralph Rice was recently robbed of his purse in a Meixcan port.

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### BALTIMORE DISTRICT

**W**ILLIAM B. TALTY, of Washington, was assigned to the Italian steamer *Guilia* at this port in relief of the Italian operator, removed on account of sickness.

Charles R. Robinson, former RCA operator, has been employed by the City of Baltimore on the ice breaker *Annapolis*.

While installing equipment on the new steamer *Bethore* at Sparrow's Point, Constructor Grantlin connected with a

high voltage line and was knocked unconscious and had his hand badly burned. He was on the job again the next day, but not near the feeders.

All of the radio equipment from the eight Standard Oil tankers laid up at this port has been dismantled and returned to New York.

### PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT

**W**E beg to enter our name in competition with the psychologically inclined Mr. Oscar Foy. Referring to the poetry he quoted for last month's WORLD WIDE WIRELESS, we recently heard one which we consider equally as appropriate to the times, namely:

#### WANTED—MEN

There's the chap with the "Can't" and the chap with the "Won't",

And the chap who betwixt, more or less;  
There's the chap with an "Aye", when it ought to be "Nay",

And the "No" when it ought to be "Yes";  
There's the chap who's too weak to get up when he's down,  
Too bluffed to strike back when he's hit;

And the chap who bobs up when he ought to stay down,  
And the chap who does nothing but sit;  
There's the chap who is brave when he has nothing to fear,  
And the chap who's afraid without shame.

But the world wanting men have no patience with these;  
What it wants is the fellow—*Dead Game*.

What it wants is the chap with the "Can" and the "Will",  
And the "Get up" and "Hustle" and "Do";

And the chap who comes back with a smile on his face,  
When the world thinks he's beaten clean through:  
The chap who'll back down, when he knows he is wrong,  
And the chap who'll stand pat when he's right.

And the chap who keeps faith when he pledges his word,  
And will back up his stand with a fight.

The chap who forever puts *right* above *wrong*,  
And *honor* o'er riches and fame,

Ah, he's the chap that the world's looking for—  
The trustworthy fellow—*Dead Game!*

Do we get the brown derby, Oscar, or is it the fur-lined bath-tub for us?

The black crepe of mourning is hung, big crocodile tears have been shed. Philadelphia, City of Brotherly Love, is no

more. That is, as far as the Shipping Board is concerned. At least, they try to convince us that this is so. However, we have been considerably more active since the crepe was hung than we anticipated. During the month of December eight Shipping Board vessels were taken into service by the Philadelphia office, which isn't so bad considering that we exist only as a negative quantity.

### GULF DIVISION

**R**OBERT CLEGHORN, one-time District Manager at Port Arthur, has returned to the service and is now breathing the fragrance of Cuban molasses on the tanker *Dulcino*. Since the vessel is trading regularly out of Cuban ports, it is presumed that the attraction is something stronger than molasses.

David W. Jolls, after a lengthy period spent in rambling through the hills of Virginia, has returned to the service on the tanker *Antietam*.

With the closing of our District office at Galveston, the incumbent District Manager, C. W. Peter, has been transferred to the Division office at New Orleans, where he has relieved T. J. Alderman as Division Traffic Clerk. Alderman has returned to his previous billet on the good ship *Coahuila*.

A. Bandettini has been transferred from the *Steel Maker* to the *W. J. Hanna*, and in doing so, has received the distinction of taking charge of the first of our audion-equipped vessels.

William C. Simon has been assigned to the Shipping Board steamer *Nobles*, relieving V. F. Poussard. Poussard is now confined in the Marine Hospital at New Orleans for drydocking and repairs.

Other assignments made since our last contribution: L. P. Miller to the *John R. Gibbons*; A. E. Ermatinger to the *Steel Maker*; H. P. Green to the *Romulus*; G. C. Faber to the *Sapulpa*; E. D. Aber to the *Connes Peak*; I. Diamond to the *Panuco*; E. F. Hartill to the *Franklin K. Lane*; John M. Ryan to the *Elisha Walker*; L. M. Purington from the *Connes Peak* to the *Frederick Ewing*; Frank A. Banyai from the *Coahuila* to the *Edward L. Doheny*; J. B. Swift from the *Mary Luckenbach* to the *Coahuila*; Harry Backman from the *Dillwyn* to the *Munista*.

Since our last contribution the following vessels have been equipped at New Orleans with vacuum tube detector and amplifier units by Inspectors Elkins and Rothenberger: *W. J. Hanna*, *Baton Rouge*, *Coahuila*, *Corning*, *Jalisco* and *W. C. Teagle*.

We think it about time to make an inspection of the Key

West District, and find out what's so darned interesting over there; this may result in J. E. B.'s contributions coming in regularly. Possibly he only sends 'em when the "spirits" move him.

### GREAT LAKES DIVISION

**G**REETINGS! With the birth of this issue, we wish it to be known that, since moving into our present quarters, twelve short, happy months have drifted into the past. Please register—one anniversary. As everybody concerned likes the new offices, their location as to accessibility, both from the business center and the city's docks, even more so than when we first came here, the move can readily be appreciated as successful.

Snow, ice and stray car-ferry O. S. traffic is the order of the day. Operators attached to the fourteen car-ferries bucking the winter weather, surely know what steamboating under difficulty means. The Queen of Sheba's tossing camel ride across the sands of the desert, when she made her illustrious trip to the court of Solomon, was but child's play compared to crossing one of the Lakes on a ferry during January and February. Riding a ferry can be likened somewhat to the riding of both a Sub and a Bronc: part of the time you're submerged but riding in serene safety, while the rest of the time you're on top, hanging on to stanchions, etc., just like a tenderfoot clinging to a Bronc.

Superintendent E. A. Nicholas' recent announcement of his marriage to the former Miss Clara Witt, of Cleveland, came as an agreeable Yuletide surprise. Mr. Nicholas has just completed a business trip of some length, having visited shipping interests in all of the larger ports of the Great Lakes. Yes—he made the trip alone!

J. E. McDonald and Frederick A. Burrows are successfully holding down their berths on the *Illinois* and *Indiana*, respectively; their vessels sailing out of Chicago and lower Lake Michigan ports.

James F. Bondi, Jr., can be found any day on the *Alabama*; home port of call being Chicago.

The steamers *City of Alpena II* and *City of Mackinac II*, formerly owned by the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company, but recently purchased from them by the Graham and Morton Transportation Company of Benton Harbor, Mich., were placed in commission and taken around from Detroit to Benton Harbor, during the early part of January. Their arrival at Benton Harbor created considerable excitement and added a thrilling chapter to marine history on the Great Lakes, for never before have two side-wheelers in mid-winter and

in the teeth of a sixty-mile gale, made such a lengthy, continuous non-stop trip. Donald Booth and John W. Stack, respectively, were in charge of the radio installations. Their comments on the trip were more like those of the old-time salt (square rigger type) than the comments of a twentieth century radio man, Booth piping up with, "Had we not reached our ultimate destination, there might have been something to write about."

Due to the compiling of a new assignment list each year, we request an application for employment form be filled out previous to the opening of each season of navigation on the Great Lakes. It will, therefore, be necessary for all operators who were employed in the Great Laks Division during 1921, employed at present in other divisions of the company, but who contemplate returning to this region for the 1922 season, to write for the necessary application form, so that they will have their bid in for the ship of their choosing, prior to the completion of the list.

#### PACIFIC DIVISION

##### SAN FRANCISCO

THE second annual Radio show was held on December 29 and 30, at the San Francisco Gymnastic Club, and proved very successful. The show was conducted in conjunction with the Amateur Radio Convention, and was confined to the display of apparatus which would be of interest to the amateur—for the equipping of CW receiving sets principally, and incidentally, of CW and telephone transmitters. The crystal detector unit still has its place in the amateur world, as has also the spark transmitting set.

Interest in the Radio Corporation exhibit centered in the new detector and amplifier units which have been designed for commercial ship use. The comments were very favorable, and there were many regrets that these could not be procured for amateur use. The historical, or one might say prehistorical exhibit, consisting of a Marconi coherer, a Marconi magnetic detector, and the receiving set through which was copied the first radio message transmitted between San Francisco and Honolulu, attracted unusual attention, and brought forth many reminiscences. The booth was in charge of L. J. Tappan.

The 800-meter attachments are becoming a necessity along the Pacific Coast and during the month we equipped the *China* and *Santa Inez*.

Speaking about the *Santa Inez* brings to mind the sad tale of a recent hold-up on the wharves of San Pedro. Operator Colbert had just left the vessel when he was attacked by three desperados and relieved of thirty cents. The bandits were undecided whether or not they would beat him up or

return his pin money. Finally they refunded his money and let him go. The reason we are writing it up is because Colbert didn't want it to become known.

The old United 1-KW. non-synchronous set on the *Humboldt* has given way to the march of progress and a new CM 296-B set now greets the eye of the voyager.

Some of the amateurs on the coast are getting the habit of using a carborundum detector in conjunction with one or two steps of amplification, and it has created quite a demand for the old 107-A tuner.

Once more we chronicle an event to one of the members of our staff, and now introduce Mrs. H. D. King, and extend the usual good wishes, and many of them.

Operator Richard L. Sadler recently walked from Seattle to San Francisco in search of work, only to find conditions here worse than up North, and, after six weeks of waiting, was assigned to the steamer *Admiral Nicholson* en route to Seattle to lay up for the winter.

Operator James Gleason was transferred from the *Wilhelmina* to the *Broad Arrow* en route to the Orient. Theo. L. Carnes takes Gleason's place on the *Wilhelmina* on the Honolulu run.

Frank Geisel on the *F. H. Hillman* met with an accident and was relieved by G. W. Spare of the *Richmond* for the trip. Operator Jim Caldwell is now on the *Richmond*.

Many old-timers are still on the beach and we hope conditions will soon improve so that the less experienced will get a chance to break in after the former are placed. Including all, we have a list of seventy-six operators ready to sail.

#### SEATTLE

In another month or so we will have a new liner on the Pacific Coast under our service, namely, the *Ruth Alexander*. Arrangements have been completed by the Pacific Steamship Company for the purchase of this vessel, which was formerly the German ship *Callao*.

Our Portland Office was closed on the first of the year and all material from that point shipped to our Seattle storeroom. The place is beginning to resemble 1916 days, when we used to have the motor generators hanging from the rafters.

Mr. Benj. Wolf, U.S.S.B. Radio Supervisor for the Pacific Coast, was in Seattle during the month, on an inspection tour.

E. P. Winch, formerly Purser on the *City of Spokane*, is now holding down the duties of Purser and Operator on the *Pomona*.

Virgil Monnet relieved Clarence Newbill for one trip on the *Admiral Watson*.

As we write these lines, the inventory is taken, we have just signed a service contract, and it has temporarily stopped raining. We can, therefore, look forward with unmitigated pleasure to reading the reports of how California walloped W. & J.

Not that it has anything to do with the above, but the other day we attended the funeral of a notoriously bad man. During the services, and at the grave, it was suggested several times that some one say a few friendly words about the virtues of the deceased. He must have had but few virtues. Anyhow, nobody came forward. Finally, however, one man in the back spoke up and said, "Well, I was not acquainted with our departed friend, so I can hardly talk about him, but as long as we are here, and if no one has any objections, I will say a few words about California."

#### PORTLAND

Operators E. A. Raynal and V. Bennett had a nice lay-off at Portland while the S.S. *Curacao* was undergoing repairs.

W. F. Johnston spent a week visiting his folks in Washington while the *West Nomentum* was being loaded.

Ray Kimberk brought his best girl a tea set from China and while his evssel, *West Cayote*, was loading, made many trips to see if the tea set was all right.

Some of the operators to visit Portland during the month are: R. H. Horn, S.S. *Col. E. L. Drake*; J. I. Skov, S.S. *Vinita*; W. H. Stiles, S.S. *Willfaro*; G. Van Order, S.S. *Santa Reta*; G. D. Carmickel, S.S. *Eastern Merchants*, and J. W. Morrow, S.S. *Admiral Evans*.

#### PORT OF LOS ANGELES

Since our last write-up to the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS, our waiting list has been reduced by the assignment of one man, the lucky individual being Dewey Beraldo, who is now on one of the Standard Oil tankers.

Work on widening the channel at this port is going ahead rapidly, and soon the old mariners will not recognize the old water-marks. There are many projects under way which will improve the general contour of the channel, and business is taking a decided change for the better, at least, locally. We find a continuous stream of optimism flowing verbally from the mouths of our big interests in Southern California, and no dam of pessimism can control or check the business which this port will have in the birth of the new year.

The one white spot of the United States is getting whiter, and our editor may capitalize this assertion and not feel that he has shot wide of the mark.

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

PUBLISHED BY  
**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**

MARCH, 1922

VOLUME 3

AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND MARY PICKFORD LISTENING IN  
ON S. S. PARIS



# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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## **BOARD OF DIRECTORS**

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<b>Gordon Abbott</b>	<b>Edward W. Harden</b>
<b>Arthur E. Braun</b>	<b>Edwin M. Herr</b>
<b>Albert G. Davis</b>	<b>Edward J. Nally</b>
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<b>Hon. John W. Griggs</b>	<b>Frederic A. Stevenson</b>
<b>General Guy E. Tripp</b>	

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## **EXECUTIVE OFFICERS**

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<b>David Sarnoff,</b> <b>General Manager</b>	<b>Charles J. Ross,</b> <b>Comptroller</b>
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**William Brown, Attorney**

**Ira J. Adams, Patent Attorney**

**Harry G. Grover, Assistant Patent Attorney**

**William A. Winterbottom, Traffic Manager**

**Lee Lemon, Director of Traffic Production**

**E. F. W. Alexanderson, Chief Engineer**

**Roy A. Weagant, Consulting Engineer**

**Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, Director of Research**

**140th St. and Convent Ave., N. Y.**

**Edward B. Pillsbury, General Superintendent,**  
**Trans-Oceanic Division**

**Arthur A. Isbell, General Superintendent,**  
**Pacific Division, San Francisco**

**G. Harold Porter, General Superintendent,**  
**Marine Department**

**Robert C. Edwards, Purchasing Agent**

**R. LeRoy Duncan, Director of Radio Institute of America,**  
**98 Worth St., N. Y.**

## FINANCE AND BUSINESS

*By B. C. Forbes*

Maybe you will find a suggestion in this for yourself.

It was in a crowded—an overcrowded—New York subway train one morning. Every inch of standing space was occupied. Quite a few couldn't reach straps or anything else to hold on to. As the train rounded sharp corners there was, inevitably, more or less swaying and jostling. One well-dressed youngish man began to show bad temper. First he turned round and glanced once or twice at a middle-aged man wedged up against him; and then, the next time there was a jolt, the young man turned on the older man and demanded in a very peppery, brusque way that he stop bumping up against him. The older man politely explained that he couldn't help it. A little later the train again lurched, and this time the young man gave a miserable exhibition of temper by snarling once more at the older man and roughly indulging in football-field tactics in an effort to force those about him to stand away from him.

\* \* \*

The younger man had a very important appointment that morning. He had lost his job during the period of retrenchment, but had been recommended for quite a good position and was to interview the manager of the concern at 10 o'clock. After tramping the streets for weeks, the coming interview meant a very great deal to him. He was on hand some minutes ahead of time; his name was sent in, and an office boy immediately conducted him into the manager's office.

\* \* \*

The manager was the man he had treated so unbecomingly in the subway that morning!

\* \* \*

The applicant for the position was instantly overcome with confusion. He hesitated as if anxious to make for the door. The manager, however, politely asked him to sit down. "I know what you have in mind," remarked the manager. The young man immediately began to stammer excuses. The manager listened politely. The young man stressed the fact that hunting vainly for a job had not tended to improve his disposition. The manager then began to explain that the man he wanted must be able to control his temper, and that courtesy was also essential.

The applicant claimed that ordinarily he had as good a temper as the next fellow; that he knew how to be polite, and that he very rarely lapsed into being anything else. He added however, that after what had happened, he couldn't expect the manager to believe his protestations.

The manager said he was glad his caller had sense enough to realize this and, after expressing regret, bade him good-day.

He had made up his mind to teach the young man a severe lesson. He would give him time and opportunity to let the unfortunate consequences of this uncalled-for conduct in the subway sink in.

Then, a week later, he sent for the young man, read him a lecture, and gave him the job—on trial.

The chances all are that the new employee will prove himself one of the most courteous of the whole force. The folly of his impoliteness had been brought home to this young man in a peculiarly forceful way.

But what about the rest of us? We probably never have had the cost of impoliteness brought home to us in so direct a fashion. But does this mean that brusqueness, grouchiness and impoliteness have not cost and are not costing us anything?

\* \* \*

Many an important contract and many an important position have been won through courtesy and through being obliging. One of America's best known automobile manufacturers "made" a tire manufacturer solely because the latter had shown him consideration and kindness when consideration and kindness meant much. Some other nations attach more importance than we do to the niceties of life. When Judge Gary visited Japan a few years ago the courtesies extended to him were beyond anything we are accustomed to in this country. I heard a journalist remark recently that he once received an invitation to visit Lord Northcliffe—before he was Lord Northcliffe—and that he had never before, or since, experienced such delightful courtesies—and Northcliffe had no favors to hope for from this journalist.

\* \* \*

It is said that the Bethlehem Steel Company once received a huge armament contract from a foreign government solely because of the courtesy Charles M. Schwab had extended to representatives of that country when they visited the United States.

\* \* \*

The person who is habitually gruff and impolite misses half the fun of life. Not only so, but as we progress along civilized lines courtesy is more and more regarded and more and more demanded of us.

\* \* \*

And politeness pays.

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## THE GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF RADIO

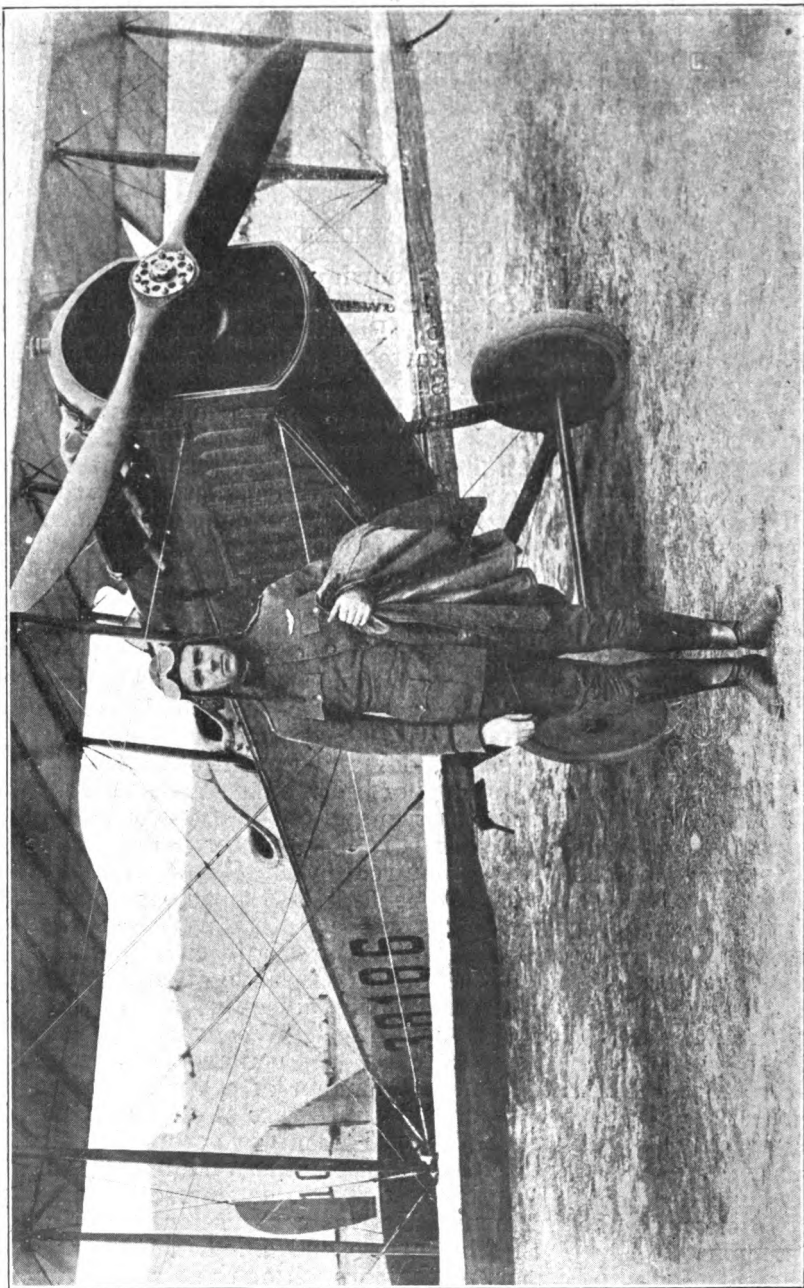
*With this issue, the editor is pleased to present a brief sketch of Mr. E. N. Pickerill, who has been somewhat of a "high flyer" in his day, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph.*

## ELMO NEALE PICKERILL

**P**ROBABLY one of the best-known radio men in New York is E. N. Pickerill, better known to his friends as "Pick," or "PK" over the radio. Pick's telegraph experience dates back to 1901, when he started in as a railroad telegraph operator on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad. Later, he was employed by the Union Pacific, Rock Island, Santa Fe and a few other railroads in the Rocky Mountain regions, his assignments ranging all the way from telegraph operator out at some lonely desert or mountain railroad station, where Indians were accustomed to "flopping" in the depot waiting-room for a night's "shut eye," to that of train dispatcher. When his assignment was terminated by the usual heavy September snowfall as telegraph operator on the summit of Pike's Peak, which is 14,147 feet above sea level and the highest telegraph office in the world, he was convinced that he had reached about the highest thing obtainable in railroad telegraphy, so he decided to enter the service of the De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company in 1905 at Denver, Colo. Two years later he came to New York and was in charge of the WA station situated on the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, which assignment he held for two and one-half years.

Pick went to sea as a ship radio operator years before government licenses were required by law, and when one operator did all the work. The first U. S. radio operators extra first grade license issued by the U. S. Government was issued to him, which is the highest recognition of skill in radio operation given by the Bureau of Navigation.

After serving for several years on ships, at the high power station in Honolulu, and in the Woolworth general office of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, he assumed the role of General Manager of a large corporation in Brooklyn, engaged in the manufacture of electric washing machines, and just as he was about to accomplish the feat of cleaning up Greater New York in the washing machine industry, the World War broke out and he immediately set out to clean up the Germans. He was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the U. S. Air Service and aided in the establishment of Radio Schools in that branch of the army, afterwards being awarded the much coveted aviator's silver wings and rated an airplane pilot. He commanded four different



E. N. PICKERILL

organizations in the U. S. Air Service, one of which was the famous 135th Aero Squadron, and shortly before his discharge from the army in 1920 he was in command of Post Flying Field at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Pick has promised several of his friends a jazz ride in his cloud bus some time in the near future, and if any operator should hear an S.O.S. being sent out from an airplane winging its way down the Hudson in the vicinity of the Woolworth Building tower, he may rest assured that Pick has made good his promise and that the editor is taking his first airplane ride, holding on by his teeth and both hands. The accompanying picture shows Pick in uniform ready to take off for a joy ride.

At present Mr. Pickerill is now connected with the Traffic department, with headquarters at 64 Broad Street, New York.

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### COURAGE

A man without courage is as helpless as a ship without fuel—he may drift along with the tide, but can make no progress upstream.

The man worth while is the one who can turn his face full into the fierce gale of opposition and misfortune and go forward with brave heart and undaunted spirit.

It is easy to quit cold in the face of defeat—it takes a hero to smile and try again.

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### INCOME TAX

**F**EDERAL income tax forms for individual returns under the provisions of the new Revenue act, are now available at the office of Frank K. Bowers, Collector of Internal Revenue for Manhattan. Copies of the new forms, which are known as 1040 and 1040A, will be mailed to those who filed returns last year, but Collector Bowers calls attention to the fact that failure to receive a form does not eliminate the obligation to file returns before midnight, March 15th.

Returns are required of every single person, and every married person not living with husband or wife, whose net income for 1921 was \$1,000 or more, and of every married person living with husband or wife whose net income was \$2,000 and more. If the combined net income of husband, wife and dependent minor children equaled or exceeded \$2,000, or if the combined gross income of husband, wife and dependent minor children equaled or exceeded \$5,000, all such income must be reported on a joint return, or in separate

returns of husband and wife. If single, and the net income including that of dependent minors, if any, equaled or exceeded \$1,000, or if the gross income equaled or exceeded \$5,000, a return must be filed. A minor, however, having a net income of \$1,000 or \$2,000, according to marital status, or a gross income of \$5,000, must file a return. The requirement to file a return of gross income, regardless of the amount of net income, upon which the tax is assessed, is a new provision. Net income is gross income less certain deductions which are explained in the form.

Under each of the above conditions, a return must be filed even though no tax is due. The exemptions are \$1,000 for single persons and married persons not living with husband or wife, \$2,500 for married persons living with husband or wife whose net income for 1921 was \$5,000 or less, and \$2,000 for such persons whose net income was more than \$5,000. The exemption for dependents, "a person under 18 years of age or mentally or physically defective," has been increased from \$200 to \$400. A head of a family—a person who actually supports in one household, one or more persons closely related to him by blood, marriage, or adoption—is granted the same exemption as a married person.

The normal tax rates are unchanged, 4 per cent on the first \$4,000 of net income above the exemptions, and 8 per cent on the remaining net income. The tax this year, as last, may be paid in full at the time of filing the return, or in four equal instalments, due on or before March 15th, June 15th, Sept. 15th and Dec. 15th. Heavy penalties are provided by the new revenue act for failure to file a return and pay the tax on time.

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### TO THE KNOCKER

**S**OME time ago, the captain of a certain vessel paid a visit to our office, and complained about the conduct of his operator. He stated that the operator had given him practically no press or service during the entire round trip to Europe and back. Being questioned by the captain as to why he did not do better, the operator had stated the apparatus was no good. Upon arrival, the radio equipment was inspected and found to be in first class condition, radiation was even better than normal, and the receiver was working like a charm. On another occasion, an inspection was made of a certain equipment and everything was found to be in good order. Upon returning the keys to the senior officer, the inspector was asked, "What is the matter with that set?" He

was informed that the set was apparently functioning as efficiently as could be expected. The officer said that the operator had told them all that the set was no good, and that he could not give satisfactory service with such a set. However, the mate added that the operator evidently did not wish to do anything but sit aft and read stories of blood and thunder.

Why do these men place the blame of their own inefficiency on other people's shoulders? Why do they blame the company they work for, for sending them to sea with poor equipment? Why do they bite the hand that feeds them? It is because they are habitual knockers, kickers of the chronic order.

A kind-hearted old lady, one who saw good in everything and everyone, and was well-liked wherever she went, was speaking to another old lady of entirely different disposition, and said, "If I can't say anything good about a person, I keep my mouth shut." "Land sakes," answered the other, "you might as well be in a deaf-and-dumb asylum."

How well this applies to the operator who has not a good word for the Radio Company for which he is working. It would be, no doubt, better for him if he were in the place mentioned by the old lady. If you can't boost, don't knock. You are working for the R. C. A.—work for them, not against them. Send your traffic through R. C. A. stations. Talk R. C. A. to the captains and officers until they are firmly convinced that R. C. A. is THE Company. Advertise! F. H. I.

### A DREAM

IT was noon.

Four little laughing ether waves were westward bound from Stavanger, Norway. The quartet composed the word "Stop," and were being harassed by old John static almost continually. And yet during their battle for expression they found time for encouraging and diverting remarks one another as they sped along. The letter "S," who was a wiggly and Salome-like little wave, was vivacious and full of life. She kept up an incessant flow of conversation directed mainly at the center of the wave train where the elderly wave, the letter "O" kept the other three youthful waves in their respective positions.

Just as they were passing over an ocean greyhound the sprightly "S" spoke up. "Gee," she blurted, "that 'LS' fellow who pushed me out of LCM sure wiggles a mean wrist. He was going so fast when I came along that he almost slipped and made an 'H' out of me. But he caught himself in



time so here I am sailing along all intact and in my proper spot."

"You are lucky," said the elderly O, "he came near making a 'G' out of me, and anything I detest is having myself shot out resembling those hussies 'G,' 'W' and 'K.' I spoil many a nice code group on account of this negligence."

"Ah, yes," said the beautiful P, "we all have our tragic moments, when it seems we are going to be terribly mutilated but generally the boys at Stavanger get us out pretty ship-shape. By the way, I hear there is a terrible uprending going on at our destination of Chatham."

"You said it," chirped the dainty little S, "I got it straight from a passing group from dear LY the other day that hereafter we are not to touch at their lovely Cape Cod. but must hurry on direct to the NY office along with the rest of our European sisters."

"Oh, woe is me," said the beautiful P, "I was getting acquainted with all those lovely boys at Chatham. They are all so handsome and cavalier-like, especially Newmark. He is a new fellow, but I adore his rotundity."

Not exactly comprehending what Newmark's rotundity was the elderly O was moved to reply, "Ah, yes, you young things do seem to have amorous feelings towards that place, but, personally, I have not been able to attract any of the boys there. They seem to be eternally getting me confused with those detestable hussies 'G,' 'W' and 'K.'"

"Sad but true" said the dainty little S. but I have dreamy feelings every time I realize I am approaching dear old CM. There is something fascinating about the place. Did you ever experience the exquisite ecstasy of galloping down the aerial through those bulbs which warm you through and through and thence straight into the lovely ear of that roguish person Kelly? That is the thrill of a lifetime. Why," she went on, "the minute you emerge into his pinky shell-like ear he immediately begins to tremble and his brain cells race around and around mercilessly until he comprehends the last ion of you and finally he plunges one mighty forefinger downward at his expectant typewriter and, presto! there you are set in black ink on one of the duckiest message blanks you ever saw. Really, I don't think I will care very much for those gaudy blanks they put us on at the NY office, and the boys there have some horrible looking ears. Why, some of them are so big you almost get lost trying to find the stupid thing's thinking apparatus. Of course, this is only hearsay, but the girls from MUU and LY all say the same thing."

"No doubt," responded the elderly O to this flow of flapper feelings, "but you young things must get away from your

trivial relations and remember that we must follow in the wake of progress, and therefore we must do as the receiving engineers bid us and race direct to Riverhead, and from there we slide on a nice slick wire right into the NY office.

The little group began to look tired, and the battle with old John Static was telling on them at the 1,500 mile stake. And so as they were passing over the Azores, the dear mother O decided she would give her charges a rest before taking up the hazardous journey to Riverhead; so, deftly giving a gob of static the straight-arm, she headed for a nice pebbly beach. The little party alighted and stretched their tired electrons and ions all over the landscape.

Four hundredths of a second later the dear O awoke, and rousing her drowsy comrades by making a noise like a stuttering fist started westward. The letter T who had been silent during the entire journey suddenly spoke. "Golly," she exclaimed, "I am so short I came near being left out." but she managed to get in her proper place just behind the lovely S and everything was all serene.

"Here we are," said the commandeering O, "right in our exact position which happens to be the fourth word of NW1778. I do hope you girls will behave nicely with our new masters."

"Oh, shoot," rejoined the beautiful P, "I was all set for a glorious time buzzing around in that congested brain of Hoard's, but I suppose I will have to make the best of a bad bargain; so let's hurry and get it over with."

John Bananas, receiving operator at NY, almost fell from his seat when the word "stop" went through his brain with lightning-like rapidity. However, he made four wild stabs at his mill and managed to get them down right.

"Not so bad at that," quoted Mrs. O, "at least we missed that horrid looking RQ clerk."

FINIS.

(Copyrighted by Roberto O'Higinio)

### THE SUCCESS FAMILY

The father of Success is Work.

The mother of Success is Ambition.

The eldest son is Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm and Co-operation.

The eldest daughter is Character.

Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony.

The baby is Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

Form 250-2564-3-21

## RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

INTERDEPARTMENT CORRESPONDENCE



TO: President.  
FROM: Traffic Manager.

DATE: February 3rd, 1922.  
FILE NO. TW-100-17

SUBJECT:  
LOCATION:  
REFERRING TO:

*The Work*  
*SM*

Mr. Nally,

On Saturday January 28th, we received from the T. A. Scott Company at New London, Conn., a telegraphic notice to dismantle our station and quit their property by February 1st. They had previously demanded that we maintain a continuous watch at that station for their own benefit, whereas we desired to maintain an eight hour watch per day.

There was no time to be lost and Mr. Cole spent Sunday at New London and obtained permission from the authorities controlling the State pier there to re-erect our station on this site, for a nominal rental of \$1.00 per month. Owing to there being a high water tank on this pier, the possibility of erecting a much higher and superior antenna was a further attraction to us.

I am glad to report that between Sunday and Tuesday a new antenna was erected on the State pier, power and light leads, telephone and telegraph facilities were installed and that on February 1st, the new station was in full operation without a break in the continuity of our service. The new station retains the old call letters "WLC" which are now so well and favorably known.

The efficiency of the new station is considerably greater than that of the old one, due to the higher antenna system and better ground system.

Mr. Cole and the MRI Division who assisted in this re-installation work, deserve great credit for this unusually rapid performance.

Respectfully,

*Convalidated for Mr. Cole*  
*Wawankbottom*  
*SM*

## FAULTS

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; look for what is good and strong; and try to imitate it. Your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.—*Ruskin*.

## CHRISTMAS ECHOES

**T**HE following letter is printed as evidence of appreciation of our Christmas gifts and fully repays us for our efforts:

DEAR MISS TUELL:

Just a few lines to let you know about our best Christmas that we ever had so far none of us was forgotten each get a lovely present.

So please Miss Tuell is it to much to ask you if you be so kind to thanks those nice people for everything as I don't know to whom I should send my thanks. Now I let you know about our surprise, received a big package packed with everything toys, food, fruit and warm underwear. The first thing did atrasted their eager eyes was skates for the boys you ought to hear them shout from joy just the thing they wished Santa Claus to bring them. Lillie did get a nice sleeping doll and each 2 pr. underwears.

And how nice all those present were packed each got their name on it so it was quite a fun to unpack as each spied their name on the present Irene's most delighted over those little handkerchief with picture and rymes on it everyday she ask me when she'll go to school to show it to the teacher, more other things we get it is to much to write all about it as I cant be thank full enough for all those things and after we got all the present we did have a finest Christmas dinner couldn't ask for more as we did get everything. So please Miss Tuell give my heartiest thanks to those fine people for everything thy ought to see us what happines that package did bring to my poor home. Now I send my thanks to you for your kindness toward us and please forgive my broken english.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. IRENE SMITH.

## NEW YORK

## BROAD STREET NOTES

**I**T is extremely gratifying to note that in spite of the numerous and severe storms to which we have been subjected in the last few weeks, communication has been maintained on all circuits practically without interruption. This is a striking commentary on the practicability of central office control under all weather conditions, and augurs well for its adoption and operation by our friends on the other side. Berlin has already put the system into effect, and we look

forward to increased efficiency and improved service as the result.

Mr. Duchowsky, prospective Traffic Manager of the Polish service, arrived in New York recently, and is spending much time at Broad Street studying our methods of operation with a view to their adoption and use when the circuit is opened.

Mr. Nally paid us several visits during the last few weeks and expressed general satisfaction with what he saw.

The rapid rise in Radio stock is reflected in the satisfied air of several of our staff, and it is a safe guess to say that a goodly number are both operators and stockholders.

Mr. C. Schiavi is away on vacation—or is it honeymoon? We shall know when he returns.

Congratulations to Hal Fulton, who is now in the Pop class, an eight-pound daughter having arrived on January 20.

We learn on good authority that Irving Bickford, appalled by the high price of meat, has decided to raise chickens. As a starter, he secured an old hen that was laying when Noah was in the shipbuilding business, but she refused to do any egg hatchin' after union hours, and Bick is now confronted with the problem of designing a "hatchery." We sincerely hope that his patience will be rewarded and that the first test of his artificial broiler raiser will result in a victory. Next thing we know they'll be booming Dick for every office in the list at Paterson from dog-catcher to mayor.

Henderson is wasting a lot of time figuring out how to cure toothache by the touch method. Whose touch, Hendy?

Hoard, who has just returned from Germany, is carrying around a German-English dictionary and guide to letter-writing, and it won't be surprising to hear that he is corresponding with some little *fraulein*.

McClellan sailed for Norway on the 3rd, taking with him a goodly supply of seasick cure. This is Mac's first trip on the briny, and he will undoubtedly have plenty of opportunity of testing the efficacy of his dope. He also took with him several letters of introduction to lady friends of Mr. Larsen (leave that part of it to Mac) and we have no doubt that Big Bertha at Stavanger will take a motherly interest in him.

Mr. Larsen of Stavanger has joined the Broad Street staff for an indefinite stay, and is rapidly becoming familiar with our methods. He seemed a little disconsolate the first day or two, but after that, appeared well-satisfied with everything. There must be a reason, and maybe he's found it in Brooklyn, as he spends a lot of time there.

We have not heard from Sammy Freedman, who recently

replaced Hoard at Nauen, but according to the latter he stands a slim chance of getting back. The girls are desperate, and as Sammy is so young, he is in imminent danger of being kidnapped.

We wonder why E. Webster is always so anxious to get on the HF wire. No chance of obstructive working while he's on the job.

Miss Friemark and Bob Smith each won a prize at the recent Clicks' dance. The candy box was very pretty and—oh, yes, it had candy inside. Evidently Mr. Whatshisname patronizes Huyler's. They all do that *before*, but *after*, a little paper bag of the Mirror grade is good enough.

How's this for Marine service? Radiogram filed on board S. S. *Haverford* requesting certain information was received at M. I. B. at 7:30 P. M. and telephoned to addressee at 7:31 P. M. The addressee had to phone another party for the information and the reply was received at Broad Street at 7:35 P. M. Three minutes later the answer was on board the *Haverford*. Some service!

#### NEW BRUNSWICK

**O**UR riggers have certainly had a real opportunity to become expert decorators during the past month. The inside of the power house has been painted and we hope that the wasps and spiders will dwell elsewhere next summer.

All ye old-timers who have spent your early days at N. B. would not recognize the place any more. Even our N. Y. friends had to go out and take a look around again after stepping in the door, to make sure they were in the right place. The inside is now perfectly white, and it has been planned to stand watches in whites next summer, so Kahuku will not be the only one to claim these honors.

We have quite a few tennis enthusiasts, and some corking games are being fondly looked forward to.

By way of diversion, some of the gang have taken to bowling, and every Wednesday night they can be found over in Bound Brook rolling 'em down the alley. Of course, it is impossible for some to go over Wednesdays, especially so if it falls on the 15th or last day of the month. Some of the bowlers in our crowd have been trying to figure out how the gutter could be built so close to the alley, but like all good time optimists, they have hopes. A match was planned between Tuttle and Judd, but it never came off. How come, Judd? It seems as if M. F. has first claim for Wednesday night.

A canvass was made of the staff recently to ascertain if anyone desired to move to R. C., but everyone scattered, and we wonder where the promised land comes in.

Carter came back on a visit from T. U. a short time ago, and all hands were glad to see him again.

One of the D. T.'s was asked why he did not do something. He replied that he worked so fast that he was always through. Sure is surprising to see him work.

One night some of the gang went into the bathroom and found the floor covered with water. They were about to call up the E. C. and report another leak, when it was discovered that Burchard had been taking a shower. Sure does cover some territory with that shower.

Leuteritz still goes to New York as often as possible, and it has been noticed that he looks over the "To Let" ads in the Home News with eager eyes. How come, Hugo, expect to be relieved from night watches soon?

#### N. Y. RADIO CENTRAL

**T**HE Usselman Welcome Party tendered to the Staff in their new cottage was a real success. Mr. Kohl, sad to relate, has eliminated himself from amateur tiddle-de-winks by playing in a professional game the evening of the party, and accepting first prize—a vest-pocket pipe organ. Will Snyder carried off second prize, a corkscrew—talk about your white elephants! Refreshments were fine, Doc had punch twice, but the rest were too bashful.

Mrs. F. A. Blanding, wife of our new Assistant E. C., and Mrs. H. E. Feathers, are wintering at Rocky Point. They also have their husbands here with them.

Will Snyder has resigned to take up a post-graduate course at Harvard University. Who's going to pry you loose from the hay at 8 A. M. now, Will? H. W. Sparks will no longer appear for roll-call and collection of dues after March 1st, having tendered his resignation, effective on that date.

If change is growth, then we are growing some. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Warne, who have replaced the Leavitts as charges d'affaires at the community house; also Messrs. Riley and Sallman, who have joined the staff as riggers.

H. G. Ritz is working feverishly on illustrations for his latest publication, 'A Dynamo Tender's Pocketbook of Notes'—sounds rather flat. Some boy; he weighs 175 pounds with nothing on his mind, and uses a shoe horn to get into his trousers. If the Mess goes into a hole we'll know what hole it gazinto.

Bill Brown overslept recently due to a freeze up of the radiator on his Big Ben. Rather odd, as Bill usually sleeps very light, unless someone is outside throwing buckets of water against the side of the house. Says he can't get used to life ashore.

\$5,000 REWARD DEAD OR ALIVE  
No. 999



The above likeness, at one time a beautiful baby boy named Schaefer, now a home wrecker, Ford wrecker and recently a perpetrator of one of the worst crimes in history, that of Shift Engineering, escaped from his padded cell in the power house while on the midnight shift. Weight 170 pounds, height 5 feet 2 inches, six fingers missing from the left hand, thick, waving chestnut hair, hazel eyes. When last seen he was wearing a Palm Beach suit, brown derby hat, carpet slippers and a brown knit scarf wound twice around his neck. A thorough search was made in Mt. Sinai, but to no avail.

In order to add weight to the Station we have rated another fat man, Perc Risley. He drives our Ford when she isn't indisposed. And believe us that old can sure does have her ups and downs. The roads out here would make the Rocky Mountains look like a mole hill in the back garden.

### MARION

**V**ALENTINE'S DAY was fittingly celebrated at the mess quarters, and as has ever been the case, we put one more notch on the handle of our trusty gun, "Good Fellowship." A large number of people were present, including many from out of town. Both young and old mingled in the games.

Sam Campbell and Mrs. Higgins outdid the late Vernon Castle in the execution of a dreamy waltz. So great was the applause that an RQ was necessary.

Fred Stock, president of the Dynamo Tenders Union of America, auctioned off his vast library. Mr. Stock explained that owing to the recent "raise" in salary, he is going to get a new set of books. G. B. Lockhart, the well-known Lubricating Engineer, acted as auctioneer. The prize copy, "Why



"Girls Leave Home," was sold for 400 rubles, Mr. Cumming being the highest and most interested bidder.

Everyone discovered Mr. Clifton is a remarkable singer. In order to regain a potato peeler which he had deposited as a forfeit during a game, he was forced to render a song. His song about, "A man with whiskers from Maine, who went hunting," nearly brought the house down.

Wishing to be hospitable, the members of the mess offered to procure a vampire for Mr. Kroger. But he indignantly protested and loudly asked, "What would I do with a blooming vampire?" We noticed, however, that he "held on" when one pretty maiden was requested to shake hands with him in order that she could regain her forfeit.

A prize was offered for the one who found the most peanuts. Mr. Kroger won that, too, but Stock claims he saw Kroger buy forty-three cents worth of peanuts in Wareham that afternoon.

Speedo's back yard wireless has now become a real station. It has now been fully equipped with a 100-watt Radio Corporation Kenetron rectifying tube set, and successfully reached England during the recent amateur trans-Atlantic tests.

Mr. Geer, who recently arrived from the city, says he likes Marion, but there's an awful lot of unpopulated space here. We suspect he has left her in the city and that he is lonesome, but, once one of the "Cap Cod Sand Peeps" sees him, we feel sure Geer will want to stick around like the rest of us do.

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### TUCKERTON

**W**ELL, for some months we have been listening to the gossip of all the stations each month, but we have been too busy to partake, but we are ready to take our place in the ranks and hold our own.

Carter from NB is here now, and we have something to write about. They must be rather lonesome at New Brunswick without him.

Smith is wearing a hat. ?????

The Staff Club has been organized and will operate under the name of the Umbrella Club and will endeavor to bring all the operating staff closer together socially. A series of dances and other social features is being arranged. The officers elected were: President, H. J. Smith; Secretary, W. S. Hanks; and Treasurer, J. P. Burton. More will be heard from the Umbrella Club in the next issue.

We are rather glad to hear that Doc Usselman is whistling since he left Tuckerton. It makes any man whistle when he gets married. We are wondering when Jack Mott will begin. We notice he is often found in Trenton.

We had been planning to give a little description of Tuckerton, but since Messrs. McCullom and Grimes visited us and the swamps, we believe it will be useless to further describe the village.

Boys, beware of hair tonic! You remember, we told you about Heinie visiting the drug store for his restorative. Well, he has become married to the girl who sold it to him.

For some reason we have not had many visits by Mr. Rossi since his latest expedition to Barnegat City. We didn't tell about that, did we? All that can be said is, "Who ever heard of fishing at Barnegat City?" and we haven't yet seen a fish come from there.

Our triangular antenna is about completed and we are rather glad of it, so that we can settle down once more and devote all our attention to operations.

Our sleuths have been unable to find out why it was when Carter left the dance the other night he found all four tires flat on his Overland. A mean trick, eh?

### RIVERHEAD

*(Passed by the National Board of Nonsensers)*

SOME men are born famous, some achieve fame, and others go to Poland. It's a common sight nowadays to see Fred Johnston walking along the Riverhead antenna line, talking to the poles. He goes to Poland soon, and is trying to learn the language now. Mrs. Johnny and "Mike" are as inseparable as ever. "The Old Man" in amateur radio may have his "faithful feline" to expectorate upon, but what would the Riverhead staff do without Mike to frisk and frolic with?

Great commotion in Riverhead town these days, especially amongst the (un)fair sex. Bourne walks past the Telephone Exchange and immediately all the "ops" therein rush to the windows and gaze upon his manly figure with great ecstasy and much heart-fluttering. Finally one of them comes to enough to say, "Oh, Mildred, isn't he just grand, like Rudolph Valentino?" We'll let you in on the secret of this he-vamp. It's his cute 'tache and leather coat that makes them all fall. But more of this anon!

Oh, yes! Ty is still here, but not very still. He has three weeks' vacation coming, and doesn't know what to do with it. If he spends them all in New York, that won't be all he will spend there. The Morris Plan Co. is at 261 Broadway. Boy,

page Elinor Glyn; her "Three Weeks" won't begin to compare with Ty's.

Seen, but not heard yet—Williams. He's young, though, so give him time. We suggested that W. W. W. stood for Wireless, Women and Williams, but he said leave the Women out and put in Work. As yet, we don't see the difference! Draw your own conclusions.

"Barney" is on the job, as usual, and when he isn't repairing the roof over the "ham set" which was heard in Scotland (attention, Messrs. Amy and Boucheron) he's busy building garages or battery racks. Barney's latest ditty is entitled, "My pretty garage looks lonesome without a Ford in it." We could go on telling tales, *ad nauseum*, but will leave space for Cm to relate their usual heroic deeds.

### KAHUKU, OAHU, T. H.

**W**ELL, well, see who's here! We are bound to show up once in a while, even though we are far away in the land of liquid sunshine (or perhaps moonshine). And take it from us, Easterners, we are going strong. We have to, or we would all be heavy on the hammer. Probably few of you Mainlanders realize that there are only seven white men regularly employed at this station to operate and maintain the two complete circuits. Then, when we do get a little time off to get away and see what a few other white faces look like, it is fifty miles to Honolulu. A good part of the way is over a road that we believe was the incentive for the invention of Shock Absorbers. However, notwithstanding this drawback, we were able to put on a Christmas party that could not be surpassed anywhere. We think our Chinese cook could even make Mrs. Higgins sit up and take notice (Marion correspondent please note). Anyway, we have the advantage of preparing our guests for almost anything, after the ride out from Honolulu. And then to top it off, the all-spoovious feed (that's a good word, if used only on rare occasions) that we did have, was sufficient reason for several tire pumps to get into action before the return trip. We have one great advantage in being isolated, however, and that is that our parties always have to last over the weekend. This affords time for participation in most any sport we choose. The tennis court starts the morning off, and then a dip into the warm surf nearby, or a machine ride followed by a short hike to the Sacred Falls, and return, makes a real picnic for the ones cooped up in town, all week.

Of course, you can readily see that the automobile is an absolute necessity here. Mr. Graff, our Engineer-in-Charge, is beginning to realize it lately. After solving the "mystery"

of the "Overland Myster Car" (see him for the secret) he sold the disease, and now has to depend upon the hospitality of his fellow inmates. Morris found that his "French Ford" was not enough of a car to stand up over these boulevards (?), so he consolidated with Hill in purchasing one of the new Buick 4s. Said Buick 4 did not like being mastered by two people, though, and expressed its sentiments by leaving one of its front fenders high on the guy wire of a telegraph pole. And since said owners did not take its hint, it made its desire quite evident by almost pushing a perfectly good bicycle through the rear wall of the garage. Whereupon, Hill decided that the car had his number, and withdrew from the partnership.

Mr. Finch, who is temporarily representing the Design Division at this station, went into town with a few shekels in quest of a bargain in the Used Car market, and came forth with a Buick 4 of questionable vintage (very, we'll say, J. L.). This Buick has no objection to the trips in and out of Honolulu, but while it is in town, it seems to get entirely too familiar with the Honolulu Police Department. It seems they have some very funny laws about having tail lights, and speed limits. So some nice big Kanaka cop left a little white card in the front seat, and the Judge was curious to know why the tail light was out while Mr. Finch attended the movies. Then later (it's funny how some judges get so curious) he wanted to know all about how it felt to ride 40 per without a tail light, and with the rear seat loaded down with 45's and a Springfield army rifle. But Finch's companion happened to be Mr. Buckner, a naval lieutenant, and so everything cleared up to the satisfaction of his majesty after said lieutenant was identified by the probation officer of Pearl Harbor. They had been out on a wild pig hunt. But where were the pigs?

Mr. Noble says he is sorry that Mr. Finch has had so much trouble, but he thanks him for establishing a list of "Don'ts" in the Honolulu traffic laws. As Noble has also lately purchased a Buick roadster, he claims he will profit greatly by Mr. Finch's experiences.

The swell social affairs of the station are not confined to the white folks. In fact, Marconi Hotel has been taken off the front page entirely. First, take a slant at the accompanying picture, and note how close to the ground both subjects seem to have been built. Then go into the closet and drag out the "Full D" and see if you can figure out just how they managed to keep the swallow tails off the floor. Nevertheless, they did it. The occasion was the celebration of the acquisition of a picture bride straight from the Land of Cherry

Blossoms. Kurita, the one on the right is one of our alternator attendants and Hanoka is an assistant machinist here. Mr. Peterson, our chief rigger, dropped in on the party to request Kurita to work night shift on the eve of his celebration. But after suppressing a serious attack of convulsions, he diplomatically withdrew his request.



Kahuku Station has the real and original "Haunted House." Talk about "Spooks"! There is one Kanaka here that was a white man for at least one hour. There was a Filipino alt. att. here who said three times was enough and left the house and his job, too. So when the house became idle, said Kanaka, one of our riggers, occupied it, temporarily while he had to stand by on the station. But somewhere around midnight he said he experienced a big, hairy arm come through the window and almost choke him to death. He didn't even stop for his watch, but made *some* getaway on his bicycle for Laiea, where his permanent house is. He has again taken a chance, but this time he brought his wife with him for moral support.

We sincerely regret the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Dean from the station. Bolinas is fortunate in landing so pleasant a couple. We will certainly miss their genial hospitality.

This week marked the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, formerly of New York Radio Central Station, and the personnel soon put their O. K. on them. We all got together on a moonlight beach party soon after their arrival, and with the addition of a few of our Honolulu friends, we put on a regular old "Weenie Roast," followed by a swim at 1:00 A. M. with only a full moon to keep warm by. How's that for January sports?

There are a few mysteries still hanging around the station. One is the definition of the word Design. We fully comprehend the meaning of said word in connection with Representative of the Design Division, but there is a little

ambiguity when it is used as stating that the Representative's Designs have taken the form of a charming belle. We are looking for a full definition, and may possibly be able to more fully explain this odd use of the word in our next issue.

Another mystery is one for which we can offer no explanation. We would like to know how come Morris gets bills from a leading jeweler of Honolulu, addressed to Mrs. H. B. Morris? He says, "Holy smokes, the cat is out!" Whereupon Hill called him down for calling any one such a name.

But Hill gets his share of gossip. We refer you to a few back numbers of this W. W. W. about De La Nux. Same suits him fine. She is a Kahuku school teacher.

Flanigan, otherwise known as Inventory Pat, has been using the Hunt and Push system on some of the Corporation's stationery. He drew that little (???) annual job that drives us all to the nuts—and bolts, etc.

Well, Kahuku has spoken her little piece, and we hope to get around to learn another before we have to repeat the inventory notation, so we all join in on the chorus, "Where do we go from here?" Speak up, some of you stations, we might some day land on your doorstep, and a little advance information would save us a week's sizing up.

#### HONOLULU CITY OFFICE

**A**LTHOUGH it has been many moons since HU has given an account of itself in the columns of WORLD WIDE WIRELESS, we would like to inform the universe that we are still doing business at the old stand.

1921 was a good year for 923 Fort Street. If the New Year treats us as well we will have no complaint to make.

The new alternator equipment at Kahuku gave a fine account of itself during the Christmas holidays, and the extra volume of traffic was moved to and from the coast without a hitch. Fortunately the storm, which wrecked power lines and telegraph systems, didn't hit the coast until the 26th of December, and the enforced shut-down at KET came after the traffic was well cleared up.

A recent break in the Pacific cable at Midway Island has thrown practically all of the Japan traffic onto our circuit. The span between here and S. F. is taking care of the additional traffic without any difficulty, and our Japanese friends, the first non-stop thirty-five hundred miles west of us, have been working keyed up under pressure of the Koko Head bugs whenever the schedule permits them to strip for action.

Mr. Sayeki, of the Japanese Communication Service, passed through Honolulu recently, on his way home from Europe and the United States. He is carrying a number of new ideas with him and has promised to put them into effect as soon as possible after arriving in Japan. More power to you, Mr. Sayeki, there will soon be no need of any cable at all, much less a new one, as is now being planned.

By the time this article appears in print, this office will probably have attained a new and greater importance in the RCA family. It is planned to move the control of Kahuku from Kokohead to the city of Honolulu, and operate a la Broad Street, New York. This will eliminate our snappy little land line between HU and KO and bring all of the Kokohead bunch to town. A complete re-arrangement of this office will be necessary, of which more will be written in WORLD WIDE WIRELESS anon.

### MARINE COAST STATIONS

**R** EPORTS of satisfactory long distance working on the part of our marine coast stations are coming in with every mail, and it is encouraging to see the evidence of the success of our efforts to render a high class, long distance service; efficient and consistent in operation.

The following are typical of many reports received during the last month, all of which were made without special effort or other than the regular equipment. We also recognize the ability of the men aboard the ships, whose efforts contributed to the success of these communications.

Chatham (WCC) maintained daily communication, exchanging traffic with S S. *Adriatic* until that vessel reached Madeira—approximately 2,500 miles. Worked S S. *Baltic* when abeam Fastnet. The same station exchanged messages with S S. *Baltic* off Liverpool Bar—QSA; exchanged signals on long wave with Lisbon, Portugal—CTV; signals exceptionally strong.

New York (WNY) took traffic from S S. *Caddo*, 3,437 miles south Vancouver. San Francisco (KPH) worked same ship 562 miles northwest Talara (Peru).

A report from Operator F. L. Velten, S S. *Willsole*, which is reproduced in this issue, together with that from the Signal Corps Superintendent of the Army Transport Service, clearly indicates these communications are not freaks but the regular, consistent working of

RCA MARINE COAST STATIONS.

At the time of going to press, reports of transocean and long distance exchange of traffic are rapidly increasing, and we wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the engineering staff which has made it possible, as a step toward still greater achievement.

### CHATHAM MARINE STAFF

#### WCC TO THE FORE

This winter there have been many times when conditions have been good for long distance ship communication.



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT--KEATING, LEASON,  
HAZELBAKER. LOWER ROW--ELLIOTT, EASTMAN,  
REEVES

We have worked over 2,000 miles on 600 meters ICW, and 3,000 miles on long wave CW, and while our friends on the Pacific may not think anything of covering these distances, we consider them pretty good for the Atlantic.

On CW we have been able to carry the *America*, *Aquitania*, *Celtic*, *George Washington*, *Hudson*, *Lapland*, *Olympic*, *Scythia*, and others almost all way across. On a recent trip of the *Baltic*, traffic was exchanged each night until she anchored off Liverpool. The *Adriatic*, going east on a Mediterranean cruise, was worked each night until she said, "Now anchored in Gibraltar Harbor"—sigs must have gone right through the big rock with the Prudential Insurance sign on it!

The *Buckeye State*, bound New York to 'Frisco, was worked each night until a few hundred miles west of Balboa. Signals have been exchanged with GKU, the English CW station at Devizes and CTV, a Portuguese station at Lisbon, who remarked, "We wishes to make some experiences



with your station." The latter station helped us by relaying a few words in a message to the *Caronia* when close to the Madeira Islands and was jammed by spark stations close by.

On 600 meters ICW, the *Huron* was worked over 2,200 miles south and many ships an equal distance east, who reported our note easy to read through interference. In fact, sometimes it has been found possible to work a ship on 600 when static or other conditions made it impossible on CW.

We have noticed two peculiar dead spots in the Atlantic—one a short distance off Hatteras from where signals are inaudible, and the other an area about 1,500 to 2,000 miles east. Usually when a ship gets 1,500 miles out, signals fade and cannot be heard until 500 miles farther is reached, when they come in with surprising strength for next few hundred miles.

Don't be surprised if you hear of WCC working ships well in the Mediterranean soon, as we won't be satisfied till we do.

---

S.S. Willsolo "KUDL"

At New York, N. Y.

January 16th, 1922.

Mr. J. B. Duffy,  
Superintendent Eastern Division,  
The Radio Corp'n. of America,  
326 Broadway, New York.

Dear Sir:

Having just completed a trip from New York to West Coast ports, I wish to call your attention to the splendid work and remarkable efficiency of the R.C.A. stations.

December 25th, at 12.32 midnight, the New York WNY station came in strong and clear. Our position was then about 900 miles south of Los Angeles, in the Pacific Ocean. I heard his signals every night all the way to the Canal and all the way from the Canal to New York.

December 26th, at 9.53 p. m., I was working a ship only about 500 miles away and Cape May WCY jammed me badly. Posi-

tion about 1,100 miles south of Los Angeles at the time.

January 1st, at 7.28 p. m., I called New York WNY. To my great surprise Cape Cod WCC answered me and asked if I had any traffic for him. Good, strong signals at 250 south of Hatteras.

New York WNY cleared my traffic at 1,200 nautical miles south of New York. I shot five messages at him at a snappy speed and all he answered was R-K.

New London WLC is an excellent station and his signals are easily copied at least as far south as Colon.

The operators at all R.C.A. stations handle the traffic in a truly amazing manner through heavy interference, and no signal is too faint for them to try for, nor any operator fast enough to "burn them up". I believe it would be possible or rather entirely practicable to clear traffic with R.C.A. stations from the Pacific Coast during the quiet periods of early morning.

Respectfully,

Frank L. Velten.

*Below is quoted a letter that came unsolicited:*

"OFFICE, SIGNAL CORPS SUPT. ATS.,  
Fort Mason, Calif.,  
January 10, 1922.

From: Signal Corps Supt., Army Transport Service.

To: Manager, Radio Corporation of America, San Francisco, Cal.

Subject: Radio co-operation with Army Transporta.

1. The excellent co-operation given the Army Transport radio stations operating

out from San Francisco by your KPH radio station has been brought to the attention of this office on numerous occasions, particularly assistance in relaying official business for these Army stations.

2. The radio operators at KPH have always endeavored to do their utmost to facilitate radio traffic with these transports and it is desired to express to you and your operators the sincere thanks of this office for your most hearty co-operation.

(Signed) EDWIN C. HALL,  
Captain, Signal Corps."

#### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Mr. E. J. Nally, President, sailed for Europe on the S. S. *Aquitania*, February 28.

The Sales Department is now located on the twentieth floor of the Woolworth Building, occupying all of the south wing.

Mr. Donald McNicol has been added to the staff of the President's office.

Mr. A. E. Reoch, Assistant Chief Engineer, has returned from Montreal, where he was called by the death of Mrs. Reoch's father.

Mr. William J. Lush, engineer, who recently sailed for Warsaw, was last heard from in London, where he was entertained at dinner by Messrs. Gray and Bradfield of the British Marconi Company.

Mr. H. H. Beverage, engineer, has arrived at Rio de Janeiro.

Mr. George W. Hayes, accompanied by Mrs. Hayes, sailed for Valparaiso on the S. S. *Santa Elisa*, on February 4. After a brief stay there they will proceed to Buenos Aires and other towns on the East coast.

M. Emile Girardeau, Managing Director of the Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie Sans Fil, Paris, who represented the French Department of Posts and Telegraphs at the Disarmament Conference, sailed for home on the S. S. *Aquitania*, February 7. On the eve of their departure, M. and Mme. Girardeau were entertained at dinner at the Ritz-Carlton by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Nally, who afterwards took their

geusts to the opera. M. Pierre Blancheville, of Paris, was in the party. M. Blancheville sailed on the *Paris* February 21.

Mr. F. J. Brown, Assistant Secretary, General Post Office, London, who has been in attendance at the Disarmament Conference, was a recent visitor at Radio Central Station and sailed for home on the S. S. *Olympic*, February 18.

### STATIC CLUB DINNER

**S**IXTY-FOUR members attended the February dinner at the Hotel Astor, New York City, and it proved to be the most enjoyable yet held. Mr. Porter made his first appearance as president and charmed everyone by his versatility, tact and ready wit. Impromptu songs by a quartet consisting of Messrs. Sarnoff, Weagant, Kaminsky and MacConnach provoked roars of merriment. Mr. George Clark gave an illustrated talk on Venezuela, which was most entertaining, many of the pictures being most artistic. Mr. Hayes personated a Venezuelan general, wearing a gorgeous native costume and created much amusement. The evening closed with Venezuelan piano music by Dr. Goldsmith and by a unique act by Mr. Clark, who played several selections on an ordinary hand-saw. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the best of good-fellowship prevailed.

### THE CLICKS' DANCE

The first dance given at the Apollo Studio, Brooklyn, was a distinct success, about fifty couple tripping the light fantastic toe until the wee sma' hours. The music was admirable and the display of gowns made a brilliant scene. The officers and committee are deserving of high praise for the smoothness with which the arrangements were carried out.

### THE GRINDERS

**T**HESE seem to be the days of organizations. No sooner have the Clicks been launched safely on the radio sea, when along comes a rival organization, the Grinders. This organization is well versed in politics, as shown by its first act, which was to obtain a charter from Mr. Weagant and Mr. Alexanderson, promising that they would never be eliminated.

The membership at present consists of the following:  
 Bill Graham ..... *Chief Corona Tapper*  
 Bobby Ranger ..... *Lord High Exalted Stenotypist*  
 G. Clark ..... *First Smith of the Smith Premier Clan*  
 Willie Derrick,

*Chief Operator of Underwood & Underwood*

The object of the new organization is to eliminate the Clicks. Ranger really originated the idea, with his cross between an adding machine and an alphabet gone crazy, but lately he is backsliding, and if he doesn't watch out *he* may be eliminated.

Bylaw No. 1 of the new club reads: "No noiseless typewriters shall be used by any of the members, under pain of death."

The Grinders have it all fixed up with Ye Editor of this periodical to assign them a large room for their get-together noon meals. An innovation will be introduced at these meals, in that everyone will use magnavoxes in order to be heard above the noon meal clickings of the Click clique.

*Join today! Bring your own typewriter!*

#### EASTERN DIVISION NEW YORK

**A** MARKED increase in shipping activities has been noted around New York during the past month and this office is running short of experienced operators. The static room, which formerly had from thirty to forty men sitting around every day now has only three or four. This is accounted for, not only through the increase in shipping, but on account of so many experienced operators taking positions as managers of radio departments being started by practically every electrical company and department store. There seem to be many of these positions still open and any operator who feels himself competent to manage such a department, or to act as salesman or sales manager, should see Mr. Duffy. A personal interview with Mr. Duffy in this regard would be far more desirable than writing.

Among the new men employed in this division are: Redvers Bowen, of Ansonia, Conn., as junior on the *City of Savannah*; John J. Isreal, of New York, to the *Barrenfork*; Samuel V. Parsons, who was formerly with us in 1916. to the *Lake Arthur*; Joseph B. Milkewitz, who was also formerly in the service, to the *Santa Isabel*; Michael J. Reilly to the *Westmead*, and William W. Neely to the *Braddock*.

Sergeant Charles E. Pearce, who was in charge of the radio division of the New York police department, retired after twenty-five years on the force and entered our service. After making a trip to Richmond on the *Lake Arthur* the sergeant went as second operator on the Munson Liner *Huron*. Sergeant Pearce is well known among the older operators of this division and gained quite a little popularity through his radio activities in the police department.

Sergeant Pearce's retirement was the cause of a promotion for Louis J. Michaels, who is now stationed at police

headquarters radio station. Michaels is a former operator in our service from which he resigned to become a New York policeman. Shortly after joining the force he was assigned to one of the police boats and now has a desirable berth at headquarters.

George E. Sinclair and George L. Van Auken are senior and junior on the *Santa Ana*, which is starting on a regular run between Pacific and Atlantic ports.

Melvyn D. Loss transferred from the *City of Savannah* to the Barge *Socony* 84.

William H. Barry sailed as third operator on the *Potomac* twenty-four hours after he arrived on the *Huron*, which had just completed a long trip to South America.

Herbert R. Miller is now junior on the *Caracas*, having transferred from the *Munamar*.

E. J. Connelly is now on the *Willosolo*, running to Pacific coast ports.

P. J. Donohue sustained painful injuries through an accident on the stairs of his home and was confined to a hospital for several weeks, during which he was operated upon. At the present writing he is well on the road to recovery.

Henry Samara is now on the *Pavia*. During the past month Samara purchased a submarine chaser from the navy. The chaser is now in a drydock for repairs after the completion of which Samara expects it will make a lot of money for him. He has named the boat *Paloma* in honor of the first ship on which he went to sea.

## BOSTON

**M**R. AND MRS. L. HIERS, of Thunderbolt, Ga., announce the marriage of their daughter, Etta, to Mr. Albert E. Coatesworth, of Buffalo, N: Y., and at present of the *City of Columbus*, on January 21, 1922. Mr. and Mrs. Coatesworth will remain in the South for the winter and in the spring will make their home in Buffalo. We extend best wishes to the happy couple.

Raymond E. Whitcomb has returned to Boston on the *Springfield* and been paid off. Whit wants to be mentioned in W.W.W. and we hope he is now happy.

George Chute has quit the *Freeman* and his successors to date have been Robert Fox, Eldred D. Moon and C. H. Morse.

A. T. Barber is back in Beantown. Welcome home, Aloysius!

Frank Justice has the *Eagle*, bound for the West Coast.

S. R. Elliott assisted in moving WLC to the State Pier, New London. The job was done in jig time.

R. G. Philbrook is on the *Deepwater*, bound for Russia.

## BALTIMORE DISTRICT

**I**NSPECTOR A. P. SMITH has resigned from the service to accept other employment. We are sorry to see him leave, but wish him luck in his new venture.

John B. King was engaged as operator on the Garland Line steamer *Carolinian* which was recently re-commissioned at this port to carry grain to Russia.

J. S. Brunhouse took assignment on the *Norlina* which is also bound for Russian ports with grain.

Vacuum tube detectors and amplifiers have been installed at this port on the steamers *Bethore*, *Nora* and *Ori-tani*.

The *Cubore* has been re-commissioned and is bound for South American ports with Operator Ralph Freeman in charge.

Willard H. Leeth, ex-navy operator from Balboa, Canal Zone, was recently assigned to the Shipping Board steamer *West Quechee* as senior.

Operator G. H. Cassidy was engaged by the Ore Steamship Corporation for the trial trip of the new steamer *Bethore*.

We do not know who writes the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS notes for the Port of Los Angeles, but as an operator recently remarked, "He should be appointed publicity agent for the city of Los Angeles."

## GULF DIVISION

## NEW ORLEANS

**F**IRSTLY, let us extend our hearty congratulations to our friend and co-worker, "Nick," of the "Frozen" Lakes Division. Secondly, permit us to extend to him the wish that all of his troubles will be—radio—in other words, we wish them both a long and happy voyage.

Edyth L. Bradley, who until recently was attached to the local office of the U. S. Shipping Board as stenographer to the Radio Supervisor, has joined the service of the Radio Corporation as secretary at the division office, vice Madaline Langenstein, resigned.

Paul R. Harris has returned to the *Chickasaw City* after having spent several weeks undergoing repairs and drydocking at the Marine Hospital.

But very few changes have been made in the sea-going personnel since our last contribution; some of these changes follow:

Paul D. Herrold to the *Lake Gadsden*; D. W. Jolls to the

*Sagauche*; Henry C. Bodin to the *W. L. Connelly* (ex-*Walter Hardcastle*); R. C. Holtzclaw to the newly commissioned oil tanker *Byron D. Benson*; E. J. Barnes to the *Dauperata*; Herman Wolbarst to the *Waxahachie*; John C. Clayton to the *Marne*; Harold O. Zahn from the *Dungannon* to the *Hakira*.

#### PACIFIC DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO

**T**HERE is not much depression around the S. F. plant these days regardless of the slump in other lines. The installation of vacuum tube panels on rental contract ships keeps us moving right along and an occasional installation or dismantlement helps to fill in any slack spell that might happen.

The oil tanker *Richmond* was re-equipped and given one of the latest outfits, a P8B transmitting set and a 106 C tuner with a vacuum tube detector and one step amplifier. Operator George W. Spare reports that the set is working fine. The old 240 cycle set which the *Richmond* has been carrying for years has been returned and is being sold piece meal to the highest bidder for amateur purposes.

An E2 panel set was purchased by Geo. E. Billings during the month for use on his new steam schooner *Viking*; formerly the *Thomas Rolph*.

San Francisco was visited with a genuine snow storm recently and some of the hill tops were covered to a depth of two or three inches, affording a unique spectacle for scores of youngsters who had never witnessed such a sight. Many a tale of heavy snow storms and blizzards was dug up by those who had experienced the storms which visit other parts of the country so frequently, and it was amusing to note the pride which was evident when a particularly vivid tale was expounded. California has all the climates in the world, but it is seldom that any of the disagreeable ones visit San Francisco.

Operator Carl E. Soderstrom will find it hard to give up his old love, the carborundum detector, for the new vacuum tube. Particularly after his recent feat of working North Head 800 miles in the day time. However, the old must give way to the new and we expect to equip the *H. T. Harper* with a tube receiver as soon as we can obtain a 230 volt battery charging panel.

There were not many changes during the month in the operating personnel.

B. C. McDonald, of the *Royal Arrow*, was assigned to the big Matson liner *Matsonia*, with Martin Principe as junior. Mac is one of the old school and it sounds good to hear him



and Smithy on the *Maui* meet in mid Pacific with a batch of Ocean Letters.

Chas. Lowell made one trip on the *Royal Arrow* to the Orient and transferred to the *Colusa* for a voyage to South America.

L. D. Evans was placed on the *Wilhelmina* for a try-out on the transpacific run, his place on the *Mexico* being filled by Roy Cornell, a youngster with lots of ambition.

J. W. Morrow and William Kelly took the *Royal Arrow* out on January 6th, Kelly having had a patient wait ever since last May.

W. H. Hart has again returned to the service and was assigned to the *Caddo* on the South American-Vancouver run. They all come back, sooner or later.

T. M. Watson, formerly on the *Humboldt*, made a serious mistake. He walked into the office with a telegraph sounder and we immediately adopted it for use between the office and storeroom downstairs. It has made a great hit and Watson had best forget he owns it as our District Manager, formerly a railroad man, and our Chief Operator, who in the good old galena days pounded the brass at old KPH, certainly have not forgotten their Morse, and we must admit it sounds great to hear that sounder once again. What's your terms, Watson? By the way, we might suggest that some of these ambitious marine operators get a sounder and practice up, as it is surprising the number of good radio men who cannot read their own name in Morse. You never can tell when it may come in as first aid.

#### SEATTLE

**T**HE *Admiral Rodman* is back in commission again after being completely overhauled and will run between Portland and San Francisco. George Wunderlich went back to his old job of purser-operator and took on Willis Hicks as his assistant.

The *Admiral Farragut* tied up for an overhaul, putting Halliday and Carter back on the beach.

The *Admiral Watson* did the same thing. Hill is going East to get the *Ruth Alexander*, while Newbill has returned to his home in the country.

The flu, or whatever it is, has hit this part of the country and both Miss Cayo and McAuliffe got in the way of it. Miss Cayo was quite ill and will be home for a week yet. McAuliffe got back this morning.

Our audion receiving outfits are arriving and we expect to get busy on the first installations next week.

Chas. Laird sailed as purser-operator on the *Eastern Merchant*, vice Mr. Kermickel, resigned.

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

PUBLISHED BY  
**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**

APRIL, 1922

VOLUME 3

\* AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



● OUR CHAMPIONS—MISS YELLAND AND MR. SEREN ●

*Handwritten note:*  
The  
winners  
of the  
contest  
were  
Miss  
Yelland  
and  
Mr.  
Seren  
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popular  
with  
the  
other  
players.

# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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**98 Worth St., N. Y.**

## WORLD'S RECORD

BROAD STREET OPERATOR CREATES NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR  
RADIO RECEPTION

The caliber of Broad Street operators was convincingly demonstrated on Friday, March 10th, when in the speed contest held at the Radio Show at the Hotel Pennsylvania, a new world's reception record was created, and three out of the first four places were secured by Broad Street men. Premier honors went to Jose M. Seron, with George Otten third, and Carl C. Henderson fourth. Incidentally, Office Electrician C. Schiavi, who has done no operating for more than a year, entered the contest, and in finishing seventh demonstrated that notwithstanding his long lay-off he is still up there with the best of them. A speed of 49½ words per minute was necessary to win the coveted first place, thereby creating a new world's record. The winner came through with only two errors, and the closeness of the competition can be judged from the fact that Otten in third place had only four errors, Henderson five, and Schiavi eight.

Charge to the account of.

<b>RADIOGRAM</b>			
WORLD WIDE WIRELESS			
TO	CONTINENT	SHORE	SHIP
TO	TO	TO	TO
TO	CONTINENT	SHIP	SHIP
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA			
EDWARD J. NALLY, PRESIDENT			
"VIA RCA"		"VIA RCA"	

Send the following Radiogram "VIA RCA", subject to terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to. } Check

NEW YORK  
MARCH 11 1922

No.

RALLY  
EXPENSE  
LONDON

OPERATOR SERON BROKE WORLD'S RECEPTION RECORD RADIO SHOW FRIDAY NIGHT FORTYTHREE  
AND ONE HALF WORDS PER MINUTE OPERATORS OTTEN THIRD HENDERSON FOURTH ALL OF  
BROAD STREET

WINTERBOTTOM

FULL RATE RADIOGRAM UNLESS MARKED OTHERWISE

The women's competition was won by the Radio Corporation's lone entry, Miss Ruby Yelland, Manager of HF branch office and formerly of Broad Street. Miss Yelland turned in

the creditable performance of 30½ words per minute with no errors. This is particularly noteworthy in view of the fact that typewriters were not allowed, and the contestants had to copy by hand. As Miss Yelland is an expert touch system operator, we are sorry the opportunity was not afforded her of rivaling or surpassing the figures of the men.

Hearty congratulations are due these doughty upholders of RCA prestige, and Broad Street is to be complimented on the splendid showing made by its representatives.

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**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA  
333 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK**

MAR 13 1922

OFFICE OF THE  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

120 Broadway,  
March 13, 1922.

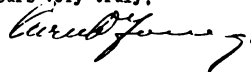
Mr. W. A. Winterbottom,  
Radio Corporation of America,  
233 Broadway,  
New York City.

Dear Mr. Winterbottom:

Inasmuch as I am obliged to leave for Europe on Wednesday, may I ask you to express my personal congratulations to Mr. Jose Seron, Mr. George C. Otten, and Mr. C. C. Henderson of your Broad Street staff. The Radio Corporation is very proud of them, and I read of the account of the contest in the newspapers with real pride.

The success of the Radio Corporation depends upon the enthusiastic cooperation of so many men that I desire particularly to express my appreciation to you as the head of the Traffic Department for the work which you and your associates are doing.

Yours very truly,



Charge to the account of

<b>RADIOGRAM</b>	
WORLD WIDE WIRELESS	
name _____ Title, Firm _____ Date _____	CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED <input type="checkbox"/> Full Rate Radiogram <input type="checkbox"/> Half Rate Radiogram <input type="checkbox"/> Letter Radiogram <input type="checkbox"/> Walk Rate Radiogram
CONTINENT  TO  CONTINENT SHIP  TO  SHIP	RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA EDWARD J. NALLY, PRESIDENT
"VIA RCA"	"VIA RCA"

FORM No. 110-B

Send the following Radiogram "VIA RCA", subject } Check  
 to terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.

NEW YORK  
 MARCH 11 1922

BALLY  
 EXPANSE  
 LONDON

SATURDAY MISS YELLAND OUR ONLY LADY OPERATOR JUST WON WOMANS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP  
 RADIO SHOW BOTH MALE AND FEMALE CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS NOW WITH RCA

WINTERBOTTOM

FULL RATE RADIOGRAM UNLESS MARKED OTHERWISE.

<b>RADIOGRAM</b>	
WORLD WIDE WIRELESS	
CONTINENT  TO  CONTINENT SHIP  TO  SHIP	RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA EDWARD J. NALLY, PRESIDENT
"VIA RCA"	"VIA RCA"

FORM No. 110-B

RECEIVED AT 64 BROAD STREET, New York. AT M. DATE MARCH 12 1922.

R5845 WUU HD

LONDON 25

WINTERBOTTOM RADIOCORP NEWYORK

TWENTYSEVEN TWELFTH BULLY FOR OPERATORS YELLAND SERON OTTEN AND HENDERSON AND MORE  
 POWER TO THEM AND GLORY FOR BROADSTREET

PRESIDENT

**TELEPHONE:**

To secure prompt action on inquiries, this original RADIOGRAM should be presented at the office  
 of the Radio Corporation in telephone inquiries quote the number preceding the place of origin



FORM RCL 112B

RECEIVED AT 235 BROADWAY, New York. AT M. DATE MARCH 13 192

WB45/MUUR 320 RM

LONDON 45

WINTERBOTTOM RADIOCORP NEWYORK

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS FROM STAFF RADIO HOUSE TOWYN PURSER AND SELF ON GAINING  
CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS MALE AND FEMALE STOP KINDLY GIVE OUR BEST WISHES TO SUCCESSFUL  
COMPETITORS AND TELL THEM WE ARE PROUD OF THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS LONG MAY THEY REPTAIN  
THE CUPS

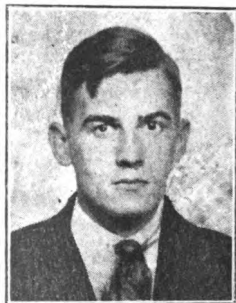
ROCHS

**TELEPHONE:**

To secure prompt action on inquiries, this original RADIOGRAM should be presented at the office of the Radio Corporation. In telephone inquiries quote the number preceding the place of origin



C. SCHIAVI



C. C. HENDERSON

## PERILS OF THE SEA

**T**HE time was when a navigator had to be a man of good eyesight, but recently on board the Lighthouse tender *Tulip*, far out at sea, it was proved that the navigator of the future may be blind as a post, as long as he has fairly good hearing. At the same time it was demonstrated that fog as a peril of the sea is passing rapidly into the same category as sea serpents.

Standing with back to the window of the pilot house, man after man, land lubbers whose experience in steering was limited to lawn mowers, put the trim little tender on her course toward Ambrose lightship, and otherwise comported themselves as if they had spent a decade or two as pilots on the Atlantic coast.

It was of course a radio stunt and marked a decided step in the process.

A coil, consisting of ten turns of insulated copper wire mounted upon a frame which can be rotated, is the heart of the radio direction finder. When the plane of this coil is parallel to the direction from which a radio signal emanates, the intensity of the signal received will be greatest. In other words it will be heard most loudly. As the coil is revolved the intensity of the sound in the ears of the operator diminishes until a minimum is reached when the plane of the coil comes to a position at right angles to the line of direction.

Thus a navigator in the thickest fog on the darkest night can instantly, without moving from the wheel, determine just where he is by listening to two or three stations and marking his place on the chart. Ambrose lightship, Fire Island lightship and the radio station at Sea Girt, N. J., were the stations which sent the call. Ambrose sent a single dot rapidly for twenty seconds, was silent for twenty seconds and resumed again. Fire Island sent two dots for twenty-five seconds and was silent for twenty-five seconds. Sea Girt sent three dots for one minute and was silent five seconds. The radio signals were sent on a 1,000 meter wave, so as not to conflict with ships, which use 600 meters. The Sea Girt signals can be heard 100 miles; those on the other stations forty miles.

Experiments proved that it is possible to navigate the vessel to within one or two degrees, which is as fine a course as the best of quartermasters can steer.

The advantages of the system over that by which ships obtained their position from stations ashore are numerous. Navigators have the means of finding their position right at their elbows; any number of ships can get their positions at once; no knowledge of radio by the navigator is necessary; the transmitting stations are automatic, and the direction finder may be used in locating other vessels at sea and in preventing collisions in fog.



## BETWEEN OURSELVES

Don't you hate to be late?

I do.

That sheepish, slinking feeling that comes over you just as you hit the door! You walk in nonchalantly, vastly unconcerned apparently, but all the time inside you are feeling like a little old last year's two-cent piece.

I know a man who is never a half minute late. He says he would rather be late a half hour, because half-hour lateness looks as if there was an honest-to-goodness reason, but a half minute has no alibi whatsoever. It just screeches to the world that he got up late and dashed madly, and just escaped making it. And as he cannot afford to be half an hour late, he makes it a point to get in on time.

Let's all do likewise.

## MEMORIAL DAY

**A**TENTION, New Yorkers and Jerseyites! Reserve this date until you see an announcement in May issue. It will interest you and your friends of either sex.

## HAWAII

**T**O begin with, folks, I have just concluded an article in one of the local dailies on the wonders of these tropical isles, and as this has been a daily diet for a long long time, I rise herewith in rebellion against unrestrained and uncensored publicity.

For the sake of those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the history of the South Seas, let it be known that the white man first set foot on Hawaiian soil about the time the patria was chasing Cornwallis out of Trenton, or to be more explicit, in the year of 1778. This man was the English explorer Captain James Cook, who had been commissioned by one of the Peers of the time, the Earl of Sandwich, to explore the South Seas, and his landing was made at Waimea Bay on the Island of Kauai, one of the six Islands now comprising the Territory of Hawaii. For many years the islands were called the Sandwich Islands, having been so named by their discoverer in honor of his benefactor.

The natives, of course, were completely awed by the sight of a white man, for they believed him to be their returning God who had departed this earth, and was destined to return with fire emitting from his mouth. The fact that the Captain was smoking was conclusive to the simple natives that he was a God, and he was treated accordingly, until the suspicions of the natives were aroused when he was observed to flinch from pain caused when he

was accidentally struck. The legends told that a God knew no pain, and when they found that the white man was not a God, a fight occurred between the explorers and the natives, in which Cook was killed, and a monument now marks his grave at Kealahakua Bay, Hawaii.

Soon after the discovery of the islands they became a rendezvous for explorers and later on whaling fleets that frequented the central Pacific. Not long after the whaling fleets came the missionaries from dear old Boston, with their bibles and their Mother Hubbards, the latter to cover the nudity of the natives, who at that time believed in fresh air on all sides. The government of the Islands was monarchistic from the time a stable one could be formed until the early nineties when a republican form of government was adopted, the latter existing for a period of approximately four years. In 1898, by popular vote, they were annexed to the United States as a territory. Today it is just a matter of history repeating itself, the native has the religion, and, to a great extent, those things which follow in the wake of civilization which are not particularly advantageous to the aborigine. The Hawaiian, is a fast-dwindling race. In a few years it will be difficult to find one of full blood, and it is indeed regrettable that this fine race should pass into history. Those of the Hawaiians who have been fortunate enough to be favored by the chosen few (and they, by the way, are very few) are to a great extent eking out a living along the ocean shores, sheltered by rude shacks made of scrap lumber obtained here and there, keeping an ever-watchful eye on the sea, for it is there that they obtain most of their food. The Hawaiian diet is composed chiefly of fish and poi, the latter produced from taro root, and the manufacture of which is now in the hands of the Chinese who have advanced the price far beyond the purse strings of many of those who formerly depended on it for their daily bread. . . .

To the average mainlander the mention of Hawaii, and more particularly Honolulu, bespeaks wide, sandy beaches on which dusky maids gaily disport to the harmonious chords of steel guitar and ukulele; but it is a case of dream on, for the beaches are few, and if there were ever any Hula maids, they are, as some songs declared, all away singing in some cabaret. It might be well here to tell the truth, and that is, the Hula is just about as scarce in Honolulu as it is at Mattapoisett or Boundbrook, and if you do see one it is just a model, that is, an imitation of the real thing. .

Honolulu is a city of 83,327 people situated on the lee side of the Island of Oahu, and as a city, is as alive and awake as any of its size on the mainland, as the efforts of the tourist bureau amply attests. It is six days journey by the regular mail boats from San Francisco, the schedule being so arranged that the boats arrive off port at day-break on the sixth day. The approach to

the city is very impressive, with the famous Diamond Head standing guard to the right, and Tantalus frowning over the city, in the background. While the ship is being given practice by the quarantine officials a launch takes off the coveted mail, and a few others with large canvas signs on them circle the ship advertising the Mother Jones Eating House or the leading hotels, and you suddenly awaken to the fact that it is not all romance here for the people really work for a living. You anxiously search for the famous Waikiki Beach, and some Kamaaina (old timer) on board points over to a place where a good old suction dredger such as will be seen anywhere from Kankakee to St. Louis, is pumping mud from the bottom of the Pacific and depositing it where it is needed most.

After practice the ship enters the channel for the dock, and she is soon surrounded by large numbers of boys composed of all races who dive for the coins thrown overboard for the purpose. They are all expert swimmers and it is a pleasure to watch them.

As the boat docks the Royal Hawaiian band renders appropriate music and the crowds on the pier, many who are there to meet friends, make your arrival a very pleasing one. If you happen to be a distinguished tourist the newspapers train their main battery on you, and you suddenly find yourself telling of the wonders of Hawaii, and this before you have set foot on terra firma.

The first thing you want to see, of course, is the Waikiki Beach; so, by machine, you wind your way thru the business section of the town, which is modern and up to date in every respect. At the Beach you take one look, and if you think as most every newcomer does, your first remark will be—"Where's the beach?" and such a question is absolutely justified, for the beach that has been boosted the world over as the greatest of them all, is a most ordinary one, which is surpassed by many from Bar Harbor to Miami; and in your search for maids you find that most of them lying about hail from Milpitas or Hoboken. The one redeeming feature of Waikiki is its proximity to town. There are many other beaches on the islands which excel Waikiki in every respect.

The three principle hotels of Honolulu are modern and comfortable, and while rates are high, they are not much higher than at any other places frequented by tourists.

Hawaii exists principally by virtue of the human desire for sweet things, as the territory literally breathes sugar, altho the pineapple industry is also very important. Large sugar plantations exist on all the islands, each plantation being owned and controlled by one of the "Big five," that is, one of the five main corporations which control the industry on the islands. The earnings of these corporations during the high price of sugar was enormous, and was to an appreciable extent shared by the workers; however since sugar has dropped, things are again normal.

Hawaii is considered to be the out-post for the defense of the Pacific coast of the United States, and owing to its strategic position, and the fact that by far the greater percentage of the inhabitants of the islands live on Oahu, it has been chosen as an important military and naval base. At Pearl Harbor, the navy department has spent millions, and has one of the best equipped Navy Yards in the world. It is at Pearl Harbor that the Government has one of their 200 K.W. arc transmitting stations. The War Department has constructed large Army bases on Oahu, the most important being Schofield Barracks, containing approximately 8,000 men. Many forts guard the city of Honolulu, and a large number of men are stationed at these places:

The transmitting station (KIE) of the Radio Corporation is located at Kahuku, on the windward side of the island 46 miles by road from Honolulu, and 72 by railroad. Most of the road by the most-used route is excellent, thanks to Uncle Sam, the rest being very poor.

It would appear from the isolated site of Kahuku plant that those who chose it must have been bored to death with the obligations of civilization and thought the future personnel of the station would be similarly affected, for it is just as far away from a community of any size as the law will allow.

The immediate station grounds are quite attractive, the original landscape being greatly improved by fast growing iron wood trees and shrubs. The hotel is designed for the semi-tropics and is very well constructed, and equipped with every possible convenience, making a most comfortable place to call home.

The power house is now equipped with two, 200 K.W. Alexanderson alternators and one 300 K.W. spark transmitter held for emergency.

The antenna system consists of two separate units. The one termed the Japan antenna is supported by 12 steel towers 455 feet high, and the San Francisco antenna towers are 325 feet high. The antennae are of the multiple-tuned type, and the entire plant is absolutely the latest in radio development. It is one of the most important in the world, for with the exception of the cable, it is the only reliable and expeditious means of communication between Hawaii and the mainland, and between the former and Japan. All traffic from the mainland to the Orient via Radio Corporation service is relayed by Kahuku (KIE) of course, with the able assistance of the Koko Head station, the receiving station of the Hawaiian unit.

The Koko Head station is located fourteen miles from the center of Honolulu, and while those located there can rejoice as to its proximity to town, it has some handicaps as well. The last few miles to the station are over precarious bridges and board runways, and after arriving, you feel lucky. The buildings at

Koko Head are duplicates of those at Belmar and Chatham, so it is not necessary to elaborate on them.

The communication system of Hawaii so far as radio is concerned is good. Traffic between islands is handled by the Wireless department of the Mutual Telephone Co., and their service is excellent in every respect.

One of the most interesting islands in the group is Hawaii. It is on this island that the active volcano of Kilauea is located. This is a day's journey from Honolulu by boat and stage via the city of Hilo, which is the largest on the island, and second to Honolulu in the territory. Hilo owes its existence principally to sugar. It is wideawake and progressive and its important industries, judging from personal experience, are rain and heat.

The volcano is a three-hour journey over rough roads from Hilo, but one is well repaid for his trials, for the volcano is the one thing in Hawaii which justifies the advertising in the publicity folders. It is wonderful and awesome beyond description, and is well worth a trip to the islands to see.

The islands of Maui, Kauai and Lanai are sugar producers, and in many places the cane fields cover acreage beyond one's sight. The plantations are large communities, each having its own townsite, railroad, and communication system. The great mills for grinding the sugar are extremely interesting, and little does the average person realize the various processes through which sugar must pass before it reaches one's morning coffee cup.

The plantations employ thousands of laborers, most of them being Japanese and Filipinos. They are comfortably housed in individual cottages provided for them by the plantation, free of charge. The Sugar Planters' Association believes to a great extent in human engineering, and each plantation has its corps of welfare workers, whose duties as implied, are to provide amusement and education for the plantation help.

The climate of Hawaii is wonderful, particularly to those who desire a warm and unvarying one. The average temperature is 75 degrees, and of course under these conditions outdoor sports such as tennis and swimming can be carried on in any season of the year. The delightful climate, however, has its price, and one soon finds that retrogression is difficult to combat. One cannot judge Hawaii in a week or two, but from the writer's conversation with many people, it would seem as though it were a land of home-sick people. Most any conversation with one who has been in Hawaii for any length of time includes a proposed trip to the mainland.

As previously implied, Hawaii, and particularly Honolulu, has been undergoing an extensive campaign of publicity throughout the world, which in a large measure has made it the Mecca for thousands of tourists. During the war and up to the present

time outgoing passenger accommodations have been as hard to find as a Hula maid on Waikiki. In many cases it is necessary to wait one's turn on a list for a month or two in the future. When the coveted ticket is at last obtained and your boat pulls away from the dock to the strains of Aloha Oe, played by the Royal Hawaiian band, you feel, even though your previously held mental picture of the islands has been torn asunder, you are glad to have had the opportunity to visit Hawaii, for it is interesting, and there is no other place like it. And if you do as people who have been here for years claim they all do, you will come back again, some day.

### A HUNDRED MILES UP THE DANUBE

*By F. Pearson*

Immediately I heard that the ship I was appointed to was bound for Rumanian ports, memories commenced to crowd in my mind of tales I had read about the "Mighty Danube," and the "Blue Danube," and in consequence I prepared my artistic faculties for the sight of a gigantic waterway sweeping down to the sea, and reflecting from its bosom the blue dome overhead. How quickly are one's most cherished ideals shattered in this cruel world. Arriving at Sulina, a desolate-looking town at the main entrance to the river, my eyes were greeted by the sight of a dirty lane of water reflecting, not the illimitable expanse above, but the muddy bottom below. "Never mind," I said to myself, "this is only part of the delta. The main river will make up for this disappointment." Hope does indeed spring eternal in the human breast.

We left Sulina early morning for Galatz, which is ninety miles up river, and I stationed myself at a point of vantage to enable my soul to feast upon the wonders which were soon to burst into view. Mile after mile was passed, and still no change in the general aspect. On either side stretching for miles was an unbroken wave of tall grass, fully twelve feet high. This is used by the "paysans" for thatching. From what I could gather there didn't seem to be any shortage.

Occasionally a whitewashed hovel is seen, breaking to some extent the monotony, and one catches a glimpse of numerous children and farmyard denizens, which look pathetically out of place in that grass-covered wilderness.

The river proper is entered forty miles from Sulina, and just above Tulcea, another nondescript town, which the German army partly demolished in their whirlwind invasion. Here the river broadens out a little, but one looks in vain for anything approaching grandeur, or even common decency. The same grass lines the banks, similar hovels are to be seen, although I must admit that the scenery is made a little more varied by the addition of an oc-

casional young mountain or an aspiring tree.

We arrived at Galatz late at night, and as I had had its good points dinned into me by members of the crew who had already tasted of its sweets, I was naturally impatient to get ashore to see things for myself, and to console my wounded spirit amongst noble buildings and spacious avenues.

Strolling ashore next morning I received the first shock just outside the dock gates when I found myself amongst a throng of bullock carts, droskis and about two feet of mud. Half an hour of this brought me to the centre of the town (and almost to insanity), and I took a long breath and looked around. Nearby stood a statue of some bearded patriot, but of other signs of an enlightened race there were none. The streets narrow and dirty, the houses small and ugly, and such public buildings as there were looked very much like Mexican prisons.

At last I decided to discontinue my search for architectural beauty, and take stock of the people who were passing to and fro. The male section struck me as being exceedingly polite to each other, not too courteous to the fair sex, and altogether too fond of loud ties and corsets. The more attractive pedestrians appeared to have walked straight out of *La Vie Parisienne* and I spent many minutes in intense admiration of the way they got over the ground on shoe heels at least six inches high.

Before returning on board I visited the market, and had the satisfaction of purchasing a dozen eggs for ten-pence, and several other edibles equally cheap.

The night life of Galatz is moderately swift, and the centre of the stage is occupied by the Café Royal, where sailors and civilians congregate to drink coffee, beer or champagne, and to criticise or pay tribute to the fair divinities who "honor" the café by their presence.

From Galatz the ship took us up river another ten miles to Braila, where I ventured ashore as soon as possible in order, if possible, to find some feature to make up for the many previous disappointments. The streets are certainly more easily navigable than those of Galatz, and there are one or two buildings with pretensions to magnificence, but again there is nothing to linger over or admire, except, perhaps, the Strada Regala, which looks well on a postcard. The shops are very disappointing and very expensive, and curiously enough, the high rate of exchange does not seem to benefit one at all. Perhaps this is due to the habit several foreigners have of accommodating the "mad Englishman" by sending up prices a hundred per cent.

There are plenty of outward and visible signs of religion in this part of Rumania. At a small place named Ismail, in the Kilia branch of the river, I counted no fewer than six churches.

All of them are white with two or three green domes, and large gilt crosses surmounting all. From a distance these buildings look rather striking, although the clash of color seems to be in bad taste. This latter impression is emphasized upon closer inspection. The outer walls are made of reinforced mud, covered over by what, no doubt, was originally intended to be cement, but which ended by being a somewhat pasty whitewash. The green domes are only green in places, the rest is brown or yellow, and the crosses are in various stages of decay, some inclining at an angle of forty-five degrees. My opinion of Rumania developed in a minus sign here, and I never saw anything later to bring it up any.

I kept to my room when the ship went down river for open sea, and read all about the great rivers of the world. I have come to the conclusion that one is really happier by just reading of the world's wonders instead of going to see and coming away disillusioned and cynical. Anyway, I have a short history to relate to the next person I hear casting reflections upon the one and only Father Thames.—*The Aerial*.

### PINCH HITTING

**I**T sometimes happens in baseball that near the end of the game opposing teams find their scores nearly identical. As this condition arises, the managers frequently call upon men to go to bat who are known to be particularly good batsmen with steady nerves, who in past performances have shown that the tight score and the short remaining period of the game are being called on in the beginning. a wallop. Such batsmen are called *pinch hitters*.

We have almost the same condition in business today—especially in the radio business. The only difference is that these pinch hitters instead of being called on near the end of the game are being called on in the beginning.

The stampede for radio apparatus has taken the country by storm. Manufacturing facilities have been expanded to a point which, a year ago, would have been considered absolute folly, but they are still far from what is necessary to even approach supplying the demand. Dealers throughout the country are being swamped with orders from their customers for new apparatus which they cannot supply and the dealers in turn carry their tales of woe to the manufacturers through the distributors.

We, in the Radio Corporation, must bear the brunt of this threefold demand for apparatus, information and service. At the present moment we are pinch hitting. If our nerve fails now the possibility of our team being victorious is greatly reduced. On the other hand, if we stand up to the plate and exert every effort to pinch hit as we never have



done before, it will be but a short time before the wheels of our Corporation are properly greased and set in motion, and we will be able to sit back as the village blacksmith in the evening, secure in the knowledge that a good day's work has been done.

It is up to us, therefore, to remember that the Radio Corporation of America is our team, and time is our opponent. Every effort we make to reduce the time necessary for the delivery of satisfaction to our distributors, our dealers, and the ultimate consumer will go up on the score as one more pinch hit to our credit.

The world loves a pinch hitter.

—A. H. L.

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### SEA TRAGEDY

**T**HE story of a tragedy of the sea dealing with a ship and thirty men lost 600 miles off the coast was brought to New York by Edward Hansen, wireless operator of the Baltic-American liner *Estonia*, from Danzig.

Only six days previous, almost within sight of the bridge of the *Estonia*, the Danish freighter *Grontoft* went to the bottom of the Atlantic with all hands, and when the liner reached the scene of the tragedy there was not so much as a splinter afloat to mark it.

At 10 o'clock in the morning of March 2, floundering in mountainous seas and with the smoke being literally snatched out of her funnels and shot astern in a straight line by a sleet-laden gale, the *Estonia* was making four and one-half knots an hour. Captain Gorgensen was in the chart house and Hansen was in his place in the wireless room with the receivers to his ears, idly listening to the messages coming to him through the ether.

He sat up as he distinguished the S O S call. Intently he listened as the wireless operator on the *Grontoft* told, rapidly, almost incoherently, how the vessel had become unmanageable in latitude 48.6 north, longitude 41.30 west. The *Grontoft*, her wireless said, was doomed, and haste in rendering aid was imperative.

In two minutes Captain Gorgensen had the message. He knew his position. It was about 48 miles east by north of that of the *Grontoft*.

"Tell him," said Captain Gorgensen to Hansen, "that we are on the way to help him."

Against the muttered protests of his officers, Captain Hans Gorgensen swung his ship and headed back in the teeth of the storm. Only a seaman can understand what he risked in turning his ship in such a sea. As the helm was put over

the *Estonia* seemed to drop into a chasm that had great waves for walls. Pushed to her limit the steamer doggedly fought her way toward the *Grontoft* at six knots.

Meanwhile Hansen listened tensely in the wireless shack. He heard the nameless operator of the *Grontoft* passing flip-pant comments on the weather.

"God pity the poor boys at sea such a night as this," sent the *Grontoft*. It is a stock jest of seamen and it was followed by the "Ha, ha" that indicates laughter on the wireless. "The Old Man thinks it may breeze up by night," the *Grontoft* operator continued.

At 11 a. m. the *Grontoft* sent a second S O S. It was followed by more comment by the operator. "Well, the steward is making sandwiches for the lifeboats," he sent. "Looks like we were going on a picnic."

At 11.30 a. m. the *Grontoft* cut in again. "The old wagon has a tilt like a run-down heel," her operator told his listeners. "This is no weather to be out in without an umbrella." "Hold on; we'll be alongside soon," the *Estonia* sent back.

The *Grontoft* did not reply. Her operator was silent until 12.10. "We are sinking stern first. The boats are smashed. Can't hold out longer," the message read.

"The skipper dictated that," the operator added. "He ought to know. . . . Where did I put my hat? . . . Sorry we couldn't wait for you. . . . Pressing business elsewhere. . . . Skoll——"

And that was the last word of the Norwegian tramp, *Grontoft*, from Norfolk to Esbjerg.

The *Estonia* reached the last position given by the *Grontoft* at 4.10 p. m. and cruised four hours without finding a trace.

Who dares to say that gallantry and heroism and high courage and the noble jest at fear are dying out of the world?

#### NEW YORK BROAD STREET

**W**E are glad to report that Mr. E. F. Norrito, who was recently operated on for appendicitis at St. Vincent's Hospital, is making good progress towards recovery, and we hope to see him back with us within a short time.

Reggie Mason has secured three months leave of absence and is off to see his home folks in South Africa. We shall miss Reggie's cheery countenance around the office, but wish him a most enjoyable trip and a speedy return.

We extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Sunde, the second Norwegian operator to visit us, and express the hope that he will soon find himself at home with us. Mr. Larsen will no

doubt introduce him to the wide circle of feminine friends he has made in and around Brooklyn—or will he?

Fred Johnston, Signal-Purveyor-in-Chief at Riverhead, blew in the other day en route for Poland. Johnny expects to be away about a couple of years, and by the time he's through showing the Poles how to grab 'em while they're hot, Riverhead will probably be as dead as, well, say Belmar. Here's luck to you, Fred, and may you soon return.

### OFFICIAL CHANGES

J. M. Sawyer, Superintendent M. R. I. Division, has been transferred to Sales Department, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

Lee L. Manley has been appointed Superintendent M. R. I. Division, New York, 326 Broadway, vice Mr. Sawyer.

E. M. Hartley, District Manager, Philadelphia, has been promoted to be Assistant Superintendent M. R. I. Division, 326 Broadway, N. Y., vice Mr. Manley.

F. H. Illingworth, Chief Operator, Philadelphia, has been appointed District Manager, Philadelphia, vice Mr. Hartley.

### N. Y. RADIO CENTRAL

**C**HARITY for Charity's sake, that's Doc all over. Doc Usselman recently signed up to make weekly contributions to the John D. Rockefeller Foundation through the medium of a new Dodge car which he purchased at the recent Brooklyn Auto Show. They all flop sooner or later.

The latest addition to the Usselman household, however, is a mascot: a pretty kitty whose *nom de plume* is Freckles, more familiarly known, however, as Measles.

Honorary mention is given to F. A. Blanding, pilot, deck-hand, brakeman, and charioteer in our Mud Chariot, Henry Fordson No. 62. Above is a very apt contrivance, a combination dump wagon and Fordson hooked in series, painted a battleship gray with polka dots of mud and used to haul human freight to and fro from power house to community house.

Pug Riley, rigger, is sweet mamma to a couple mean lunch grabbers, you bet. A couple members, who were persuaded to throw their hats in the ring, came out with their hats, and that ain't all. After each evening of encounter, black eyes and split lips are very much in vogue.

Perc Risley is departing this life at Rocky Point on March 15th and we half suspicion that the Titian-haired Russ Brittain of Tuckerton will replace Percy as chauffeur.

Harold E. Feathers treads a heavy foot on the exhilarator of his new Rolls-Nice (Studebaker) and most any movie night

can be seen rolling into town to see "Why Men Leave Home" in two parts—the Toonerville Tractor, or some such.

We have a boy here, with raving locks and dimpled cheek, who hails from Marion, and the one great desire of his young life is about to materialize: like a pimple, it comes to a head. We don't like to have this mentioned, but rumor has it that Frank is about to be transferred back to Katy—our mistake—Frank is about to be transferred back to Marion. And maybe you wouldn't believe it, but that boy's face is like enough to bust with smiles.

For the edification of interested parties at Tuckerton, Mott says that while Trenton has its charms, he hasn't even begun to pucker up yet, leave alone whistle.

On a recent trip of inspection to Brooklyn: Nephew Ritz—Uncle Henry, why is a Dynamo Tender? Uncle Henry—Sh-h-h-h! Georgie, come on out back, mamma says we mustn't swear in the house.

W. A. R. Brown, according to rumor, is soon to graduate from the coal shovel, oil can, thermometer, floor broom and such. In other words, less work and more pay. You've guessed it—Shift Engineer.



The above depicts the only survivors of the *S. S. Never-leak*, which sank in a terrible hurricane on the Sea of Olive Oil. Reading left to right, the first mate, skipper and crew, landed at Rocky Point after 16 weary days in a small boat on the open sea.

#### CHATHAM

**W**HO threw that brick? Said remark applying to a cruel thrust by Riverhead in the last issue of our little magazine. Verily, the pen is mightier than the sword. However, we have nothing to apologize for. Our correspondent is a great booster of home industries and why

shouldn't he relate the heroic deeds of Chatham. We have a well-developd hunch that right now WSO is receiving more traffic from OUI than the RD-NY combination is receiving from any of the European stations.

However, as the convict said when they gave him a job in the basement,—“A man may be down but he's never out.” Which goes for Chatham. Our arch enemy RC has captured a goodly number of our star performers and has moved them to the concentration camp at Broad Street. But the conflict goes on as merrily as ever.

The first sign of spring has arrived. 'Arold 'Olm's second pair of socks were seen floating to the breeze on the family wash line. Fourteen robins gathered abreast on the line and sang Mendelssohn's “Spring Wabble.”

Charlie Heiser is having a selling-out. Rigby bought, his decrepit motor boat, and Reeves, while in a subconscious state of mind, contracted for his flivver. All Charlie has to do now is sell his red flannel shirt and he will be prepared for light traveling.

We notice the Honolulu City Office is back in print. We have an advertising suggestion to make to them. Why not get a Hula dancer (from somewhere south of Geary Street), put her in the window and have some sixty cycle juice tacked to the metal floor space to keep her going. Give her a cocoa-nut and a half for overtime.

Eastman, our morbid Marine man, has had a change of heart. In days gone by he was wont to discourse freely on the wicked ways of the world. But lately we have noticed on several occasions Mr. Eastman's physiognomy buried deep in a motion picture classic. His motto is: “'Ave a 'art for arts' sake.”

The Kiddies Kolony of Chatham is growing. Since Richards' arrival in a cottage on the station his two young Dempseys are quite in evidence. Sonny Wood is a constant visitor at their domicile. They give vent to their momentary feelings in true Young America style. First Sonny crowns Charles Jr. with a turnip. Charles Jr. then fends him off with a mallet. Leslie Richards, the youngest of the embryo Kleinschmidt punchers, has a hard time keeping out of the maelstrom. Half an hour later you can find them all asleep together in all the innocence of youth.

Doc Flood says the Mess fund is in a pickle this month. Doc forgot to count in the floating fund somehow and as a result we aren't floating any more—we are sinking. Just now Doc is tighter than a Bronx flat. He even walks to town to save tires on his bus. We call that the height of skillabog-wooch. But judge ye not rashly, “Oh, eczema”. As the psychoanalysts have it, Doc has a “love motif”. He figures on taking a trip next fall and his bus will “mote” if he nurses

it till then.

We noticed on the cover of the March issue the photo of Our Mary holding phones to her ears while listening in on the S. S. *Paris*. Those couldn't have been signals from WCC. She could have hung the 'phones on the wall, if they were. Still, those little waves in Mary's tresses might have had a very devastating effect on the other little waves. Isn't that a cute sentiment? If Mary sees this she will throw rocks at Doug and start for Chatham.

Well, Dr. Wellington Koo and Mrs. Koo has departed our midst along with Mrs. Sze and all their little ones and in the parting they have returned from Washington our long lost Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Heiser. But even at the moment of this writing he is once more leaving us. If good things die young, Mr. Heiser should have had a daisy in his hand long ago. But dadgum it, if it weren't for fellows like him we would lose our faith in humanity. However, our loss is another's gain, and we are not poor losers.

*Since brevity is the soul of wit,  
We think we've done our little bit;  
And in the end we're glad to say  
Regards to all the R C A.*

#### NEW BRUNSWICK

**T**HE gang visited the Rivoli Theatre a few nights ago and bumped into Stage-Door Johnny Burchard, who had a bouquet of ancient dandelions in his hand. Very much abashed at seeing us, he dashed madly to the rear of the stage, and evidently did not make a good impression, for he arrived home before the rest of us.

Captain Carter has returned from Tuckerton (somewhere along the Atlantic coast) where he spent his evenings catching fish from underneath the alternators. Now that he is nearer to Brooklyn—well, there's a lady in the case, and he is as cheerful as can be. Wonder if she feels the same way. It has been noticed that more gray hair has appeared on his noble dome since he left for three months' stay at 'T. U., and perhaps he will soon be in Leuteritz' class, unless rescued by his girl from Paris. If so, Blue Boar tobacco will have to be discontinued and a better brand used, as the odor is indescribable.

Mike has again risen from the dead, having been in a state of coma for almost a week. He has been busy looking on a receiving outfit of some kind, but so far has received nothing but jocular remarks. It works wonderfully, especially during meals.

W. Higgins just finished two weeks vacation at Bound Brook, N. J. Pretty classy, Wes. Must be great to be able to go away to a beautiful winter resort, seeing all the pretty

flappers with brand-new goloshes and such.

Bill has told us considerable about leather collars—no, not dog collars. Seems as though they could be worn only by leathernecks. From the description, they are real pretty with brass studs, ring and buckle. We have seen quite a few styles in the hardware stores, but maybe not the kind Bill means, what?

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE BOARDING HOUSE

By J. J. M.

'Twas it, or 'twasn't it, that is the question. 'Twas what? Why the mystery of the chaotic condition as represented by the accompanying photo.

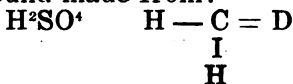
For many moons the staff at N. B., N. J., U. S. A., has been kept in a state of suspense and nervous breakdown due to the nocturnal visits of a spectre which leaves its visiting card in the form of a shake-up as herewith illustrated.

The latest victim of this nomadic and pestiferous radiotuatera is the Honorable and Esteemed Dynamo Tender who has contributed largely to the pages of Ye WORLD WIDE WIRELESS by exposing the activities of the Ancient and Dishonorable Order of Mutilated Camels, an organization composed of select and exclusive members of the N. B., N. J., U. S. A., staff.

Not only has Ye Hon. D. T. suffered mental anguish through the depredations of the Camel mascot, but he has been the recipient of a noose-gay made up of a select variety of twenty different grades of rope, to which was secured the following epitaph:

*"Gignus Vindice Nodus".*

After consulting the E. C., Ye Hon. D. T. was advised to sprinkle a compound made from:



about his room in order to prevent any future visits of the Camels or their nefarious emissaries.

#### MARSHALL

**W**ELL, you know how it is. You get all full of good intentions and have something sort of lined up and then the old month sort of slips by and you find it's too late for the little contribution to these pages. Now take



this here month of March. Being sort of the second anniversary of our opening, it seemed like a fine chance to write up a few columns on that topic, and then we remembered that by the time this gets into print March would have flown and another month arrived, so we nearly gave up the idea.

Remember that 12.01 a. m. on the 1st day of March, 1920, when WII and MUU officially opened the circuit? And now, only two years later, you pick up the rate card and see that "Via R C A" reaches to places you never even heard of—and we are still reaching out. That is progress. Of course, out here on the Pacific it was an old story and it was not such a novelty to resume where we left off a few years before. Some improvements between then and now, though. It is interesting to look over some of the old log sheets, back at the beginning of 1915, when they stopped and made an entry each time a message was sent or received successfully. Quite an event it seemed to be.

Right now the insidious little wireless germ is undermining the morale of the troops on the station and everyone wants to have a ham set. You have all heard of the postman who takes a little walk on his day off? Well, 'its a pathetic sight to see Peterson work from four till midnight, hike the mile and a half to his home in Marshall and then sit up till four o'clock listening to the ships on his home-made set. Poor old Pete was suddenly rushed to the hospital a short time ago, and we expect him back soon, after having all of his appendix, and most of his bank balance, removed.

Another project under way is the construction of a telegraph line between the houses of Butcherknife Anderson and Roehrig in Marshall. Of course, Alibi Ike says it's so the Sweet Woman can clear the circuit to Mrs. Andy but we don't see why he should be ashamed of it. The houses are separated by the seventy-five feet of the one and only street in the town, so the constructional difficulties are not great but it's startling, to say the least, to be strolling peacefully through the twilight when a window shoots up, a head appears and the silence is shattered with such choice bits as, "Hey, for \_\_\_\_\_'s sake, close that little lever!"

Our most important addition to the staff, an eight-pound Marine operator, arrived recently, via the Stork Navigation Company, at the home of R. B. Walling. This promising brasspounder will soon be helping daddy hold down the third trick and in the meantime Mr. Walling wishes to flatly deny the rumor that the youngster will be christened Franklin Woodbury.



## SOCIAL NOTES FROM THE HOTEL MARCONI

The winter social season is now at its height at this well known hostelry and at night the main dining room presents an entrancing scene of bright lights, gay colors and dazzling beauty, and a glance at the register shows the names of many famous, and infamous persons. Philbrick's troupe of riggers have been with us for some months in large numbers, and Dining Room Manager Pepper has been as busy as the one-armed paperhanger you have all heard of.

Among the names of those who have checked out recently appears that of Dapper Dan Reidy, known in financial circles as the greatest enemy of the shaving soap trust. Reidy packed his other shirt and departed for the wilds of Koko Head, where he can let his beard grow till it drags in the cockleburs. Accompanying Mr. Reidy was Jerry Neville, the youngest speed artist we have seen. At a later date we lost one of our oldest guests, L. E. Nichols, who also left for Honolulu. W. F. Lindholm, an old-timer of the Alaskan circuit, parked his hat in one of our choicest suites for a few short weeks and then departed for Hawaiian shores to try out the warmer climate. Marion, an old Morse man, left us to go to a radio school at the invitation of a more or less grateful government.

The famous sea-going sidekicks, Little Joe Arensburg and Big Dick Parachini are once more together. Arensburg graduated to the high-power room and Parachini, after nursing the alternators at Bolinas for a time, took his place in the Marine department and is doing splendidly, having already received a TR from the barque *Golden State*—which never has had a radio set.

Our latest arrivals are W. F. Lindauer, who carries on the good work of Dapper Dan in the service room, and G. A. Burke, an old hand at the game, who has won the admiration of his fellow workers for his capacity in absorbing large quantities of the very strongest tobacco known to science. We have also had the pleasure of entertaining many transient guests during the season.

## AROMA FROM GASOLINE ALLEY

The latest acquisition to our flock of buggies is the chariot possessed by Mr. Gerhard, who now resides across the bay and rides to work in his Dodge—so called because it dodges nine out of ten mud-holes and get stuck in the tenth. Goodger owns a Chevrolet which has seventeen more rattles than any other car recorded in the annals of automotive history—and it still runs. Anderson also owns a Chevrolet, but his has a Russian top—the wind, rain and mud just keep rushin' right through it. Otherwise the wagon is O. K.

And the rest of the cars are doing nicely, thank you.

## BOLINAS

**I**T has been some time since we have been represented in this publication, and since that time our staff has changed considerably.

Engineer-in-Charge Bollinger was relieved by Mr. Philbrick, former resident Engineer during the re-construction work at this station.

We welcome to our midst again Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dean. Mr. Dean was recently transferred from Kahuku as Assistant Engineer to the same position at Bolinas. Dean says he "likes the land of ukuleles but that the land of sunshine and flowers is better."

We extend the hand of welcome to Dynamo Tender W. E. Lufkin, of recent army fame, as a radio operator. Lufkin holds an extra first grade commercial radio license, and that means an operator in this district.

Now for the farewells. Mr. Bollinger has left our midst but is still sojourning in California. He was an out-and-out Easterner when he came here but we notice that he elects to remain in our sunny clime. Mr. and Mrs. Bollinger, we wish you luck.

Shift Engineer Howard resigned from our staff very recently. He says he has a job in a civilized country now (San Francisco).

Mr. Jagers resigned from our company to become a switchboard operator for some power company. He is located at one of their remote mountain plants. Mr. and Mrs. Jagers evidently like the jungles.

Mr. Havel recently resigned to go to school. He and Mrs. Havel were a charming couple, and they believed in the national pastime (penny-ante). We wonder where those enjoyable and uplifting games will be held now.

Here is a secret. It is a recipe for making the eight long hours of the mid-watch pass quickly. Stir up ten gallons of concrete floor primer, one 4-inch paint brush, and plenty of elbow grease. Apply this mixture to a rough concrete floor, duration of application to be about seven hours. If these directions are carefully followed the mid-watch should pass very quickly.

Speaking of concrete floors, ours looks fine with its new dress of paint. We are inclined to believe it would make an excellent dance floor.

That gives us an idea. Why not hold a dance in the power house, and dance to the tune of the alternator?

We believe that the idea is good and that if the proper publicity is given it that permission could be obtained to hold such a dance.

### SECOND ANNUAL RADIO SHOW

At the second annual Radio Show, which was held at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, March 7th to 11th, the Radio Corporation of America exhibited complete lines of broadcasting receiving apparatus manufactured for them by General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company.

We departed from the practice in effect with most of our other exhibitors by allowing the visitors to enter the booth and examine the apparatus on display. Visitors were ever present and their interest in the various types of receivers which we displayed was unlimited. It is estimated that 40,000 people were present throughout the five days.

The booth was installed under the supervision of Mr. William J. Schmidt, who also handled the affairs at the show throughout the entire time. Messrs. Arthur H. Lynch and F. R. Brick did excellent work in explaining the many functions of the apparatus on display and furnishing valuable information to the interested visitors.

The Show was concluded with a banquet at which there were approximately 1,100 guests. Messrs. Sarnoff and White and Dr. Goldsmith made interesting addresses.

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### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

**P**RESIDENT NALLY has arrived in England and reports having had an unusually tempestuous voyage.

Charles P. Bruch has been added to the staff in the Traffic Production department.

R. A. Weagant, Consulting Engineer, is in Nassau, B. W. I., on a business trip.

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### RADIO PROVIDENT CLUB

**A**RRANGEMENTS have been made by the Radio Provident Club whereby the members may purchase hosiery, shoes, leather goods, umbrellas, jewelry, etc., at special discount prices. In order to avail themselves of these special discount prices it is necessary for the members to have a card showing their membership in the Radio Provident Club. Such cards may be obtained from Mr. Paige, Mr. MacConach, Mr. G. Heisel or Mr. Kaminsky, of the Head Office. The stores where these discount prices may be obtained are all within convenient walking distance of the Head Office, namely:

Richmond Hosiery Mills, 350 Broadway;

Lewis Richard Corporation (shoes), 29 Park Place;

Van Gytenbeek, Inc. (jewelry, etc.), 258 Broadway.

The House of Hochman (men's clothes), 752 Broadway.

## BIRTHS

A baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Lee L. Manley, at Brooklyn, March 13, weighing  $9\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. Mr. Manley has recently been appointed Superintendent of the M. R. I. Division.

A baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Muller, at Woodhaven, March 9. Mr. Muller is an operator in the RCA service. Mrs. Muller was Francis Cressy and was formerly employed as clerk in the M. R. I. Division.

## RADIO INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

## NEW YORK

Our new 1,000-watt tube, telegraph and telephone set, is now completely installed, and instruction for its operation is being given daily to ship operators and students.

Mr. Bergin, former Director of the Institute, was transferred to the Sales department during the first of February. Before his departure the students of the night class presented him with a handsome gift expressing their regret at losing him.

## MARINE COASTAL STATIONS

## CHATHAM

**W**CC has some busy days ahead during the coming travel season. With the two C.W. tube transmitters and several receiving sets we expect to meet all requirements.

During the spring and summer WCC will find it necessary to take care of three or four ships simultaneously. With the greatly improved receiving apparatus and sufficient transmitters, ships may expect service never heretofore available.

The Newport station (WCI) was permanently closed March 1, 1922.

The New London station (WLC) is now open from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Siasconset is doing fine work on short wave (spark).

RCA coastal station service is now in a class by itself. The public and steamship lines are now receiving reliable radio service over distances such as were thought impossible only a short time ago. Our engineering and traffic staffs are still far from being satisfied, however, and when our entire program is finished, there will be no reports of weak signals or requests for repetitions.

John Cowden, a coastal station man since the earliest days, has been appointed Manager of Cape Cod station. Mr. Cowden was at Siasconset for many years prior to the war. We welcome him back to our coastal station service and predict great records for him and his efficient staff.

TR reports are now being printed in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Pacific coast papers. Ship operators are urged to get their noon positions to RCA stations promptly each day whenever possible, in order to insure publication in time to be of value.

#### GOOD WORK AT K. P. H.

The following long distance records have recently been accomplished by the 5 KW 60-cycle non-synchronous transmitting set at KPH:

Dec.	28— <i>Wolverine State</i> .....	3,379	miles	west San Francisco
"	29— <i>S. S. Edmore</i> .....	3,085	"	west Columbia River
"	29— <i>S. S. Hoosier State</i> .....	4,427	"	west San Francisco
Jan.	1— <i>Transport Manila</i> .....	3,220	"	west San Francisco
"	2— <i>S. S. Hollywood</i> .....	4,636	"	southwest San Francisco
"	4— <i>S. S. Broad Arrow</i> .....	3,603	"	west San Francisco
"	6— <i>S. S. Creole State</i> .....	4,672	"	west San Francisco
"	6— <i>S. S. Caddo</i> .....	3,437	"	south Vancouver, B. C.
"	9— <i>Tahiti</i> .....	3,542	"	west San Francisco
"	9— <i>Tjileboet</i> .....	3,210	"	west San Francisco
"	17— <i>S. S. China Arrow</i> .....	3,349	"	west San Francisco
"	22— <i>West Jena</i> .....	3,650	"	west San Pedro
"	22— <i>Levant Arrow</i> .....	3,056	"	west San Francisco
"	23— <i>Selma City</i> .....	3,150	"	west Cape Flattery
"	24— <i>West Oriwa</i> .....	3,034	"	west San Francisco
"	28— <i>Tuscalusa</i> .....	4,423	"	west San Pedro
"	28— <i>Royal Arrow</i> .....	4,443	"	west San Francisco
"	28— <i>Nanking</i> .....	4,235	"	west San Francisco
Feb.	1— <i>Transport Logan</i> .....	3,021	"	west San Francisco
"	2— <i>Granite State</i> .....	3,342	"	west San Francisco
"	3— <i>Apus</i> .....	3,908	"	west San Francisco
"	8— <i>Steel Scientist</i> .....	4,030	"	west San Francisco
"	11— <i>Elkton</i> .....	3,713	"	west Panama

Vessels desiring medical advice can secure prompt service by addressing radiograms to any of the above mentioned coastal stations with which communication is established. Such radiograms should be signed by the master and should state briefly the symptoms of the person afflicted.

The medical advice given by the above mentioned hospitals will be phrased in language (English) intelligible to a layman.

This free medical service has been established primarily for the benefit of ships not carrying physicians; however, should occasion require, consultations may be held by radio, with ships' physicians and the hospital staffs.

THE  
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

announces that, in cooperation with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and The United States Public Health Service, free medical advice to ships at sea is now available through the coastal stations operated on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States by the Radio Corporation of America. The coastal stations and hospitals designated to furnish this service are as follows:

COASTAL STATIONS—	CALL LETTERS—	HOSPITALS—
San Francisco, Cal..KPH		U. S. Marine Hospital No. 70, 67 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. (Alternates—Hospitals 38, 43, 61)
Chatham, Mass.....WCC		U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 49, Gray's Ferry Rd. & 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Siasconset, Mass.....WSC		(Alternate—U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 56, Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.)
New York City	WNY	U. S. Marine Hospital No. 19, 14th Ave. & Lake St., San Francisco, Cal.
(Bush Terminal)		(Alternate—U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 24, Palo Alto, Cal.)
Cape May, N. J.....WCY		

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK

**F**REDERICK G. SCHENKEL is the latest radio man to be cited for bravery and devotion to duty. In the Weekly Radio Service Bulletin of the United States Shipping Board, we read:

"The following is taken from the port log of the S. S. *Cerosco* (at present laid up at Norfolk) under date of February 22, 1922:

"The wireless operator, F. G. Schenkel, showed great courage after being burned and blinded by explosion aboard this ship. He insisted that he be led to the wireless room by one of the crew, which was done, and he at once started to flash out conditions to the flagship. I heartily recommend him for his actions and also the crew.'"

Much favorable comment is being heard about the excellent radio work of H. L. Crandall on the *Caracas*. During his entire round trip he is never out of communication with RCA stations. On his last trip he gave twelve messages to WNY on 450 meters while in sight of the Venezuelan coast. The *Caracas* was the first of the RCA rental vessels to be fitted with vacuum tube detector and amplifiers.

Douglas and Mary have a little baby boy, born on their first wedding anniversary, January 30, 1922, weighing eight and a half pounds. They have named him Douglas after his famous father. Perhaps some outside of the radio game might think we mean another popular pair by the name of Douglas and Mary, but those within our ranks know we refer to the famous Douglas C. Smith, manager of Wana-

maker's New York radio station, who is as good looking as the other Douglas, and wears the same kind of mustache. Mr. Smith is exceedingly proud of his little junior.

Paul T. Platt, operator on the *W. L. Steed*, was instrumental in saving the life of the ship's second officer on his last voyage. The vessel, en route from Mexico, was 180 miles off Charleston, when the officer had an attack of appendicitis. Platt was awakened by the captain, who requested that he get a doctor by radio. A service was dispatched to NAO requesting him to get in touch with a doctor, while the captain wrote out a 77-word message describing the symptoms.

The operator at NAO was unsuccessful in obtaining a government doctor, so 'phoned a private practitioner. Within five minutes a reply came back saying: "From explanation diagnose as acute appendicitis; advise patient get immediate attention."

Immediately upon receipt of this the captain turned the ship off her course for New York and headed for Charleston. The engineers increased the speed from 12 to 15 knots, and the race to shore was on.

"The weather was rainy and overcast," Platt reported, "and several radio compass bearings from NZW and NZV helped us in shaping our course for Charleston light, which we made about 4 p. m., and not long after, at quarantine, the sick man was taken ashore to the hospital, and the *Steed* proceeded on her way to New York."

It was later learned that the man was delivered to the hospital in the nick of time and that the operation was successful, scoring another victory for the radio, the radio compass and the always-on-the-alert radio man.

An operator, signing himself "An Old-Timer", addressed a communication to this publication requesting that "some dope" be published regarding uniforms. In it he very kindly gives us Mr. Webster's definition of the word "uniform". Perhaps we may oblige the aspiring operator in the near future, but in the meantime will he kindly communicate further, giving more details of his idea with his reasons? And why not sign your name?

Victor Woodward is back in the service and is running on the *Lake Arthur*. Andrew J. Walker also re-entered our service during the month and sailed as junior with Redfern on the *Munamar*. Joseph R. Baker is another to re-enter the RCA ranks and is now en route to the west coast of South America on the *Santa Olivia*. Still another former operator to come back is Aaron D. Bernstein, who sailed on the *Byron D. Benson*.

R. C. Holtzclaw is now on the *Mundale* in place of P. W. Harrison.

E. W. Rogers sailed on the Grace liner *Santa Rosa*, on March 9, three days after he was detached from the *Levant Arrow*, on which he made a lengthy voyage of several months.

Leslie M. Purington sailed as third on the *America* with H. L. Estberg, who has been chief since the vessel went into commission, and Anthony Tamburino, second operator, who has also been on this vessel from the beginning of her present run.

The *America* has been doing excellent long distance radio telegraph and telephone work. Except for the times the ship is in the English Channel, where local interference prevents, they are in direct communication with WCC. With the radio telephone they have talked direct into homes and offices while considerable distance at sea. When approaching New York last trip, and about fifty miles east of Ambrose, Mr. Estberg called Mr. Duffy, who, while seated in his office, carried on with a moderate voice, a telephone conversation lasting more than fifteen minutes, with perfect ease. Last trip they were in telephone communication over a thousand miles away, and this trip expect to carry it all the way over.

#### BOSTON

**T**HE *Clement Smith* is undergoing repairs at the Fore River shipyards. This vessel was badly damaged as the result of a collision with some submerged object at the entrance of Boston harbor. Ed Colby has been paid off.

The boys are pleased with the new Radiotron outfits. The masters of the one-man ships so equipped are showing considerable interest in radio, and especially in the Man-in-the-Moon.

C. L. Jones of the *Newton* is on three months leave. Abe Bernstein now has the *Newton*.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munroe have gone to Bucksport, Me., for the remainder of the winter. Cherryfield is now off the map.

John H. Cushing is on the *Nacoochee*, an ex-passenger ship.

Orlof Eddey has taken L. M. Purington's place on the *Frederick Ewing*.

#### BALTIMORE DISTRICT

**T**HE new combination oil and ore carrier *Bethore* recently sailed from this port for Mexico with Operator J. H. Deardorff in charge.

Harold O. Hogan, ex-Assistant Shipping Board Radio Supervisor, has been employed in place of Inspector Smith, resigned.



Vacuum tube detector and amplifier units have been installed on the steamers *Swift Arrow* and *William H. Doheny*.

Guy H. Cassidy was recently assigned to the Shipping Board steamer *Bannack* at this port.

## GREAT LAKES DIVISION

### CLEVELAND

**T**HE last two months have been more or less mild, and large ice floes are noticeable only by their absence. Although the month of April officially opens navigation in-so-far as the insurance underwriters are concerned, the threatened coal strike and continued lack of call for ore makes it problematical as to whether or not the bulk carrier fleet will get away much before May 1st. Of course, we all agree that an early opening would be most beneficial; but, on the other hand, the powers that be who control the situation will start things moving at their discretion.

Applications, though not quite as heavy as in 1921, still show a surplus of experienced men awaiting assignment or re-assignment. Approximately sixty of the 1921 personnel have expressed a desire to return to the ships which they laid up last Fall. In itself, this means even better service for 1922 than was rendered last year, and will prove most satisfactory to not only our divisional headquarters, but also to the various steamship interests.

We have high hopes of adding several ships to those now equipped with RCA apparatus, and have reason to believe that the next eight months will find a congestion of traffic at various points on the Great Lakes that will all but rival the New York zone.

Due to the marvelous and unthought-of furtherance and general acceptance of the pleasure and instructive possibilities derived from the reception of broadcasted 'phone concerts by the public as a whole, both our Chicago and Cleveland office forces are about worn out answering questions and making suggestions on the how and the wherefore of the necessary equipment for such reception. In the vernacular of the old-time cowpuncher, "The public sure am loco."

## PACIFIC DIVISION

### SAN FRANCISCO

**A**NOTHER notch was added to the butt of our Colt when the steamer *Cathay* was equipped with a P8A panel set and a vacuum tube detector and one step installed. The *Cathay* has just been purchased by the Robert Dollar Company from the United States Shipping Board. She was built in China and is considered to be exceptionally well made because of the superiority of hand work in riveting over

pneumatic. The design, of course, is American and the accommodations are very fine. Operator J. P. O'Leary has been given a chance to prove the merit of equipment on the initial voyage and will be ably assisted by Operator F. T. Cookson. The installation was made in record time and required all hands for two days and one night. This, of course, included the installation of a ten-inch spark coil auxiliary set.

The French type one KW set on the *John C. Kirkpatrick*, formerly the *Robert C. Sudden*, was given an overhauling and put in working condition by Installer King. Operator Jim Caldwell will attempt to break long distance records on the initial voyage. The activity of the lumber trade on the Pacific is bringing to life every conceivable type of vessel so as to participate.

Operator F. Victor Griffiths, of the British steamer *Roxburgh* (British Marconi), has been handing out bouquets to our efficient marine station at Marshalls (KPH), as will be noted from the following comments in a letter to our Chief Operator: "I should like to say a few words in appreciation of your station at San Francisco. It is one of the best stations I have ever worked—with the old crystal set which is standard here I worked KPH a good 1,800 miles."

The new vacuum tube units have been installed on quite a few ships and all are reported to be giving excellent results. They are no doubt a distinct achievement on the part of the G. E. Company, both mechanically and electrically. We have but one suggestion, and that is to use a little more care in the assembly of the filament rheostat so as to assure better contact with the movable ram.

We are attaching a picture of the tallest operator on the Pacific coast. In fact, we are inclined to believe he is the tallest on any coast. His name is Charles E. Lowell and this photo was taken on board his tanker *Royal Arrow* en route to the Orient.

As usual, few assignments were made this month but we made several exchanges. Richard Sadler from the *Admiral Nicholson* to the *President*; J. J. McNally from the *Manukai* to the *Granite State*; Frank Geisel from the *F. H. Hillman* to the *Col. E. L. Drake*.

A. W. Baxter and Geo. Mull-



nix were re-assigned to the Matson steamer *Lurline*. She has been completely overhauled and refitted and is on the S. F.-Seattle-Honolulu run.

Carl English is taking a pleasure cruise on *Barge 91* bound for Aberdeen.

The beach is still full, many old-timers included, and we hope that the tankers will soon start up and relieve the congestion and reduce the disappointments to a minimum.

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#### SEATTLE

The steamer *Queen* has been placed on the Northern run, with T. A. Kinsey in charge and V. Monnett as his assistant.

The loss of the *Northern Pacific* was felt badly on this coast because that vessel was well-suited for the run between this port and San Francisco. We hope, however, the Pacific Steamship Company will succeed in getting the *Great Northern*.

Mr. Clark, local Radio Supervisor, has resigned his position to enter the Navy. Every one connected with radio in Seattle regrets his departure very much, at the same time wishing him every success in his new field. J. A. Buchanan has been appointed in Mr. Clark's place.

The *Admiral Watson* has gone into commission, with C. E. Newbill in charge and R. Sadler as second.

The two principal newspapers in this city are now each carrying a special radio page. Seattle is surely getting her share of the nation-wide enthusiasm over wireless.

Elmer Moe is now senior on the *Senator*, relieving Vernon Bird, who is on a leave of absence.

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#### PORT OF LOS ANGELES

According to rumor, "Pullman air liners" will be used between Wilmington and Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, the new service to be inaugurated in May. Three two-motored 14-passenger converted flying boats of the United States Navy F5L type, it was announced, will be used. It is said that these planes will be four times as fast as railroad trains, and incomparably faster than the present means of travel to Catalina.

The flying boats will be equipped with all the facilities and comforts of a modern Pullman car, including easy wicker chairs and electric lights.

Accurate daily schedules will be maintained and bus connections with the Pacific Electric's Wilmington cars at Wilmington will be made.

It is planned ultimately to extend the service to San Diego and Santa Barbara.

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

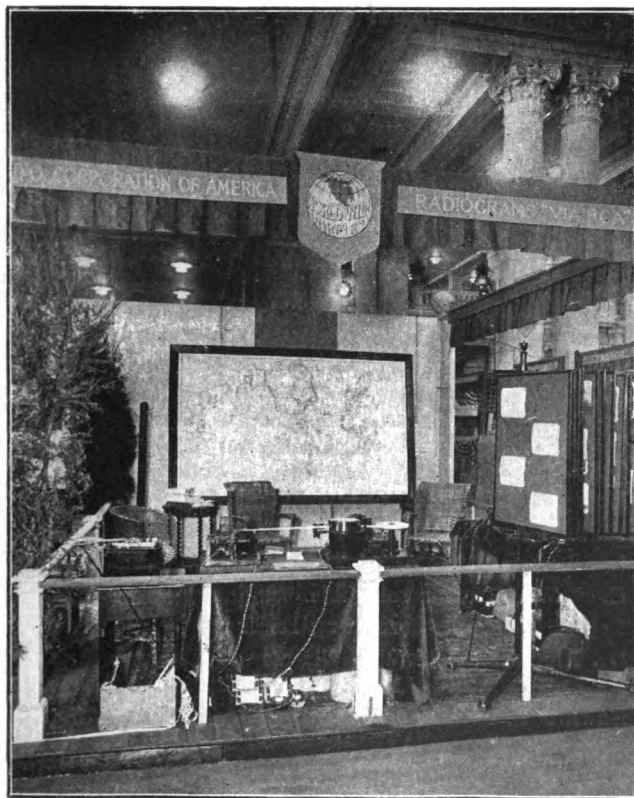
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BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



**RADIO CORPORATION EXHIBIT—TRAVEL SHOW,  
NEW YORK**

# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

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## BIG FOUR-NATION RADIO STATION

**O**WEN D. YOUNG, Vice President of the General Electric Company, on his way to Cannes, with Thomas N. Perkins, of Boston, on a mission in connection with the activities of the Radio Corporation of America for the development of trans-Atlantic wireless communications between Europe and North and South America, gave a Paris newspaper interesting details concerning the various great European organizations which have now reached an agreement with regard to wireless transmission between Europe and South America. These are three, namely, the English Marconi Company, the French Compagnie de Telegraphie Sans Fil and the German Telefunken.

Each had planned to erect a station in South America sufficiently powerful to transmit to Europe. The American Radio Corporation had similarly planned a South American station for communication with the United States. Owing to the great distance and also to the fact that the Equator must necessarily be crossed it was essential that these stations should be of very great power. And the erection of the four stations in Argentina thus planned would have entailed what Mr. Young described as a "waste of waves which the world could not possibly afford." The volume of the messages transmitted, too, could not warrant this expenditure of money.

Consequently Mr. Young, representing the Radio Corporation of America, came to Paris last October and called a meeting of representatives of the three European organizations in order to discuss what could be done. It was decided at this conference to build only one station in Argentina from which news will be transmitted by the various companies to their own several countries.

The accord was signed, patents were exchanged and decided to place control in the hands of nine trustees, each of the four companies involved naming two, while the ninth, acting as chairman, will also be appointed by the Radio Corporation of America. Thomas N. Perkins was chosen to fill the post of chairman. Meetings are now being called at Cannes in order to discuss further developments.

"It is not our intention," said Mr. Young "to compete with the cable companies for what I may describe as news of the more expensive kind, such as for instance, financial news and stock exchange messages. What we wish to do is to provide the cheapest possible form of general private communication. For example we are now building a great station at Warsaw. Well, I want to educate the public to make the same use of wireless as they now make of the telephone.

"The day will come when a Polish business man in the United States will flash a wireless to Warsaw asking how his wife and latest baby are getting on and whether that tooth is now through. And when communication between the various countries has reached that stage of development I think the world will be able to talk of general disarmament."

### A JOLLY EVENING

**T**HE Engineering Department held its second MRS. ENGINEER - GET - ACQUAINTED-WITH-YOUR-HUSBANDS'-STENOGRAPHY party Thursday evening, April 6th. The first item on the program was a delightful supper served in the restaurant of the Woolworth Building, except that certain young ladies got tired of waiting for the stragglers to arrive and started a little dance of their own prior to supper. Sad to relate, all the engineers were too fagged out by the day's exertions to volunteer to help them and they had to kidnap their partners. Who cares whether it is leap year or not?

After supper the gang returned to the Engineering Department which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion by the feminine members of the staff. Drafting tables, desks, etc., had been cleared out of the centre of the main office and stacked around the side lines with a row of chairs in front. A liberal application of dope to the open floor space so obtained made of it an excellent dancing floor; in fact it was so slippery there were one or two casualties during the evening among the cutters up.

The Mrs. Engineers having tried the office chairs and, finding them exceedingly comfortable, claim they now know why their husbands come home so late.

It was hoped that dance music for the occasion would have been supplied by Radiophone from WJZ at Newark, but the scheme fell through and we had to fall back on Mr. Clark's portable Corona. Pardon me; I meant phonograph.

Anyway, a receiver and loud speaker were set up and we got the latest news about the cost of vegetables, etc. However, you can't dance to vocal solos or speeches and, besides, somebody had omitted to put a five ton counterweight on the lower end of the antenna to prevent it from swinging in the Woolworth breeze and varving signal strength, so the Radiophone wasn't used very much.

That our experimental engineers are confirmed experimenters, as bad as dope fiends, is proven by their attempting to jazz up the phonograph signals by putting them through the audio amplifier and loud speaker of the Radiophone set.

It boosted the signals all right, but everybody is satisfied now that a pair of telephone receivers does not make a reasonably distortionless microphone transmitter.

The first item after supper was a balloon fight—little rubber balloons on the end of a stick about two feet long and nearly as thin as a match. There were no casualties except to the balloons, which are anything but durable, particularly when subjected to excessive pressure or the lighted end of a cigarette. They do make a lovely bank when they burst, though. Ask Miss Bird!

After that things waxed fast and furious. The expression *furious* applying especially to a "Paul Jones" and to an attempted Virginia Reel. Mr. Clark developed a large lump on his back and somebody with a youthful desire to find out whether or not it was tender swatted said lump. It vanished with a bang.

Life is too short and space too scant to record for the edification of future generations the names of those present at this distinguished event. Suffice it to say that the efficiency was above 90 per cent. .

#### THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS WE THINK

**W**E are approaching . . . we are plunging headlong into . . . the most frightful epoch in the race's history; an era of ceaseless communication: a period of hellish garrulity. The poverties of our communal mind—the mob mind, the average mind, of the whole hundred million of us—are to be made more articulate and flung broadcast through space by hideous amplifications of the human tongue. The telephone has been bad enough, but there have been solitudes in which one might escape it. But when this thing called the radio reaches a further development—in ten years—in five years, perhaps—there will be neither peace nor privacy for any human being.

At present, one of us may choose not to hear the rest of us; in a few years, any individual may be reached in the broadest desert or on the remotest mountain top or in a diving bell at the bottom of the deepest sea, reached and *compelled* to listen. For the next step in wireless "progress" (as it is called) will be to do away with all devices; the tympanum of a man's own ear will betray him, it will constitute sufficient receiving apparatus in itself; only the deaf and the dead will be able to escape the mental agony of hearing chaos and bedlam gibbering endless imbecilities at one another.

Imbecilities—for this horrid facility of communication gives us nothing new to communicate. We will ceaselessly communicate in spite of that, because we are that kind of



people. There are only three things worth talking about: Love, God and The Weather; and only a few persons competent to talk about them. The rest of us will talk anyhow; we will talk about nothing; we will talk merely because the mechanism to spread our talk is at hand.

These cursed inventions come at a time when the most of us are already foaming with the rabid wish to Tell All. Indeed, it is probably our disposition as a species to Tell All which has resulted in the inventions. Confession . . . . Publicity . . . . Revelation . . . . Communication . . . . these are the current manias, the madnesses of our hour. Reticence is suspected. We encourage crooks, hat check boys and half baked "artists" of all sorts to flood the world with their memoirs and reward them with wealth and fame. Neither the bedroom nor the electric chair is immune from representation on the stage. It is the age of Expression, Expression, Expression! And most of the Expressionists have nothing to Express. The more shockingly original they try to be the more they run into the banal, the common place, the platitudinous. These orgies of revelation reveal nothing that was not well known. If a free verse poet, no longer able to create a sensation by his inability to keep his shirt on, frantically tears off his bleeding hide and shows us his liver purring at its work, he has not given us any news; we assumed he had a liver. But, communicate, communicate, communicate!—that is the craze. Communicate . . . . everything! Millions of Hermiones gabble unremittingly about their Individuality, and none of them has any. And now all these burbling insignificances are to be given an extension of the voice. We have invented a new kind of hell to punish ourselves with.

What thought there is in the world will necessarily perish. For in a very little while all this interchange of phrases and sounds will have the result of making everybody just alike; no one will be able to save himself, to keep himself just a little different. Our communal mind, our herd instinct, listening to itself all the while, will grow to tolerate no minorities whatever; they will be bawled off the earth.

There is already in existence in this country a majority party which resents anything in the way of privacy, and these new inventions lend themselves directly to the ends of the meddlesome matties. Within twenty years neither vice nor virtue can be practiced in secrecy, and that will be the end of Civilization.

DON MARQUIS.

## HOME

*By Merritt Arbuckle*

**D**O sailors experience many thrills?  
Well, son, I'll say they do!  
And, seeing that you've asked me,  
I'll relate a few to you.  
It's not so much the work we do  
As the places that we see  
And when I get to thinking  
Many scenes come back to me.

I've been to dear old Italy—  
That far-off, sunny shore;  
A land of song and laughter,  
One could ask for nothing more.  
In London I have had my fling—  
Piccadilly and the Strand;  
But English fog is not for me  
I prefer my native land.

With pleasure I recall the times  
I've been to gay Paree  
Where I tried to parle the lingo  
But could only say, "Wee! Wee!"  
And Germany—I've been there, too,  
And gazed upon the Rhine;  
But that was prior to "Der Tag"  
When Wilhelm tried to climb.

Took a sojourn to the Far East,  
Looked on many amazing sights;  
Felt the thrill that I'll remember  
From those Oriental nights.  
And I've been to Honolulu—  
By the beach called Waikiki,  
Where they do the hula hula  
In the moonlight by the sea.

Yes, son! It's great to travel  
In the free and easy way.  
But, somehow, a homesick feeling  
Seems to come at close of day.  
So I've come to the conclusion  
That, to me, the joy of joys  
Is to hear the Skipper saying—  
"We'll be home tomorrow, boys!"

## INTEREST

**W**HAT is interest? If we were speaking of interest from a financial point of view, we would say that interest was the returns on an investment. However, there is another kind of interest—interest in one's daily work or duty. In order to obtain the first, one must have the second kind of interest. Work is an investment of time and labor; whether the labor be of a manual or a mental kind makes no difference. The greater the investment, the greater will be the interest derived therefrom.

Many operators are investing heavily and whole-heartedly in their daily work, and they are, either directly or indirectly, receiving a certain amount of interest from their investment. These are the operators who are sure to be taken care of during the dull periods of shipping, while such men as the one who painted his brass work with red lead in order to save himself the slight exertion involved in shining the brass, are the type of men who will eventually make away for the ambitious type.

There is an old English saying, "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." Are you watching your investment? Do you take care in making up your abstracts? Or is it merely a side issue with you, with which you cannot be annoyed. Are you "Making hay while the sun shines"? Or are you painting the brass work of your set with red lead, because it requires an investment of time and labor to shine it?

F. H. I.

## THE COST OF SPITE

**S**YMPATHY is costly. Aid of every sort is costly. But, as Dr. Johnson said, so are spite and ill-nature "among the most expensive luxuries in life."

It costs us enormously to be rude, ill-natured or mean. It costs much to give way to unrestrained anger, to harbor spite and bad feeling.

If we must spend so much of our life forces on others, were it not better to spend it in kindness than unkindness?

"Getting even" is a hazardous business. It is much easier to get even with the wrong in a man than it is to get even with the man in the wrong. You can much better afford to remain uneven with such a man than to lower yourself to his level.

Hate hurts the hater more than the one hated. Revenge is a poor investment. Look at it rationally from any standpoint, and you must see that it never pays. You are obtuse indeed if you have not learned from experience that one little drop of kindness holds

more of the real nectar of life than does a whole ocean of spite.

You may search the whole world of philosophy through and find no truer thought than this—that pride, envy, malice, hatred, revenge and all the other evil passions the heart is heir to, work their first and worst injury to their possessors; they corrode, render wretched and destroy first the heart in which they originate.

The man you hate and plot against may know nothing about it or care. If he gives a thought to you it may be only to despise you.

Is it worth while to fill your soul with poison for no better results than this?

Is it wise to skulk gloomily in the bogs of spite, when only a step will take you out into the genial sunshine of kindness?

Is it sensible to dwarf yourself in efforts to make some man recognize that you are his enemy and can hurt him, when you can ennoble yourself by the far less effort necessary to make him see that you are his friend, and can help him?

What you give you get back in kind. Is it not better to have the respect of others than their hatred and contempt?

### DON'T SWELL—GROW

It is well for you to have confidence in your ability, but when it reaches the stage of "swellheadedness" your value to yourself or to any one else begins to dwindle.

"Some men grow with responsibility; others merely swell." The man who swells has ceased to grow.

He has reached a place where he thinks he has all the knowledge he needs, and naturally all growth is retarded.

The best way—the most convincing way—to prove one's capacity is by actions, not words.

The fellow who is continually bragging about what he can do is seldom of much account.

It is the man who does things in a quick, intelligent manner who wins.

Such a man will be found at the top because he deserves to be there.

All concerns want him, because he not only accomplishes much as the result of his concentrated endeavor, but his influence is good on the other employees.

Save the exertion it takes to tell what you can do, and use it in performing your tasks. In this way you will get so much consideration eventually that you will not be tempted to brag.

The other fellow will do it for you.



## WIRELESS MAN'S A JOKER

HIS VISITORS FIND THE MARVELS THEY SEEK—SOME OF HIS TROUBLES WITH PASSENGERS WHO HAVE IDEAS ABOUT IMPROVING THE SYSTEM

**E**VER since Jack Binns sent that cry for help through the night from the wounded *Republic*, the wireless operator on board ship has been a personage. Before that he was simply a person. People passed his cubbyhole of a stateroom unconcernedly, save to pause as their eye caught the posted tariff of aerograms. Now all that is changed and the man of the big key has become a man of mark, although the wireless men themselves assume not to believe it. "Do your duty," is their watchword, "we're no heroes, we're paid to do our work." Accordingly they remain in the presence of all persons as placid as the purple pools at the foot of Parnassus.

Which, by the way, is not all metaphor, as they must surely have drunk of the pools or else seized upon poor Pegasus in order to stimulate their imagination as well as that of their visitors upon the subject of wireless telegraphy. In extenuation whereof it may be said that their temptation is very great.

After a dozen or so voyages technical explanations of the instruments in words of one syllable begin to weigh heavily on the mind of the average operator, and he suddenly discovers that he possesses previously unsuspected creative power. Being by this time a fair judge of human nature he is discriminating in exercising this talent, and up to the present time there is no recorded instance of his unexpectedly meeting the other Greek among his questioners.

These last, especially on the coastwise steamers, usually begin to cluster around his little office by the time the vessel passes Sandy Hook. After the usual "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "How perfectly wonderful!" from the more impressionable element, a hard featured Yankee school ma'am wants to know exactly how messages can be sent without wires. She is told that it is accomplished by means of electrical waves discharged from the ship's masthead and traveling through the air to receiving stations on shore.

"But if another ship is between you and the station on shore will it hear what you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, it will."

"Then," pursues the lady, "how does the station on shore hear?"

Life is short and the operator has explained the tuning process a great many times. He tells her therefore that only a few of the waves cling to the ship and that the rest divide, roll over and go around. Apropos of nothing he adds impressively that they are called Hertzian waves, which causes the lady to nod comprehendingly, as though this fully accounted for their remarkable feat. As she is departing one of her fair charges lingers, with one or two companions, for a little further inquiry.

"O, Mr. Operator, do you get the messages through that funny looking telephone thing? And why are they called Hertzian waves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replies the operator, "the messages reach me through these telephones. They come in a faint buzzing sound which cannot be heard unless the phones are over both ears. They are called Hertzian waves because it was discovered that their motions were remarkably like those of Alfred Hertz, conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House."

"How perfectly wonderful! Oh, please let me listen a minute when some one else is sending another message."

"With pleasure. Just allow me to adjust the telephones over your head," says the operator, who has never been known to shirk this stage of the proceedings. "Can you hear that faint purring sound? That is Colon, Panama, sending to Vera Cruz."

It is really only an oil tug five miles away, whose captain runs his own wireless outfit and is painfully spelling out his distance report to the operator at shore station, but it is ever so much more interesting to listen to Colon, as attested by the girl's giggles. Of course all the girls want to hear the Isthmus, and the operator lets them, one after another. The attention of those who are not listening is next attracted to the receiving box, or tuner, with its multiplicity of small switches.

"What are those little disks in the middle for?" asks one, pointing to the potentiometer, a switch which moves over a dozen steel pegs, by which the resistance to the local battery is raised or lowered.

"That is the switch we use to connect this ship with different stations," replies Munchausen II. "It corresponds in principle to a telephone switchboard. For instance, one of those little pegs is New York, the next Atlantic City, this is Cape Hatteras, and so on down the coast. The switch is now set at Colon, but he must be nearly through."

He then takes the phones, and finding the redoubtable tugboat captain still struggling with his reports moves the switch to the next peg.

"Ah, there's Vera Cruz answering now," he says, replacing the headpiece over the fair one's ears.

The increased resistance renders the tug's signals fainter. The girls are quick to note the different sound and shriek delightedly at the demonstration. One, of a logical turn of mind, thinks Vera Cruz is nearer than Colon and wonders why it doesn't sound louder than the Isthmian city. This causes the operator to groan inwardly, as he might just as easily have moved the switch in the other direction, making the tug's signals louder.

He is a resourceful chap, however, and explains that the waves travel over land with greater difficulty than over water, and that

between Vera Cruz and the ship the peninsula of Florida is interposed. This is so convincing that the young ladies depart overjoyed with their investigations. The operator mops his brow, reaches feverishly for a cigarette and enjoys a brief relaxation.

After the dinner hour another group appears. A young couple in the lead step into the operator's stateroom with that easy air of proprietorship which distinguishes all novices at ocean travel.

"Now tell me," explains the lady, who has evidently been arguing the matter with her companion, "is it possible for you to hear what another ship says without having those telephones on your head?"

"No ma'am," replies the operator, removing the telephones, "the sounds are too faint to be heard unless the 'phones are over my ears."

"There, George!" turning to the man at her side, "what did I tell you! Now then, Mr. Operator, could the man at the station you wished to communicate with hear you if you didn't have 'em on?"

The operator admits that this is likewise impossible.

"Well, suppose someone were calling you now, you couldn't hear him, could you?"

Again the operator acknowledges the truth of her deductions.

"Oh! but suppose there was a wreck somewhere and they were sending out that X Y Z signal, or whatever it is, how would you know about it?"

"Well, you see, madam, it's this way. I wouldn't hear him for a minute or two, but then I listen in every five minutes. If a vessel were sending out a distress signal I would have been notified by the shore station before now. There are three men on duty in those stations, and one of 'em has the 'phones on his head all the time. You see the weather is fine and there is no chance of a wreck to-night anyway. Of course in case of stormy weather I never remove the telephones. My meals are sent here and I eat without removing the headpiece."

With unchanging countenance the placid wireless man lets them swallow that tidbit and digest it.

The sweet young thing's escort breaks in here. He thinks it a very faulty system.

"What you need," he goes on, with the air of one blazing a new trail in science and invention, "is a red electric bulb fastened in front of your instruments which would light when some one called you."

This bright idea appeals with great force to the other onlookers, some of whom supplement the happy suggestion by others of which the following are specimens.

"Why not have an electric bell ring when your call comes in? I should think a large, loud bell would be preferable, so that it would wake you up when asleep."

"Why not a buzzer fastened to the head of your bunk?"

"Or why not reproduce the sound through a big horn, like they do with phonographs?"

"Why not have the signals come in in electric flashes, the way they do on cables?"

The operator never loses his sangfroid under this inundation of intellect, and mindful of his traditions and the company's conciliatory policy toward all inquirers, pulls his wits together and returns manfully to the issue.

"Yes, sir," he says, addressing the red light idiot, "that's a splendid idea. You happen to have hit upon the very thing which the company is trying to perfect. The mechanical application of the idea offers a few obstacles, but our department of invention has a corps of eminent scientists at present busily engaged in overcoming these." All of which evokes a knowing grunt from the perspicacious one, who in parting, warmly says that they had better hurry up or some outsider will steal the idea and patent it.



Yesterday's gone—it was only a dream;

Of the past there is naught but remembrance.

Tomorrow's a vision thrown on Hope's screen,

A will-o-the-wisp, a mere semblance.

Why mourn and grieve over yesterday's ills

And paint memory's pictures with sorrow?

Why worry and fret—for worrying kills—

Over things that won't happen tomorrow?

Yesterday's gone—it has never returned—

Peace to its ashes and calm;

Tomorrow no human has ever discerned

Still hope, trust, and faith are its balm.

This moment is all that I have as my own

To use well, or waste, as I may;

But I know that my future depends alone

On the way that I live today.

This moment my past and my future I form;

I make them whatever I choose

By the deeds and acts that I now perform,

By the words and the thoughts that I use.

So I fear not the future nor mourn o'er the past

For I do all I'm able today,

Living each present moment as though 'twere my last;

Perhaps it is? Who knows? Who shall say?



## THE MAN WHO LOST HIS JOB

Well, sir, I've lost that job, at last. No more I'll stagger down to beat the cold, grey dawn to work and face the boss's frown; some other chap will answer bells and sweep the office floor and punch the time-clock in the spot where I shall punch no more. Some other guy will do my work and draw my skimpy pay—I've lost my job, at last, my friend. I'm getting through today.

What's that you say? Surprised to see I'm not depressed and sad? Why, friend, I'd like to shout and sing, I'm feeling so blamed glad. I thought I'd never lose that job—for two long years I've tried, and all the time I stuck right there as though my feet were tied. I've done my best—I've sat up nights—I've hustled through the days; I've schemed and slaved to shake that job a dozen different ways. Some fellows seem to do the trick as easy as can be—their jobs don't seem to stick to them the way mine stuck to me. The way I tried to lose that place—I'd beat the clock a mile; I'd simply eat up extra work, and do it with a smile; I cut the gossip parties out; I didn't have to smoke a dozen cigarettes per day; I had no time to joke. I strained my mind to learn the game till I could understand the reasons for the things I did—I worked to beat the band. And yet that job just stuck to me as if I'd rolled in glue—and now I've lost it—say, my friend, do I look very blue?

A foolish way to lose a job? Why didn't I just quit? That question shows you overlook the biggest part of it. A fool can leap right overboard if he don't like the boat; but if he hasn't learned to swim, how long will that guy float? 'Most any one can leap, but when I start to jump I want to know beforehand how hard I'm due to bump. No, sir! The way to lose a job is doing what I've done—you see the firm's just handed me a whole lot better one!

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It is a wise man who doesn't accept as the truth everything he reads in a poem.

Time always seems to be doled out in inverse ratio to the number of things one has to accomplish in it.

A careless world bestows its laurels upon the many who are successful in conveying the impression that they are successful.

A good executive is like a good pin—sharp, strong, smooth, a goad to the lazy, and possessing above all, the faculty of holding things together.

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## MISTAKES AND DIRECTION

Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions discourage you. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right; he will grow daily more and more right.—*Carlyle*.

### NEWARK LEDGER RADIO SHOW.

The Radio Show, which occupied the entire ball-room floor of the Robert Treat Hotel, Newark, N. J., for four days, commencing April 12th, included a booth of the Radio Corporation of America.

A complete line of our apparatus for the reception of broadcasted programs was displayed and the booth was never without its quota of interested visitors, many of whom expressed a preference for RCA apparatus exclusively.

The management of the show estimated the attendance for the four days to be 20,000.

Our booth was installed by Messrs. Wm. J. Schmidt and F. R. Brick, Jr., who also furnished any information requested regarding the various types of receivers on display.

### THE TRAVEL SHOW

**U**NDER the auspices of the Travel Club of America, the first International Travel Show was held at the Grand Central Palace, New York, from March 25th to April 5th inclusive.

The Radio Corporation exhibit, of which a picture is reproduced on the front cover, played an important and interesting part in the show. A large map of the world, showing our transocean service attracted considerable attention. Our high power and coastal stations were indicated by flashing lights, as were also other principal stations of the world. A graphic outline of the World Wide Wireless system could be seen and understood at a glance.

Another interesting feature of the show was the exhibit of a Kleinschmidt tape perforator, a high speed transmitter and an automatic high speed ink recorder. These instruments were connected and in actual operation, therefore the visiting throngs saw exactly how radio messages are sent and received at our Broad Street office. The tape with code characters was in great demand by souvenir gatherers and was seldom permitted to reach the waste basket.

The main exhibitors were the prominent steamship lines, travel clubs and tourist agencies, but in addition to all these a number of booths were devoted exclusively to radio apparatus, now so popular, as a result of the radiophone broadcasts.

The RCA exhibit included a Westinghouse RC receiver with a Western Electric loud speaker. Immense crowds would gather around our booth and stand amazed, as the concerts,

lectures, stories, sermons, etc., poured forth in such volume as to be distinctly audible throughout the entire building.

Messrs. W. J. Schmidt and E. N. Pickerill were especially busy in answering thousands of questions pertaining to both the traffic connections and broadcast service. Schmidt was somewhat handicapped though, as a sweet little vamp was watching him closely.

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### A HAPPY OCCASION

**T**HE second annual dinner of the Broad Street staff was held on February 18th at the Hotel Claridge. The gathering was large and representative, and we were fortunate in having as our guests President E. J. Nally, General Manager D. Sarnoff, Traffic Manager W. A. Winterbottom, General Superintendent E. B. Pillsbury and others. Superintendent H. Chadwick presided and at the termination of his remarks proposed the health of Mr. Nally, who was toasted enthusiastically. In responding, Mr. Nally paid a glowing tribute to the operating staff and the splendid work it had accomplished under great difficulties, and with evident emotion voiced his keen interest in and comradeship with the men on the firing line.

Mr. Winterbottom followed with a brief outline of trans-oceanic wireless from its inception to the present time, and emphasized the important part played in its successful development by the operating staff.

Mr. Sarnoff also inspired much enthusiasm in the course of his rousing talk, and thereafter the evening was given over to entertainment of a musical variety.

Most of the talent was furnished by members of the staff, amongst those contributing the harmony being Superintendent H. Chadwick, who was heard to good advantage in a couple of baritone songs; Mr. Squazzo, violin solos; and Mr. J. Henry, of the Head Office, who presided in his usual able manner at the piano.

Mr. L. G. Hills, head of the abstract department at Broad Street, delighted the audience with a clever ventriloquial entertainment, the witticisms of his friend "Ginger" being keenly appreciated.

The whole affair was a conspicuous success, and reflects much credit on the committee of arrangements. We hope that next year we shall have an even larger representation, and that we shall be able to look back with the pride of the participant upon a year of epoch-making events in the world of radio.



3<sup>RD</sup> ANNUAL DINNER  
 RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA  
 HOTEL CLARIDGE FEB. 18<sup>TH</sup> 1913.

CENTURY  
 18.0 WS 4-73  
 1913

TRAFFIC STAFF DINNER

## A TELEPHONE COMEDY

Heard over the telephone:

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes, what's your name?"

"I say my name is Wat. You're Jones?"

"No! I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"O, beg your pardon."

"Then you'll be in this afternoon if I come around, Watt?"

"Certainly, Knott."

And they rang off, and no wonder!—*Men's Class.*

## MEMORIAL DAY

The Employe'es' Committee on a Memorial Day excursion has appointed Mr. E. A. Kaminsky, of Head Office, as Chairman. It is proposed to make an all-day trip to Bear Mountain. All those interested in the plan are invited to communicate with the Chairman as to details at once.

## THE KAPE KOD KIDDERS

A COMEDY DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

Scene—Midnight in traffic room of the Ocean-wide Telegraphista Sin Hilos De Norte-America, Chatham, Mass.

Cast of Caricatures—

Soupy Wiser Sam—A 20th Century Simon Legree.

Famished Filbert—Who gives the Mess President a prematurely furrowed brow.

Gluttonous Gilbert—Another master of mastication.

Ravenous Raymond—He caused the waitress' fallen arches.

Hungry Hubert—He also stows a mean cargo.

Avid Alfred—He yodles a synchronous soup.

Devouring Damon—A sky pilot who piles it to the sky.

Empty Edgar—As wedding bells to the bride is the dinner bell to Edgar.

Hollow Horatio—He totes an efficient set of breadhooks.

Carniverous Clarence—Combines all the qualities listed above.

## ACT I.

## CURTAIN

The curtain rises with the entire motley crew assembled in close proximity to the midnight lunch box. Hungry Hubert possesses the key; the repartee scintillates brilliantly.

Hollow Horatio—"When and what do we eat?"

S. Wiser Sam—"Gather 'round, varlets, and I will deal you a hand."

Hungry Hubert (Key in hand, still in comatose state from penny ante)—"Boys, I open it."

Avid Alfred (anxiously)—"What's the news?"

Chorus (male voices)—"Mystery sawdust sandwiches!!!"

Devouring Damon—"What? the same as last night's offering?"

S. Wiser Sam—"Not only the same kind—the same one's as last night."

Chorus (in proximical order)—"I pass," "I pass," "I pass," etc.

Gluttenous Gil—"I also pass and in the passing it gives me great cheer to announce that if our mercenary Mess President continues to dupe sandwiches that he number them in PR series so we may cancel them forthwith. Am I right?"

Famished Fil—"Nobly said, Gil. We can just say, 'Sysandwiches rpts of Tuesday wednesday Thursday and Friday identical with ours Nr 606 to 612 of Monday stop Pse cancel and file or reroute via ashcan stop fill in these numbers with ham.' That would make him vibrate an industrious lower extremity."

Ravenous Raymond (interested, but confined to the OUI circuit—Ray copies by ear and breaks by note: at present he craves relief)—"Hey! you insatiable Isaacs—you birds that are turning a deaf ear to those rations, listen to this press from Poland. It sez the people are so famine-stricken that stewed rubber-heels with barbwire catsup are a luxury and sandwiches are as prominent as hips on a snake. This is the tenth sheet and I'm getting hungrier every line; about two more sheets and yon waning moon will find me in yon clam bed, digging and yoodling—shells and all."

Empty Edgar (the news from Poland seems to root him in his tracks)—"On second thought I think I'll get in on this pot—dealer, two cards; if the Poles can eat rubber hash I, for one, can inhale one of these sawdust sachets."

Chorus—"That's our sentiments, dealer; deal us a card around."

Carniverous Clarence (relieving Ravenous Ray on OUI)  
—"Is he about clear?"

Ravenous Ray—"Clarence, if the traffic I've copied to-night was spread out evenly it would cover four acres, and he still has a stack that Mr. Pillsbury couldn't look over on his tiptoes."

Carniverous Clarence—"OK, tell him to GA code double but put an MM on it, if he's going to send Chinese single to watch his spelling."

Enter A. Lidd—Mr. Lidd is a rising young operator—continually rising—getting lifted; tonite he has missed his calling—20 minutes late. With hollow cheeks and bulging eyes Mr. Lidd scans the interior of the now empty lunch box. A vast and vacant nothingness greets his emaciated stare. After confirming his worst fears by exploring the inner regions with a bony bread hook he turns to the hungry horde and thusly chirps: "Where is all the means of nutrition?"

Avid Al (between swallows)—"Nutri who? This hand has been dealt already and he who has-a-taste is lost."

S. Wiser Sam—"Mr. Lidd, altho' we won't believe you, why are you so un-previous tonite? I mean to say, what's your alibi for being over-leave?"

A. Lidd—"I've been trying to repose for six hours but the fair Morpheus wooed me not; no fault of mine, I assure you, Mr. Legree—'scuse me—I mean Soupy Wiser."

Soupy Wiser—"Wassamatta, colic?"

Avid Al (with nose for scandal)—"Oh, say not so—how come?"

A. Lidd—"Well at six pm I sought my boudoir and proceeded to repose horizontally hoping to woo the fair Morpheus. But alas! and double-dern, at the outlandish hour of 8.30 p.m. eastern time, the entire feline population of the Cape assembled 'neath my window and started to hold a birth-control meeting. There were more varieties of cats than Heinz has pickles and in addition to the 47 local members there were delegates from North Chatham, South Chatham, Chatham Center, Chatham-off-Center, Chathamport, and the boroughs of Greater Chatham, Chatham Proper and Chatham Improper. The debate waxed strong and fluently pro and con. I, of course, was furious and threw everything throwable, including one or two epileptic fits. One side won the debate about an hour ago. My soul was soaring in the ether and I was inhaling the fragrant balsam of the Cape that filtered thru the atmosphere when something woke me—I think it was my conscience—and lo and behold I was 20 minutes late. Hence, the catastrophe."

Soupy Wiser—"Well, the only thing that impresses me about your latest alibi is that it's original, although it causes me chronic-chagrin. I'll have to report you 20 minutes A. W. O. L. and now, if it's not asking too much, will you sort of get in circulation—and, by the way, have you a fag?"

A. Lidd—"Quite so, old bean—who hid my glue pot?"

*Finis*

*Curtain*

Written adhesively by Roberto Besto Y Roberto Higgino.

Furniture by "Ye Ould Anteeck Shoppe" of Chatham.

Settings by Pfautz, the Engineer.

Costumes by Raymonds (where U bot the hat).

Refreshments by Ephreham—the elegant purveyor of esculents.

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AFTER THE PERFORMANCE TRY A LUSCIOUS LAPLANDERS LOLLY-POP AT "WRECKTORS". MUSIC AND DANCING. BRING THE KIDS.

### N. Y. RADIO CENTRAL

The Rev. Hoosis, of Yaphank, extols our plant; the Smithtown Blabber gives six columns to this first big enterprise locating in Suffolk County. Rocky Point, the universal joint of the world—some joint. Consequently RS will become a regular mecca for Aunt Kates and Cousin Olives who come down to visit their Uncle Toms in Suffolk County this summer. Needless to say, each man will be expected to do his part for the rep of the station.

On and after May 1st each and every member of the staff will blossom forth in uniform. No one is exempted, not even the riggers. Uniforms and caps to be brown and blue and patterned after those of messenger boys in our New York branch offices, alternator attendants excepted, who will have uniforms of brown denim equipped with brass buttons, folding thermometers and oil can. Insignia to be as follows and to be placed on right sleeve:

Engineer-in-Charge—One silver bar.

Assistant—Two gold bars.

Machinist—Winged Monkey Wrench.

Shift Engineers—NOTHING (which is significant).

Riggers—Coal shovel and Marlin spike.

Clerk—Crossed typewriters.

Dynamo tenders—Crossed Brooms and Oil Can.

Cooks—Crossed Soup Bones.

The Engineer-in-Charge, or commanding officer, and his assistant, will rate commissions; machinist, shift engineers and chief rigger will be rated non-coms and the remaining



staff will be rear rank buck privates. This will constitute the definite order for passing the buck, or showing visitors around.

A definite demerit system has been devised and will be posted May 1st, e.g., no saying *sir* or saluting when addressing an officer, arriving at work on time, etc., will count as one demerit. Five violations of the code will be punishable by denial of movie night liberty and K. P. for one week. Ten or more violations of the code will place a man in solitary confinement in the cooler, his daily ration to consist of 2 ounces of pie crust and rubber fish. This undoubtedly will cause a reduction in mess rates.

Assembly, mess, taps, and reveille will be sounded on the sweet potato whistle. The bugler will also act as stretcher bearer. Reveille will be blown promptly at 6.30 A. M. (not P. M.). All hands will lash their hammocks and immediately report for roll call in the main assembly room. On the command *fall in*, the company will form in open formation for calisthenics, consisting of eyes right and left, parade rest and a few other strenuous exercises supplemented by two laps at double quick around the breakfast table. Arrangements will be made to awaken the shift men on watch at the power house through the medium of a loud speaker to be installed in the power house to amplify the sweet notes of the potato whistle. They will immediately rush out for a dip in the cooling pond.

Sticks of chewing gum will be provided to hand out to all visitors, with brown and white wrappers marked VIA RCA. Any member of the staff caught swapping gum with young lady visitors will be shot. The office will be converted into a young ladies' rest room with the clerk in attendance, and members are requested to refer all cases to the office for treatment.

Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, one at a time, don't crowd. Hand me another shovel, Henry.

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### MARSHALL

**W**ELL, you know how it is. Our natural modesty prevents us raving much about what we do out in this neck of the woods—and, besides, we doubt if you believe it. Such being the case, we all feel that it is only right to call your attention to a few of the many things that appear in print about us. The first little matter is incorporated in a letter to the editor of a well-known radio magazine, from a gentleman in Texas. Various remarks are made and a long list of stations copied are given and then comes this interesting part:

"———. I copy KET any evening and along about 9 P. M., if they are working 'dux,' can bring in both KET and KIE together, hear them sending to each other and hear when they break each other. This breaking, however, does not occur very often, for the boys on that circuit are some artists and the way they shoot those ten-letter code Japs into each other, when they get warmed up, is a caution."

Chests out, gentlemen; chests out! The applause is deafening.

One of the well-known wild men from Koko Head, I. B. Brown, has recently joined us and has discarded his whites and silk shirts for the standard uniform consisting of wop panties and a greasy mackinaw—for full particulars apply to Peterson. Another change took place when Hamby packed his trunk and departed for points unknown and Marion joined us again to take on his old job on the wire.

Mr. Walling, the TR hound, recently took a trip on the *Rose City* to Portland to find out just how our old rock-crusher sounds at a distance, and incidentally to bring back his family who had been on a little visit. He reports that while lying at the docks at Portland, old KPH comes pounding in like the oft quoted ton o' bricks, and puts the Naval station (a few miles down the river) to shame. This at mid-day.

We now lay claim to being the only station having an honest-to-gosh Naval Detachment on the payroll. You see, Tony Gerhard lives across the bay and has been coming to work in a Dodge. Recently he became the possessor of a motorboat, and when it runs he arrives at the dock, throws out the anchor and dashes up the hill to sign the time sheet. Unfortunately, however, it does not always run—but we will not mention a mere trifle like that. You know every good boat has a hole in the bottom to be used for drainage purposes, and his boat is no exception, but under the excitement of the initial launching a little matter like a plug for the hole never entered Tony's head—so he manfully baled the water out while the rest of the bay ran blissfully in. This lasted for some time and then the new captain abandoned the ship and came back in the morning to find it resting peacefully on the bottom.

Such is life on the ocean wave.

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### STAVENGER

Following is an extract from a letter received from Operator C. T. McLellan, temporarily at Stavenger:

"Although too soon for very definite impressions of LCM, the following facts seem worthy of mention:

All receiving on radio is now by typewriter and transmitting to America by automatic practically all the time.

A week ago started cutting out rub-outs and glueing the slip, as in New York Office.

Several young men, specially trained for this office, arrived recently and should soon be experts on the klein and radio circuit.

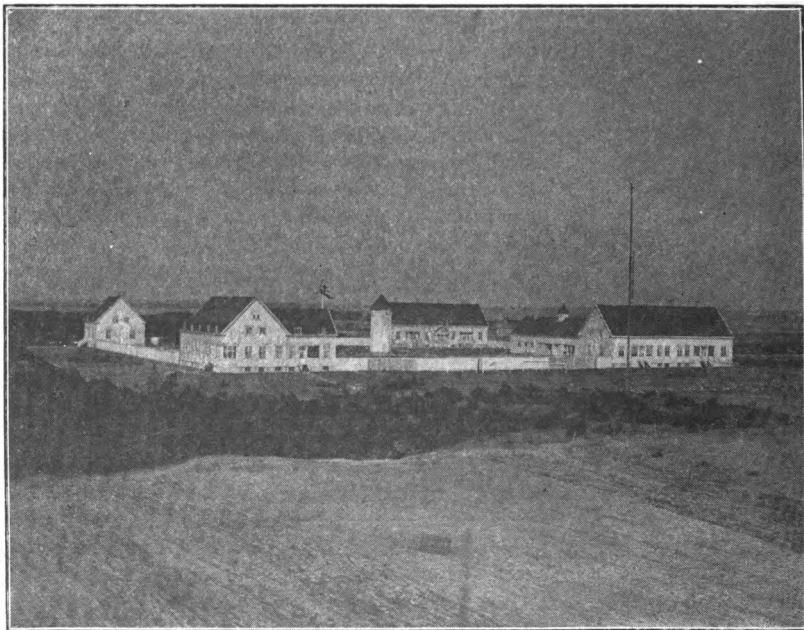
Tried making hourly samples of signals from WGG but the recorder used seems too sensitive to clicks and does not give accurate idea of the real possibilities of the signal. Await the arrival of the American recorder before taking hourly records.

WGG transmitters one and two seem about the same strength, but when both are working number two (15900 meters) varies in strength and frequency. (Receiving conditions much improved here by the change to WGG from WSO.)

Several days ago tested LCM transmitter and dots O. K. up to 55 words a minute, on manual speed relays.

Am studying Norwegian and growing more accustomed to Wheatstone working on the landlines.

Working conditions are very pleasant here and am enjoying the experience."



LIVING QUARTERS GOVERNMENT RADIO RECEIVING STATION  
NAERBO, NORWAY

## MARION

**L**AST month the thirteenth came around so fast that before we realized it we were receiving our April copies of the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS. But this time we set the alarm clock, so here we are!

Since we last appeared in print the station staff has undergone considerable repairs. The glamour of the bright lights of Broadway proved irresistible to Lockhart, dynamo doctor extraordinary, so he resigned. Lockhart says he intends to spend the rest of his days and money in the big village.

Michalakakis Geer heard a feminine voice calling him out of the stillness of the night from some place in the immediate vicinity of Ridgely Park, New Jersey, so he, too, has packed his carpet bag and gone his way.

Irving (Speedo) Vermilya, Internationally Known Wireless Expert, resigned to take a position in New Bedford as manager of the Radio Department of a large mill supply house which has gone into the radio game on a large scale.

Fred Stock, erstwhile President of the Dynamo Tenders' Union of America, who was tried for treason a short while ago for standing a Shift Engineers' watch, has also resigned. Stock has been engaged by the same company that engaged Vermilya and is installing radio sets on the Cape.

Melvin (Dinty) Moore, Tube Set Specialist, has also resigned to go into the manufacturing end of radio equipment at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Now for the newcomers. Wilfred Taylor, from Wareham, has been engaged as an alternator attendant. Mr. Taylor was recently connected with an electrical firm in Boston.

Samuel Sadler, formerly of Mr. Duffy's department, has also been engaged as an alternator attendant.

Howard W. Hollis, has also been engaged as an alternator attendant. Previous to coming to Marion, Hollis was the wireless operator on the *S. S. Eastern Soldier*.

Frank Kremp has at last returned to his first love. Excuse us—we mean the second—'cause we have to figure Kate as No. 1.

Willis H. Beltz has joined the staff as a shift engineer. Mr. Beltz came direct from the General Electric Company where he has been employed in the test department.

Walter Wagner has gone and done it! Only what we expected, but he fooled us completely. Didn't know a word



about it until after the knot was tied and they were off on their honeymoon. Good luck, Walter, more power to you!

"Doc" Cumming reports that some kind personage left a "Marine Baby" on his doorstep. Not to be outdone the Doctor has handed the baby over to the Syncopated Order of Shiftless Engineers. Mr. Cumming is leaving us for a short period for special duty at the New York Office.

Walt Wagner rides in to work every day from Mattapoissett on his velocipede. Walt says by the time the Velodrome opens up again in New Bedford he ought to be in good enough form to give Messrs. Seres, Chapman and Kramer a ride for their money.

The Toonerville Trolley that misses all the trains has, we are sorry to relate, gone bankrupt. With Lockhart and Wagner married, the overhead was more than the company could stand. In fact, they took off the last car some time ago.

We know spring is here without even glancing at a calendar. For the warm south wind blew a little Feather, Harold E., right from Rocky Point to Marion. Harold has immediately started in to wreck our Number 1 Alternator.

Harold Higgins has had experts at work on his Overland Flyer and states that nothing pleases him now, not even a Mercer.

When Greek meets Greek! Sam Campbell and Harold Feathers are now rehearsing their old time skit entitled "MUTT AND JEFF."

Long live the QUOHOG!

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#### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

President Nally and Mrs. Nally sailed from Southampton on the *Homeric* April 26th.

The branch office at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, has been re-located in the new Vanderbilt Avenue Building, at 51 East 42d Street.

John Cowden has been appointed Superintendent at Chatham, vice Walter E. Wood, appointed Assistant Superintendent of Broad Street station, New York.

Loyd A. Briggs has been appointed Chief Office Electrician at Broad Street station, New York.

A. B. Tyrrell has been appointed Engineer-in-Charge at Riverhead, L. I., vice F. E. Johnstone, assigned to foreign service.

F. E. Johnstone, receiving expert, sailed for Poland April 18, on the S. S. *Estonia*, to superintend installation of receiving apparatus in the high power station under process of erection at Warsaw by the Radio Corporation for direct communication with America.

## COASTAL STATIONS

**S**AN FRANCISCO station (KPH) recently assisted the U. S. Public Health Service in giving medical advice to a ship one thousand miles west of San Francisco. The ship's chief cook was seriously ill, but due to the instant advice from reliable doctors ashore, he was soon relieved of his suffering and shortly returned to duty.

Cape May station (WCY) also assisted the Public Health Service Hospital at Philadelphia in giving medical aid to one of the mates on an oil tanker in the Gulf of Mexico.

Other stations have given similar aid.

The medical advice service through RCA stations is entirely free to all ships, regardless of flag, radio control, etc.

A noticeable improvement is noted in the marine pages of daily newspapers publishing RCA T. R. reports. Steamship officials, families and friends of members of the crew and the general public are all interested in knowing the position of your ship. Send in your T. R.'s regularly and to RCA stations whenever possible. Ship operators can help one another very frequently by relaying T. R.'s and all kinds of traffic to or from our coastal stations.

We take this opportunity of again congratulating the radio staff of the S. S. *Munamar* on the excellent service being rendered so consistently on that ship.

Interference conditions on 600 meters has greatly improved along the Atlantic Coast during the past year. This is due primarily to the use of C.W. between our Cape Cod multiplex station and the large passenger ships. Very few messages are transmitted from the big ships to coastal stations on spark apparatus, and messages destined to these vessels are concentrated at Chatham for transmission on C.W. This arrangement gives the smaller vessels fitted with spark apparatus the freer use of the ether.

## RADIO SAVES SICK SAILOR

Diagnosis by wireless—treatment prescribed by a doctor one thousand miles away and launched into space via the air waves, probably saved the life of John Keating, a cook on the freighter *Blossom Heath*.

Keating, whose boat was en route from New York to Japan, was stricken with a serious illness early one morning 950 miles southwest of San Francisco. Such remedies available in the medicine chest of the freighter were applied without avail. There was no ship's doctor.

Alarm over the man's condition prompted the skipper to

dispatch a radio to the Radio Corporation of America in San Francisco, describing the man's condition and symptoms.

Fifteen minutes later wireless messages went out over the Pacific to the *Blossom Heath* prescribing treatment suggested by the surgeons of the Marine Hospital who were hastily consulted. The message read:

"Put the man in hot bath after which apply mustard plaster to back and chest. Rub limbs freely. Light diet. Recommend transfer to shore as soon as possible."

The treatment proved a success. Radio operators listening in on the ether waves heard bulletins of the patient's rapid progress that were flashed back to the doctors.

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### LONG DISTANCE SIGNALS

Chatham recently heard FRU (Rufisque French West Africa) calling FCO (Conakry French West Africa) on about 2100 meters spark. Very good signals.

### MARINE NOTES

"SVC DE KDLB S. S. *Creole State*.  
Radio KPH.

The operators of KDLB wish to thank the operators of KPH for the courtesy and fine service rendered the KDLB during voyage which enabled us to transmit our traffic direct 5292 from KPH.

Payne, Hendrix, 11.38 P. M. March 14, 1922."

The *Creole State*, which plies between San Francisco, Calcutta, Singapore and Manila, is equipped with a 2 Kw. spark set and KPH with 5 Kw. spark apparatus.

Two officers from the Danish five-masted auxiliary bark *Kobenhaven*, recently visited Bolinas. While there they appeared to be much more interested in our 5 Kw. spark set than in the high frequency alternators, and the reason they gave was that their ship had communicated greater distances with KPH than with any other station on their voyage from Denmark.

The *Kobenhaven* is commanded by a Danish baron and is a Government training ship.

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### EASTERN DIVISION NEW YORK.

**T**HE Eastern division headquarters are now located on the second floor of 326 Broadway and in the best arranged and most comfortable offices the division has ever had. Some of our distant friends may express surprise

that we have moved again, but it is felt here that this is the last move until the big one we all look forward to when all the offices in New York will be quartered in one big exclusive Radio building.

The new suite consists of the superintendent's office, a comfortable lounging room for operators (in which is installed a number of terminals connected with the aerial on the roof, and by connecting a pair of phones the men may practice copying the fast transoceanic traffic or listen to the radio concerts); a neat office for the division accountant; a storeroom wherein is kept an emergency supply of forms and stationery for ships needing supplies after the stockroom has closed, and the main business office.

The night, holiday and Sunday telephone for this office remains Franklin 3197, while during the day that number or any of the following may be used: Franklin 6245, Barclay 4780 to 4795.

On the third floor the Wireless Press has expanded so as to take most of the space formerly occupied by our offices, while the M. R. I. offices have also been enlarged, using the remainder of the space.

The Wireless Press business has increased to such an extent that the new space, as well as additional people, became necessary. One of the new Wireless Press girls is Helen Malone, who sprang into instant popularity. She is an unusually attractive girl with a very pleasing personality.

R. H. Redlin sailed for the Black Sea on the *Sutransco*.

Glenn Van Valkenburgh, who has been on the sick list since his detachment from the *Frederick K. Lane*, sailed as third on the *Old North State*, with F. H. Boyle and O. L. Goertz.

George Lipsyte has transferred from the Eastern to the High Power division. He is now attached to the New Brunswick station.

A. E. Kierstead sailed on the *Franklin* in place of A. J. Reis, who desired a transfer to another vessel.

A. E. Eldridge is now on the *Independence Hall*, running to French ports.

Anthony Tamburino has been promoted to an office position at the Broad Street office. His place on the *America* is now filled by Leslie Purington who was third on the *America's* previous voyage. Ben C. Springer is the new third operator and H. L. Estberg remains as chief. The telephone installation on that vessel is still gaining much publicity.

A. W. Storey, after arriving from an extended trip as senior on the *Crofton Hall*, sailed on the *Westwego*, in place of E. G. Weaver.



Ben and Mike Beckerman are back on the Old Dominion line on which they have served so many years. They are together on the *Jefferson* until the *Hamilton* is put on the run, when they will separate, Mike taking the *Hamilton*.

Albert P. Muller is another of our operators who have been transferred to bigger positions in the High Power division. Muller is now at Broad Street, New York.

The *Granite State* sailed on her first trip for the United States Lines. Cameron, who was in charge on this vessel while in the San Francisco and Orient run and who brought her around, is still in the same capacity. Black is second and Koegel third.

J. F. Maresca is now assigned to the *Sunewco*, running to Black Sea ports.

### BOSTON

**M**R. NICHOLLS has negotiated a contract with Coastwise Transportation Corporation covering service on seven vessels.

G. E. Travis, N. W. Filson, R. W. Rice and H. T. Munroe have returned to the old home town.

H. A. Wells transferred from the *Belfast* to the *Camden*.

G. E. Travis is once more at home on the *Governor Dingley*.

W. J. Swett and N. W. Filson are on the *North Land*.

H. T. Munroe and T. F. Collins are on the *Calvin Austin*.

Ralph Rive is looking forward to walking over the *Ransom B. Fuller's* gangway again.

### BALTIMORE DISTRICT

**T**HE Old Dominion Transportation Company's steamer *Jefferson* is being equipped at this port with a standard 2 Kw. P-8-A set and vacuum tube detector and amplifiers. A sister ship, the *Hamilton*, will also be fitted.

The new combination oil and ore carrier, *Marore*, now building at the plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, Sparrow's Point, will also receive our 2 KW equipment.

Thomas L. Hodges took assignment on the *Redondo* when she was recently re-commissioned at Baltimore.

One trip on the *West Quechee* was enough for Willard H. Leeth, ex-Navy operator from the Canal Zone. He has now gone in for farming in West Virginia. Victor R. Good relieved him as senior operator.

Otto A. Knight was recently assigned to the *Santa Malta* which is bound for Russia with grain.

Frank Chapman, former Southern division Superintend-

ent, who is now handling the radio inquiry column of a local newspaper, recently received a letter requesting information on ohm sifters. Couldn't fool Chap, however, who replied that the information could be obtained from a certain store that sold white stove black. Now don't blame us for the inquiry, Chap. We had to have something to fill up our column this month.

### NORFOLK DISTRICT

**N**OT having appeared in the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS columns for several months you all doubtless believed that we had closed up our little shop and retired to our respective farms. Such, however, is not the case. On the contrary, our business has gone on quite merrily, what with the assignment of an operator here, the installation of audion equipment there, and the general routine of office work.

As before we break into print to announce changes in personnel. Mr. A. B. Brown, inspector and constructor, left us on the first of April after fifteen months' service. We understand he is breaking into Amateur Radio Supply business, in which venture we wish him success. Those of his acquaintances among the operators can get in touch with him at the Woodhouse Electric Company, just around the corner from us.

H. R. Butt has returned to the fold and is now holding down the job vacated by A. B. Brown, to say nothing of again wrestling with the abstracts which many of the operators will remember was his forte. Butt comes back to us from the S. S. *Alliance* which has been running coastwise from Norfolk to New York for a local steamship company.

During March we assigned the following men: T. E. Lipscomb, *Eastern Pilot*; G. M. Wilson, *West Camak*; Simon Golden, *Newton*; John J. Repetti, *Scottsburg*; George D. Richardson, *Eastern Trader*; Arthur L. Bergom, *Santa Paula*; D. Miller Lane, *Puget Sound*; John C. Irvin, Jr., *West Hembrie*.

### GULF DIVISION

**W**E were not in the last issue due to the fact that we have had the spring fever; however, we have recuperated sufficiently to permit our making an attempt for this issue.

Harold O. Zahn, after having laid up the *Romulus* at Mobile has relieved Bernard F. Sloan on the *Lorraine Cross*.

G. G. MacIntosh, after having spent a long period of service in the Gulf on the barge *Socony 85*, is returning to his

home in the North; Thomas Nirgent has taken assignment as MacIntosh's relief.

J. Bruce Swift, junior of the *Coahulia*, and Ernest G. Kroger of the *Steel Inventor*, have exchanged jobs.

O. N. Eddy is now in charge of the *Tamesi*.

Israel Diamond has relieved Alfred Lindquist on the *Gulf of Mexico*.

M. N. Thorp, a new man in the service, has taken temporary assignment on the British steamer *Cardigan*, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Operator James Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald's funeral at New Orleans was attended by Traffic Clerk C. W. Peters, in behalf of the M. I. M. C. Co., and the Radio Corporation of America.

Harry P. Green has been assigned to the enviable position on the *Patrick Henry* which vessel subsequently sailed for ports in the Far East.

M. F. Whitton has entered the service with assignment to the *Hancock County*.

Ather assignments, transfers, etc., include James M. Heilegenthal to the *Panuco*; R. Y. Johnson to the *Utacarbon*; H. F. Dyer to the *Orleans*; Paul I. Cassidy to the *West Humhaw*; George H. Pascoe to the *Walter Jennings*; M. T. Gay to the *Pearl Shell*; John C. Hancock to the *Sucrosa*; C. B. Buddecke to the *Cliffwood*.

We cannot understand why a certain parrot, who for three weeks has been fed on bananas, and kept in a dark clothes closet still refuses to talk. What's the matter, Elkins, didn't the parrot have the proper clearance papers from Mexico?

## GREAT LAKES DIVISION

### CLEVELAND

**T**HE bubbles has burst, and we are now grinding away at top speed. Seventeen new contracts have been added to our roster, and the jamming has already commenced.

Constructor Weide, who was recently transferred from the Chicago district to the Cleveland shop, has been busy with his force, both night and day, completing new installations, placing ships in commission and eating.

This last month has been the busiest in the history of the Cleveland office, as over eighty assignments were made, and in the neighborhood of one hundred installations were completed or overhauled. However, the rush is not over by any means, but a spring drive is always looked forward to, if for no other reason than to take off the superfluous weight accumulated during the winter months.

The office force has been pushed to the limit, but everybody seems happy, regardless of the extra hours that they are called upon to give to the service. Our newest addition in the stenographic department is Amelia Siegman, sister of our bookkeeper, Margaret Siegman.

Assignments, covering the new blood entering our service this year, will be written up in the next issue of this popular monthly.

## PACIFIC DIVISION

### SAN FRANCISCO

**A**NOTHER Robert Dollar vessel, the *Mandarin*, was equipped with a P8A panel transmitting set, a vacuum tube detector and one step amplifier. This is the second vessel we have equipped for the Robert Dollar Company. The *Cathay* was the first, and is giving a very good account of herself on the voyage from Vancouver to the Orient with the able assistance of Operator J. P. O'Leary. At this writing she reports 3,553 miles from the Columbia River.

The new V. T. detector and amplifier units which we are installing on the rental contract ships are giving excellent satisfaction and there is a steady clamor from the unfortunate ones who have not as yet received theirs. Captain Anderson, of the *Broad Arrow*, has taken possession of his outfit and is making some records in the Oriental run. The Captain, we must explain, is some operator himself.

The epidemic of Radioitis has reached the Pacific Coast. We don't mean to cast any reflections on the progressive spirit of the West by that remark, but we must acknowledge that the craze for radio broadcasting developed first in the East. Our plant is full of radio bugs with our District manager last to succumb. Our Chief Operator snatches a few moments from the evening concert to cast a weather eye to the seaward and make a few mental notes of the unsuspecting rag chewers.

Jim Slater is back again pounding the *Matsonia's* key. He can't keep away from it.

Few changes this month and we are having a hard time keeping the boys on the beach smiling. Its hard to say when things will change, but keep smiling; it all helps.

Saverio Gazzano, a graduate of the Radio Institute, is making his first voyage on the *Standard Arrow* as junior.

Harry Kelly is now on the *WTV* and appears contented as that vessel frequently stops at Portland.

James Gleason joined the *China* as junior with his old sidekicker, Phil Thorne. Phil is in love with the Orient and all that goes with it, especially at the port of Kowloon.

Bill Breniman, much against his wishes, left the *Rotarian* on March 22d. A mild case of appendicitis, if such can be mild, was threatening and Bill decided not to risk a four months trip to South America, even though our free medical service is so popular.

Charles Yankey relieved Breniman on the *Rotarian* and his place on the *Edna Christenson* was filled by Charles Sheppard.

#### SEATTLE

Arrangements have been completed for the installation of a 1-KW combination telephone and telegraph set on the Admiral Line steamer *H. F. Alexander*, formerly the *Great Northern*. This vessel will leave the East Coast some time in May, and will be placed on the Seattle-San Francisco-Los Angeles run. On account of her great speed, this vessel will make a round trip from Seattle to Los Angeles once every week.

A P-8-B set was installed on the *Santa Cruz* during the month, together with vacuum tube receiving equipment, and Operator Morenus reports very satisfactory results.

V. Monnett has been promoted to first operator on the *Queen*, T. A. Kinsey going back to his old ship, the *Spokane*. Roy Massey goes out with Monnett as second.

George Wunderlich, after having been South for some time, returned to Seattle and is now Purser-Operator on the *Admiral Nicholson*.

Arthur Johnson, ex the *West Jessup*, has gone out on the *Admiral Farragut* as first operator. N. Allen, former first, has accepted a position with the Admiral Line as freight clerk.

H. Hassell who has been attending the University of Washington during the winter, is now back on the *President*, as second, relieving Mr. Swank, who has changed over to the *Admiral Farragut*.

#### PORT OF LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles Harbor (San Pedro) will soon be the possessor of a Maritime Exchange. In fact such an organization is now on the ways and will be launched within a fortnight. The San Pedro organization will work as a unit with the Los Angeles Exchange and Chamber of Commerce, making the new organization a strong combination for what is soon to be one of the finest harbors on this continent.

Heretofore it has been an arduous task to collect shipping news of arrivals and departures of vessels accurately, but with the coming of the new exchange, conditions will be changed, and masters of vessels will be asked to sign the register, covering necessary information appertaining to the movement of their vessels.

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AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD  
STUDIOS, N. Y.

**ELMER E. BUCHER**

# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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## FRONTISPIECE

**E**LMER E. Bucher was born in Akron, Ohio, November 11, 1885 and was educated at the Oberlin Academy.

He joined the DeForest Wireless Telegraph Company as Experimental Engineer in 1903. Later he constructed several high power stations in the middle west and on the Gulf coast for that company. In 1907 he joined the United Wireless Telegraph Company as Installation and Experimental Engineer. He installed the first ship stations for that company in 1909 and served as its Instructing and Experimental Engineer and Chief Inspector for more than two years. He became associated with the Y. M. C. A., New York, in the initiation of wireless schools in 1910, and joined the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America as Instructing Engineer in 1912. He organized the Marconi Institute in 1917 acting as Director. In 1920 he entered the Commercial Department of the Radio Corporation of America as Commercial Engineer, and was made Manager of its Sales Department February 1, 1922.

Mr. Bucher has devoted many years to experimental long-distance wireless work and holds a large number of United States wireless patents. He served as Technical Editor of "Wireless Age" from 1913 to 1918. He has written numerous books, among them being "Practical Wireless Telegraphy," "Vacuum Tubes in Wireless Communication" and "Wireless Experimenters' Manual." He is a member of The Institute of Radio Engineers.

Mr. Bucher is widely known and his genial temperament makes him extremely popular with his associates. He is an ardent devotee of the automobile.

## A NEW ANTENNA

**A** VERY remarkable aerial has been devised which has greatly increased the efficiency of trans-Atlantic wireless telegraphy. It is known as the Beverage antenna, and its use has materially reduced static interference, in fact so much so that engineers are experimenting with it for use in the reception of broadcast radiophone entertainment.

The most notable achievement of the Beverage antenna was in December of last year, when Paul Godley, the famous American amateur, used it in Scotland on the occasion of the amateur trans-Atlantic radio tests. With this type of aerial Godley succeeded in receiving no fewer than twenty-seven different American amateur stations, every one of which was using less than one kilowatt of power in their transmitters. In his report of the test Godley wrote:



"On Wednesday the 7th the 1,300 foot stretch of line was completed, the wire being supported by 2 x 4 inch posts twelve feet high and laid out to point directly toward Chicago. The wire was grounded at the distant end through a non-inductive resistance (250 to 400 ohms) and at the home end through a variable inductance of the order of 0.1 microhenry in value. This constitutes the Beverage antenna.

"For any given wave length the wire should be one or two even wave lengths long. Arrangements were made to change the length of the wire, it being necessary in each case to shift the non-inductive resistance and ground connection from one supporting pole to another.

The system is highly directional, and eliminates a great portion of the atmospherics and interference coming from directions other than those from which one wishes to receive.

"That this condition did exist was proved by comparison with a small vertical wire supported by a nearby tree. Static to signal ratio in all cases was decidedly better on the Beverage wire."

Of course, it will be seen at the outset that such an aerial cannot be used by every radio fan, because of its great length, and the fact that only a few persons, comparatively speaking can erect such a long wire.

Perhaps the best way to explain the operation of this type of antenna will be by describing its use in connection with the gigantic station at Radio Central, Riverhead, L. I. This station receives from the long distance European stations which are using wave lengths ranging around 15,000 meters in length, or, in other words, each electro-magnetic wave sent out from these stations is approximately nine miles in length.

Now in order to fulfill all of the requirements of the theory covering the operation of the Beverage antenna, it is necessary to have a receiving aerial one full wave length long, or, in other words, a receiving aerial nine miles in length. This is exactly what has been installed at Riverhead. The aerial is nine miles long, and is supported on poles thirty feet above the ground, one end being grounded through a non-inductive resistance, and the other through a variable inductance. With this wire the Riverhead station is daily receiving five different European stations simultaneously without interference.

In designing this aerial advantage was taken of the fact that static is to a certain extent greatly localized, and also of the fact that certain types of aerial are very directional in effect. The non-inductive resistance at one of the

antenna soaks up the interference and passes it to ground.

For instance, static is lightning in the making, and a congested center such as New York, with its heated air rising from the big buildings, produces a great quantity of local static. This would be a very serious situation for Riverhead, but for the location of New York, which makes a Beverage antenna very effective in eliminating this local static, as the signals are coming from the opposite direction to the static.

In order to illustrate the operation of the Beverage antenna, G. H. Clark, an engineer of the Radio Corporation, has drawn the following analogy for our readers:

"If we look upon the Beverage antenna as a large lake," he says, "and the wind as the static, we can get an idea how it works. Now, suppose the wind is blowing across the lake from east to west. At the eastern end there will be little or no ripples, but as we get to the western end the ripples will gradually increase in size to full waves. If the shore at the western end is a gentle slope of sandy gravel the waves will be dissipated and will not be reflected.

"If, on the other hand, the shore of the lake is precipitous and rocky the waves will be reflected and will disturb the eastern end of the lake. Now the Beverage antenna, having a non-inductive resistance at its non-receiving end, corresponds to a sandy shore, because it absorbs the static and interfering waves and does not reflect them.

"Carrying the analogy further, if we place a stationary paddle wheel at the western end of the lake, which is revolving uniformly and producing waves of a uniform character, these waves will travel steadily forward toward the eastern end and will not be interrupted by or stopped by the wind. This paddle wheel corresponds with the transmitting station and the wave it sends out are equivalent to the waves from the European station.

"The tests that have been conducted at Riverhead completely confirm this theory. When we place our receiving apparatus at the end which is grounded through the non-inductive resistance it is impossible to hear anything but a terrific roar of continuous static discharge. Using the wire properly as a Beverage antenna, we are able to conduct trans-Atlantic wireless communication without any difficulty whatsoever, despite the static.

"These facts are so significant that we are carrying out a series of experiments with short waves. These so far are very promising, but as yet are not complete, and until they are we do not intend making any announcement concerning them.

"Of course, we realize that people dwelling in cities cannot erect Beverage antenna, and consequently we are seeking some other means to overcome the static situation so far as they are concerned. The Beverage antenna suggests several promising methods, which we hope will solve the problem."

---

### THE EDITOR GIVES IT UP

RADIO EDITOR—My receiving set, after working well for several months, is now getting worse. I can only hear signals, and even they are weak. My friends tell me that my wave lengths are worn out. Where can I get new wave lengths, and what kind should I get? How much do they cost?"

---

### VACATION DAYS

*Being a letter from our chief office boy to his chum*  
Windsea, Long Island.

Dear Jimmie,

We were at supper when I told father that I got two weeks vacation. He looked at me and said, "What for" and when I said "to rest up" he laid his knife and fork on the plate and yelled "What!" Mother glanced at me dizzylike as if she anticipated trouble, so I just hung my head and said nothing, for father had the floor. Well he gave me five hundred words on "foolishness," "what the boys are coming to etc," said he had been working since he was 14 years of age, and the only vacation he had was when he was in the hospital with carbuncles. Even then he lost his time, some one stole his watch, and the shoes they handed him as he left the hospital were two sizes too small. He said "Once you start to work, work! its the only way to keep out of trouble." Anyway Mother fixed it so I could go down to Long Island for a week and stop with a cousin of her's. Say Jim did you ever board with a country cousin? I mean one that loves the cows and chickens and thinks New York is next door to the bad place, a fella that has spent all his life on a farm, a fella who wears his pants in his boots and has a "Falls of Niagara" beard? One of those guys yer know that after he shakes hands with you, you think you left your mitt in his palm. Well thats the kind of a guy I am assigned to for safekeeping for a long long week. Well so long beau, will let you know later how I get along.

P. S. How's the Giants making out?

Your friend

*Hen*

**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**

1001-03 Canal-Commercial Bldg  
New Orleans, La.

May 8, 1922.

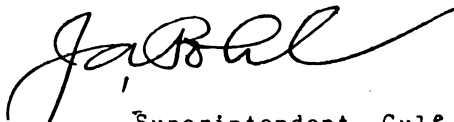
Mr. Vincent Fertitta, Chief Radio Operator,  
SS CHARLES E. HARWOOD  
c/q Pan American Transport Co.,  
Whitney Bldg. Annex,  
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sir:

I take great pleasure in handing you herewith copy of a letter received by our Mr. Duffy, New York, from the radio operator of the SS STEEL MARINER, wherein you are commended for services which you rendered on the occasion of a serious attack of illness suffered by the Captain of the SS STEEL MARINER.

A suitable record of this incident is being entered on your Service Record Card and a copy of this letter is being forwarded to our Mr. Pillsbury for the "Service News".

Yours very truly,



Superintendent, Gulf Division



S. S. STEEL MARINER  
Hampton Roads  
4/25/22

Mr. Duffy,  
Radio Corp. of America,  
326 Broadway,  
New York.

Dear Sir:

I am taking this means of notifying you of an incident which occurred a few days ago, in which the operator of the S. S. CHARLES E. HARWOOD (WID) rendered us a very valuable service. Our Captain was taken sick with appendicitis while off St. Augustine. (Fla.) and it was necessary for me to secure medical advice from that station (WAP). The static and commercial traffic interference on this particular night (April 21) was unusually heavy, making it almost impossible to receive the information which was so important to us at that time.

The operator on the ship named above, who is one of the RCA men, immediately offered his assistance and it was through him that I was able to obtain all of the instructions correctly. I would appreciate it if you would thank him for his assistance, as we are about to leave on the remainder of our voyage to Genoa and India, making it impossible for me to thank him personally.

Having followed the instructions, the Captain was greatly relieved from the pain and we headed for Hampton Roads, where we are now anchored waiting for orders from New York. It is a pleasure to know that the RCA men can be relied on to help you all they can in a situation like this, and I hope that this will receive your attention.

Respectfully yours,

(signed) Edw. J. Stockheimer,

Operator KUVK



CABLE ADDRESS "BURBAGE"  
LEWES

ESTABLISHED 1884

TELEPHONES { DAY CALL 1  
                  { NIGHT CALL 12

CODES USED  
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STANDARD SHIPPING,  
A. & C.  
WESTERN UNION

## D. W. BURBAGE & CO.,

AGENTS FOR

SHIP AND STEAMSHIP BROKERS, VESSEL OWNERS,  
CHARTERERS SHIPPERS, CONSIGNEES  
AND BANKERS

RADIO MESSAGES RECEIVED  
FROM AND SENT TO SHIPS  
AT SEA

INTERNATIONAL CODE OF  
SIGNALS USED

NIGHT SIGNALING BY MORSE  
CODE

CODE SIGNAL, B.  
2 WHISTLES IN SECONDS EACH  
BLOWN AT INTERVALS OR  
B. C. BY MORSE CODE WILL  
CALL OUR ATTENTION AND  
LAUNCHES

VESSELS REPORTED BY  
TELEPHONE CABLE OR  
TELEGRAPH IMMEDIATELY  
ROUTED AND INTERCEPTED  
OUTSIDE

LETTERS, TELEGRAMS AND  
ORDERS SENT TO US OR OUR  
OWN PROMPTLY DELIVERED  
DAY OR NIGHT

VESSELS STOPPED AND  
CLEARED AT CUSTOM HOUSE  
DAY AND NIGHT

DELAWARE BREAKWATER

LEWES, DELAWARE, U. S. A.      May 8th, 1922.

Radio Corporation of America,  
(Attention Mr. T. M. Stevens, Assistant Traffic Mgr.,  
(Marine),  
235 Broadway,  
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:-

We duly received your letter of January 11th, 1922, and beg to inform you that we have in the last few months requested by letter more than 67 Captains of our steamers for which we were agents to use your Cape May Station (radio call N.C.Y.), which they have been doing and will doubtless continue to do so as you have very efficient officers who are constantly on the job and working hard for the success of your Company and its patrons.

We wish to say that in our many years experience we have never had more pleasant and thorough business relations with any telegraph, cable or telephone company than we have had with the boys at N. C. Y.

We are constantly writing the Masters of the many steamers for which we are agents to send their messages via your Cape May Station and to always call N.C.Y. in order to avoid many hours delay.

We desire to thank your officers at N. C. Y. through your office for the very prompt and efficient manner in which they handle our business and assuring you that we are always pleased to do anything we can for the success of your Corporation, we are

Yours very truly,

D. W. BURBAGE & CO.

B/E.

By

*Daniel W. Burbage*  
Agents.

There are eight days in a week: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and To-morrow.  
Some people work on the first six and rest on the seventh.  
Some rest on the first seven and do all their work on the eighth.

## HE DOESN'T WANT MUCH

I wish I were a snowball  
A-rolling down a hill,  
I wish I were a man of snow  
And simply standing still;  
I wish I were most anything  
That wasn't hot and sticky—  
But best I'd be a piece of ice  
A-floating in a rickey!

Maybe I want an orchard,  
Maybe I want a tree,  
Maybe I simply want a fan,  
To keep the heat from me.

Maybe I want a highball,  
Maybe I want a fizz,  
Maybe I simply want a glass  
Of water as it is.

Maybe I'm very happy  
Because the sun is hot—  
You heard me, didn't you?—"Maybe!"  
Maybe again I'm not!

Oh, for a cake of ice  
And a breath of cool fresh air,  
And a glass with frost upon it,  
And a wicker rocking chair;  
And a tub of clear cold water,  
And something more to drink,  
And some one there to fan for me,  
And some one else to think!

---

DOING YOUR BEST

**L**ESLIE M. SHAW, the former Secretary of the Treasury, talked to an audience of young men in San Francisco the other evening. There was no politics to his discourse. It was made up of plain statements of fact. In a few words he laid down certain rules which every young man must observe. To ignore them means to build an impassable barricade in the road over which he expects to travel to success. The rules are simple. First, the young man must have some respectable ambition; second,

he must make the quality of his work distinguish him from his fellows. As to the outcome of the competition between a man who strives and one who just works for a living, let Secretary Shaw give a homely illustration:

"I know of a chief cook in a big hotel receiving a salary of \$10,000 a year, and I know of another who gets \$25 a month. I have sampled the product of both, and I think the \$25 man is overpaid."

It is the same in all lines of human activity. He who puts enthusiasm into his work reaps the reward that his effort deserves. He who stops short the moment his work passes muster is lucky to find employment at the common wage. Many workingmen have a habit of figuring out how much work they should do for the amount of pay they are receiving. At the close of each day they are prone to remark that the "boss" made three times more than he paid them for their day's work. All that they do is done grudgingly. They have only the wage in sight, and, no doubt, give as little return as they can safely give and still hold their positions. Such men never get anywhere, yet they wonder how it was that some busy fellow who used to work beside them managed to make a name and a big salary for himself. It was the result of industry.

The key to success is within reach of all. Secretary Shaw points straight to where it hangs when he says: "Young man, work for your employer. Render two dollars' worth of work for every dollar you get, and, my word for it, someone will discover you."

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### LIMERICK

A tutor who tuted the flute  
Tried to tutor the tutors to toot,  
They said to the tutor  
Is it harder to toot or to tutor two tooters to toot?

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### RADIO AIDS THE DISTRESSED

W. B. Midgett, a coast guard at Maneto, S. C., gives thanks for his life to the wireless, aided by the airplane.

Midgett was overcome by gasoline fumes at Maneto. The one physician in the vicinity was away and a wireless message for medical assistance was broadcasted. The call was picked up by the Hampton Roads naval operating base, and Lieut. C. L. Haynes, naval surgeon, responded in an airplane.

Haynes covered the 150 miles in less than two hours. Midgett will recover.

Quick work on the part of a wireless operator saved the life of Carl Peterson, a seaman of the Steamer *Sherman*, anchored off the Statue of Liberty, N. Y. Harbor. The operator picked up the



*Sherman's* call for a doctor and relayed it to police headquarters, and Inspector Halleck went out to the *Sherman* on the police boat *John F. Hylan* after calling an ambulance from the Broad Street Hospital.

Peterson, a mechanic on the *Sherman*, was hoisting a heavy casting on board ship when it fell and crushed his left leg, severing an artery. Inspector Halleck and others made a tourniquet, with which they stopped the flow of blood and hastened to Pier A with the injured man. There he was taken to Broad Street Hospital, where it was stated it would not be necessary to amputate Peterson's leg. The injured man's home is at 327 Forty-third Street, Brooklyn.

Captain G. T. Pickford, of the British Steamship *Kenbane Head*, died of peritonitis, at the Riverside Hospital recently.

Captain Pickford was a distinguished service man of the British Navy and was taken seriously ill while the vessel was enroute to Newport News from New Orleans. He remained in delirium and was kept alive until the vessel docked through wireless communication with two other vessels that had doctors on board them. Through the doctors' advice medical attention was rendered the captain by the members of the crew.

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### THE BLUES

*By Walt Mason*

Presentments of ill sometimes oppress a gent; his heart receives a chill, he's full of discontent. All things, he grimly feels, are going to the dogs, and in his head the wheels are badly slipping cogs. To perish in the ditch his plans predestined are; it is no use to hitch his wagon to a star. Vague fears depress his soul, and naught can comfort lend; the poorhouse is his goal, and Potter's Field his end. The good old sun may shine and lighten up the globe, but still he will repine and fret and tear his robe. The birds may sing their songs—he hears not the refrain; he's brooding o'er his wrongs, his sorrow and his pain. He sulks around his home until his wife could wish to bat him on the dome with some old chafing dish. A widespread gloom he breeds, he makes his fellows sick, and all this mortal needs is one swift well-placed kick.

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### RESCUED BY RADIO

**T**HE SEATTLE TIMES of October 31st, published a thrilling account, received by radio, of the rescue of all hands from a sinking ship in mid-Pacific, with heavy weather and a blinding snowstorm. The story is so remarkable that we reprint it in full:

In the longest range newspaper interview, approximately 2,600 miles, ever handled by wireless on the Pacific Ocean. Captain Fred H. Pearson, heroic master of the Waterhouse

steamship *West Ivan*, today gives to the TIMES readers the full details of the disaster that overcame the Japanese steamship *Fukui Maru* 1,200 miles off Cape Flattery. The handling of the interview by the United States Radio Communication Service is regarded by experts as a triumph in the use of wireless for modern newspaper purposes.

The TIMES Saturday drew up a series of questions to Captain Pearson. The message containing the questions was sent by the radio station of the Naval Station, Puget Sound, to the naval radio station at Cordova, Alaska, a distance of more than 1,200 miles as the bird flies. The Cordova station wirelessly the questions to the naval radio station on St. Paul Island, Pribilofs, Bering Sea, a distance of nearly 900 miles. The naval radio on St. Paul Island wirelessly the questions to the *West Ivan's* radio operator, the vessel being 1,500 miles off Cape Flattery, or about 500 miles distant from St. Paul.

#### CAPTAIN PEARSON ANSWERS

On receiving the questions, Captain Pearson not only sat down and wrote his own interview on the *West Ivan's* part in the disaster, but also interviewed Captain S. Harata, master of the *Fukui Maru*, on the causes of the disaster. He then wirelessly the two interviews to the TIMES, the message following the same round-about but certain route back to Seattle, and arriving here early this morning.

Wallowing in savage seas which swept her fore and aft: her forward end gone, her collision bulkhead smashed, her hull listing heavily to port, her holds filling with water, her wheat shipments swelling as a result of becoming wet, and bursting the hull's sides, while fierce winds and a blinding snowstorm lashed the ocean—this was the wild spectacle of tragedy presented by the *Fukui Maru* when she was sighted by the *West Ivan* last Thursday. Then followed nearly five hours of heartbreaking stress before the Japanese ship's officers and crew, numbering 45 men, stood safely aboard the *Ivan's* decks.

One of the Japanese seamen fell into the raging waves while helping to launch a lifeboat but was rescued.

#### JAPANESE CAPTAIN INTERVIEWED

Captain Harata's interview, as dictated to Captain Pearson, follows:

"The first trouble occurred October 24 when we experienced a very bad storm. Strong head winds and seas carried away the forward part of the ship and also the starboard bridge. The ship began taking water very fast. We made ineffective repairs out of canvas, blankets and lumber. The morning of October 27 the collision bulkhead gave way

and the water poured into No. 1 hold. We started discharging the deckload. We were unable to use the No. 1 bilge pumps. They were stopped up with wheat. The engine room began leaking on the starboard side. The ship was taking a heavy port list. The generator room became flooded, but the wireless was able to continue operating by means of the storage batteries. We tried to run for Dutch Harbor, but it was too far away."

In his own interview, Captain Pearson gives a modest account of his part in the daring rescue of the *Fukui* survivors, passing lightly over the fact that the greatest skill and nerve were required in maneuvering his own vessel.

#### RECEIVES DISTRESS CALL

"We received the *Fukui Maru's* distress call at 9:50 o'clock the morning of October 27," he says in the message, "and turned our ship around and headed for them—approximately 25 miles away—forcing our engines to the maximum, but we were handicapped on account of head winds and seas, with a blinding snowstorm.

"At 11:14 o'clock, the crow's nest sighted the *Fukui*. At 12:10 we went alongside, our crew at the lifeboat stations, ready to launch the boats.

"The *Fukui Maru* was in a very bad condition. She had a heavy list to port. The starboard bridge was gone. A ragged hole showed in the bow. She was shipping seas fore and aft and her forward deckload was partly gone.

"They used flag signals, saying their ship was sinking and they must abandon her at once. They attempted to launch two boats on the lee side, but were unsuccessful. Then they succeeded in launching one boat on the weather side. One man fell overboard but was hauled back with a rope. Then they got two more boats into the water. Their lifeboats were in bad shape and the crew was much excited. They took one hour and 28 minutes to launch the boats.

"Heavy seas were running and the wind kept increasing. We had difficulty in maneuvering our ship to stay alongside on account of the wind and seas.

#### SURVIVORS TAKEN ABOARD

"At 3:56 o'clock their boats were alongside the *West Ivan* and we took the men aboard. All on board the *Fukui* are accounted for. The *Fukui* was afloat when we left, but it seemed that she must sink soon because of the storm. A hatch was open and her wheat shipments in the lower holds had expanded and burst the ship when the grain got wet. All the officers and crew are in good health. We are carrying them to Yokohama."

The *Fukui*, however, had not sunk by Saturday afternoon, being sighted at that time some distance from the scene of the rescue by the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Russia*, bound from Japan to Vancouver, B. C. The *Fukui's* lumber shipments probably kept her afloat. She has become a menace to navigation unless she has foundered since Saturday.

The *Fukui* was one of the vessels operated between the Sound and the Orient by the Yamashita Steamship Company of Japan, represented in the Northwest by A. M. Gillespie, Inc., of Seattle. She sailed from Tacoma, October 14, with 2,000,000 feet of lumber and 1,500 tons of wheat from that port and Seattle.

The *West Ivan*, one of the Shipping Board carriers operated by Frank Waterhouse & Company in the Seattle-Oriental routes, sailed from this port October 19 with a full cargo. Her wireless equipment is operated by the Radio Corporation of America.

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## 64 BROAD STREET

### THE WORLD'S RADIO CENTER

**T**HE radio center of the world is the United States. Nine of every ten persons who have heard the voice of WJZ or seen a spark jump a gap know that; but probably not more than one of the knowing nine could tell just where the radio center of the United States is.

The reason why the amateurs and broadcast listeners would go wrong in picking the spot where the radio activity of the world is centered is that almost all would name the huge Radio Corporation station out at Rocky Point, near Port Jefferson, L. I., which on November 5 last went into service by flashing a greeting from President Harding so far that the radio waves from east and west met on the other side of the globe.

As a matter of fact, this station is the most powerful on earth, but it is merely a part of the real center of the radio world. This center is located on the second floor of an unpretentious building at 64 Broad Street, N. Y. Here, in a single room, are the operators controlling the Rocky Point station, the two sending stations at Tuckerton, N. J.; the New Brunswick (N. J.) and Marion (Mass.) sending stations, and handling the messages picked up from all over Europe at the receiving station at Riverhead, L. I. Here is where radio reaches the zenith of its many achievements in timeless communication.

The picture most people form in their minds of a great wireless station engaged in international communication work has vividly in the foreground a big group of frantic operators literally whipping messages into the ether under the very shadow of the towering antenna, with high frequency waves throbbing through its wires.

Nothing could be more picturesque—or less true. There are no operators at Rocky Point, Tuckerton, New Brunswick, Marion or Riverhead. They are all at 64 Broad street, and the instruments that control the tremendous power of the stations and the 11,500 to 17,000 meter wave lengths they emit are simply modified typewriters. And, most astonishing of all, the great roads of ethereal communication dwindle at each end to bits of paper tape not half an inch wide.

So far has automatism been carried that a bit of perforated tape in Broad street sends a message to Europe without the aid of human hands. And at the other end another bit of tape, likewise without prompting by men, takes the message out of the air and visualizes it for the operator in a wavering line of blue ink.

The story of the development and simplification of international radio communication to this stage is the story of the Radio Corporation itself. The company was formed two years ago at the suggestion of the United States Government to establish a radio network which would place this country abreast of Great Britain and France, with their many cables and telegraph lines, in matters of international communication.

There are, of course, other departments, but the big feature of 64 Broad street is the operating room on the second floor. Here are nine big tables that are the heart of the communication service. At each table are places for five men, three on one side, two on the other. Sometimes during the rush hours all these places are occupied; at other times one operator on each side is sufficient.

In front of the men on one side of the table are placed the messages just written by business houses or individuals in New York directed to people in European countries to which the table is operating. The sending operator types the message on an ordinary typewriter keyboard, but instead of type bars imprinting their characters on paper a series of dots is punched in a narrow tape. The dots actually are the continental code; two dots, one above the other on the tape indicating a dot; and two, one above and the other below and to the right, a dash. There is a slight space on the tape between each letter.

The tape, moving always at uniform speed across the perforating machine, passes on to a small Wheatstone transmitter. This machine consists of apparatus by which two steel fingers, "reading" the perforations on the paper, convert them into dots and dashes on a telegraph wire and transmit them to the radio stations at Rocky Point, Tuckerton, Marion or New Brunswick, where automatically they actuate the great Alexanderson alternators.

These alternators and vacuum tubes are two of the most important contributions of the United States to radio invention. They are dynamos of a novel design. Instead of turning out electricity at sixty cycles, they produce alternating currents of 15,000 to 26,000 cycles. Such alternating currents make possible long wave lengths and great sending radius. One of these alternators is already in use in Carnarvon, Wales, a big English Marconi sending station, and two are to go to Poland.

Once the message is in the ether, the mission of this perforated tape ceases. In order to keep a check on the wire circuit over which the message is flashing to the sending station there is on the roof of 64 Broad street an antenna which brings down into the operating room the wireless message which is being sent to Europe and reproduces the signals into a loud speaker in front of the operator. Thus he hears the message which he is sending from a station fifty or sixty miles away to a station several thousand miles distant as easily as if he were just under the big antenna.

While messages are flitting to Great Britain, for example, on one side of a table at rate which can be from five to 100 words a minute, the operators on the other side of the table are at another task. From the single receiving station at Riverhead, where messages from all the big stations of Europe are coming in, those from Great Britain are taken out of the ether and automatically placed on the wire of the British circuit. This brings it to the receiving side of the British duplex operating table at Broad street.

Here the impulses on the wire terminate in a graphic or ink recorder. This is a large electro-magnet, in the field of which is a light coil. Under the magnetism generated by the current the coil responds by tiny movements up and down. These movements are passed on to a little pen pressing against a moving paper tape. Every motion of the coil is thus recorded on paper. The record is of a straight line in which a narrow conelike deviation like an inverted "V" is a dot, and a deviation three times as broad on top is a dash.

According to the speed with which the radio on the other side of the ocean is sending, one, two or three operators type the messages from the moving tape. One man can handle thirty words, two men sixty, and three up to a hundred words a minute. One of the Radio Corporation operators at work daily in the 64 Broad street office is Jose Seron, a young Chilean, who at the recent Radio show won the world's championship by receiving forty-nine and a half words a minute. The most expert operators in the world handle the tremendous flow of messages.

To demonstrate forcibly the meaning of duplex operation in the matter of speed, *The New York Herald* representative's name was written on a slip of paper and handed to the sending operator with the request that it be sent to Europe and repeated back to New York. The operator perforated it on his machine; the Wheatstone transmitter seized it and whirled it to the alternators out at New Brunswick; the ether waves at 186,000 miles a second carried it to Towyn, Wales, the receiving station for Carnarvon; it passed thence over fifty miles of land wire to Carnarvon, where it was flung into the ether again and whirled back to Riverhead, whence it shot along a land wire to 64 Broad street again and ran through the graphic recorder. How long it took, the visitor cannot say. By the time he had decided to take out his watch to see how many seconds the 6,000 mile trip consumed, the ink recorder had quite finished.

An interesting point in the business of the operating room is the fact that the big sending stations at Nauen and Eilvese, Germany, and the receiving station at Berlin are doing much business with this country via radio. Great Britain has her cables, and therefore does not take to the ether so readily as Germany.

The lesser cost of messages by wireless, about a third less than by cable, is probably another reason why the merchants of the war-impooverished country use radio. The stations continuously busy are Bordeaux, sending on a 23,000 meter wave length, Carnarvon, Wales, 14,100 meters; Stavanger, Norway, 12,000 meters, Nauen and Eilvese, Germany, 12,600 and 14,700 meters, respectively.

In the two years in which the Radio Corporation has been engaged in the task of putting the United States on the international communication map it has been competing against seventeen Atlantic cables, owned for a large part by British and French companies, although the majority are now under lease to American cable companies. At the present time the Radio Corporation handles more than 20 per cent of the total trans-Atlantic traffic.

## RADIO CENTRAL

**T**HE land of Promise is sure one busy place. Take it from us. Of course, we can't give out any definite information, but from the way things look around here anyone wanting vegetables in carload lots may apply to us in August.

By crackie, the gang has taken to raising high frequency vegetables. You should see them. Sauerkraut bushes and succotash trees are planted all over the place.

We have a new dynamo tender in our midst, one Fred Bourret, formerly the chief electrician for the Ward Baking Company, Brooklyn. I don't know for sure, but I think he is the guy that put the currents (currants) in Ward's Bread.

Well, Tuckerton, Jack Mott has left us. I think he is getting ready to whistle somewhere around Trenton. Harry Kohl has just come in with his usual bale of Union Leader. Harry sure enjoys good tobacco. Radio Central is soon to molt. In other words we are going to lose our Feathers. They are going to Honolulu. Spot Sallamons has something funny on his upper lip. It looks like he swallowed a sink brush and it broke out. Schou is sporting a pair of boxing glove shoes since he is an engineer. Instead of going to his head I think it effected his feet.

Rumor has it that W. A. R. Brown is contemplating buying the majority of stock in the Glover Mange Cure Company, so he can have an unlimited supply on hand. From the appearance of his polished spot I think he has taken to drink, for there are no signs of life up there and what else could one do with hair tonic?

O yes, I almost forgot, as soon as the Rocky Point Infantry gets over spring fever we will continue work on our receiving station. The antenna will be a magnificent affair—the last word in such. It will even make the Eiffel Tower sit back and take notice. Then there will be no excuse for the gang running in to Port Jefferson to Athena Hall, where they spend as much as twenty-eight cents for amusement.

The Town Board has erected a new sign since Doc. Usselman got his new car. The sign reads "Slow down to 100 miles an hour within town limits."

Order four dozen pancakes, here comes Riley.

Mr. and Mrs. Oberwetter and Mrs. Pierz, our new cooks, are sure there. You don't have to eat anything to find it out, just look how pleasingly plump we are all getting.

A visitor asked Ritz what Corona was and he said, "It's the most wonderful place there is." I guess he thinks so, for he sure gets a powerful bunch of mail from Corona, Long Island.



At last we have solved a great mystery. We have wondered what Schaefer was going to do when he grew old. Well, it's out. Judging from the number of school teachers Ole Schaefer knows he should have little trouble in getting enough votes to be on the Skule Board for the remainder of his days.

### RIVERHEAD RAVINGS!

**W**ELL, gang, here we are again! About time, after those heavy remarks from Chat(tering)ham outfit. Never mind, old CM, you were pretty good in your day, you know.

Lots of scandal in RD these balmy spring days. Excuse any poetic propensity I may seem inclined to show, because it is spring you know, and "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Ask Leuteritz, he knows. That honorable gent walked in on us the other day, and nonchalantly announces that he marries next month. Hop to it, old boy, for you will do some hopping afterwards. If you don't believe me, "Ask the man who owns one."

The Dodge Bros. have located in Riverhead now. Ty wasn't to be outdone by Barney, our noble gardner, so he took unto himself—a Dodge car. Fooled you that time! The roads down this way were bad enough, but now they are worse, since this chariot has been speeding around. It sure is terrible on hair nets.

Gosh! Nothing like having a wonder man around. Everybody in town is always wondering what Bourne is going to do next. After Ty gets his benzine buggy, Bourne motahs up in another Dodge. Each has to put his initials on, so they won't get 'em mixed. And you outa see the females in this one-cop burg look when Bo breezes down the main boulevard. Of course, he either runs out of gas or has three blowouts when he is out riding with his girl's aunts, or some aunt's niece; but what does romance care for such earthly trifles. The other day, he walked in almost undressed! His moustache was gone. Now the girls are taking back what they said about "he oil-cans," since they have seen his face for the first time. Will some dynamo tender kindly tell us what an "oil-can" is? Here's another secret—Bourne is an accomplished bugler. Ex-navy men, please note.

And then comes the Receiving Engineer Extraordinary, Mr. Carl Dreher. That Bolshevistic person of the delicious logic who calmly but firmly insists that "the world is wrong, I'm right." We never saw a man who loves his relations the way Carl does, for he is always making a radio set for some sister, brother, or someone in the family. And write! You ought to see that boy swing his wicked Waterman. Yes, sir—

look in a recent issue of the Smart Set for a story about something like The Tenth Decade; we don't know the exact title, for he modestly refused to divulge it, but it is there, anyway. We never knew we had such versatile talent in our midst. Carl is pretty foxy, but we are on to him now, after seeing him so often with a wolf.

And now we have interlopers in our midst. Moulton and his trusty Essex have parked themselves near the town pump. But the less I tell you about him, the more you will imagine, and you will never go wrong. How about that, Brownlie? If Miss Staff could only see the Miss Takes A. B. M. is out with here in Riverhead, wouldn't his upper lip appendage be ruffled up some? Even Callahan seems to forget Long Branch when he inhales the Long Island ozone. Why do you fall for the deaf ones, tho', Callahan—do they like to hear your "sweet nothings" as you so ardently whisper them in the moonlight?

Society Notes—Mr. MacDonald has returned from Nas-sau after a very pleasant sojourn, and seems to be well browned. The land of rum must have agreed with Mac.

We sure do miss Mike, now that Fred Johnston has gone a-Polin gen famille. The last heard from Fred was a radiogram well out past the three-mile limit, and he had his foot on the rail when he sent it, for he said, "Everything fine, and getting better." Here's hoping Volstead doesn't see this paragraph. We all wish you the best of luck, Fred, OM.

Well, I guess that about completes the Riverhead obituary. Oh no! I almost forgot Wee Willie Williams, our sober-minded, female despising knob-twirler. At last, he has condescended to look twice at some of the Riverhead damsels, but that's all. Wish we knew how he does it (altho' we wouldn't do it if we could) while the rest of us are enmeshed in the talons of the local (un)fair sex. We are terribly anxious to see what CM has gotten off his chest (besides that porous plaster) so we, RD, the nemesis of hard working Broad Street, will bid you "cul."

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#### MARION

**V**ACATIONS have started at last. Walt Wagner was the first off. He reports from his old home town, Dunellen, N. J., that since he left there has been a great many changes taken place. They have two engines at the roundhouse now, and one more tree planted.

If you are looking for something, just mention the word "fire" around here. A forest fire on the Cape swept right under our control line to CM, leaving a mass of charred poles

minus cross arms and insulators. What a sweet time our congenial lineman, Wicked Wixon, is having these days. Nothing to do but eat cake and live a life of luxury!

The other day the boys at this station were talking about prohibition. Bill Beltz informed us it is so dry out in Kansas they have frogs that haven't swam a stroke in eight years.

The tennis court here has been fixed up and once more has the reputation of being the best court for miles around, and Marion can certainly boast of some wonderful courts. By the time this goes to press Mr. Clifton will be serving them up a la Tilden.

We have a new arrival here in the presence of Mark Strausburger as shift engineer to take the vacancy created by Bill Beltz taking over Doc Cumming's position temporarily. Strausburger was formerly at New Brunswick. We all feel that New Brunswick's loss was our gain.

Plans are being formulated for a dance and party to be given at the hotel by the bunch. Egg throwing will be one of the features. It is hoped that something will go wrong with the Marine set so that F. H. Kroger of New York will be present to take part in the game.

One night Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Cumming were being taught the finer points of the game of tennis. Someone kept calling "deuce". Mrs. Higgins kindly informed them she was there for one purpose only and that was to "reduce".

Sam Sadler offers a defi to any member of the RCA's staff in the whole country in a "grub consuming" contest, either for endurance or speed. Sam sits next to one end of the table and Bill Beltz, who throws it down, sits on the other end. Before Bill has finished the eighth round, Sam is back again with his platter for the second load.

The members of the staff here have heard glowing tales of big eaters that have gone but are not forgotten. One Bill Dunn, now of New Brunswick, had the reputation of never finishing second to anyone in this respect. Now what would be more novel than an eating contest by radio? Surely it would set a precedent and to the winner we would present a suitable prize such as a cut-glass pool stick. Samuel, however, suggests starting off with a light lunch as a preliminary, first, consisting of two bushels of beans and a half dozen pies. How about it, Bill Dunn?

Everyone here is as crazy over tennis as the public is over radio sets. In fact, nearly every one owns a racket, and those that don't. have requisitioned shovels, pitch forks and barrel staves with a pie plate nailed on the end. In fact, so many want the court at times, it is necessary to "roll the bones" to see who'll get it. And only last night, the two

original "Knutt" twins, "Wall Knutt" Beltz and "Pea Knutt" Kennedy, slept out all night on the court so as to be there first in the morning. "And they shot men like Lincoln."

### BOLINAS

**W**E will commence the evening's program with a pathetic little ballad entitled, "She's Only a Bootlegger's Daughter, But We All Love Her Still," by Slattery, accompanied by McGah.

We missed out on last month's bulletin due to the fact that one of our shiftless engineers failed to blow out this mill which was clogged with eraser fillings. However, we will try to make up for lost time.

In the March issue we welcomed Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dean to our midst; in addition thereto we are pleased to announce the arrival of an eight pound daughter, Frances Elizabeth Dean. Mother and daughter are doing nicely, thank you.

Reduction in the outside force lost us the congenial company of Messrs. Lauff and Albright; we wish them bon voyage and speedy re-employment. We were about to announce the arrival of Mr. J. M. Flottman, when the gentleman in question left for the big city, post haste. Must have been the call of the wild *waves*? versus the tune of the alternator! Why leave so soon, J. F.? Don't you know that giant nuts from oily acorns grow?

We have two new arrivals since the last issue, E. C. Hersam and A. E. Larsen, who are chuck full of mathematics and ambition (a rare combination), with which they should progress rapidly.

Tom, the station feline, is no more. After having eight of his nine lives snuffed out recently by getting across the 11,000 volt feeder, he developed some boils or cancer and had a failing of calling on us when we were not in, so Mr. Lufkin volunteered to relieve him of his sufferings, and left the hotel and Tom with a 32, returned with the 32 thinking Tom safely disposed of, but had his dream rudely interrupted by the announcement that Tom was on the boiler downstairs, where he was finally disposed of.

Mr. Lufkin celebrated his promotion to shift engineer by buying a Chevrolet; yeah, a runabout (ten minutes, then stop).

Willow Camp opens in the near future so will not expect to see much of Ray Pepper after the ladies arrive.

The fishing season opened the first of May and if Lufkin and Pepper have left any, we might enjoy a fry of rainbow trout. We have noticed a peculiar odor about the power house around the midnight hours. (Sort of fishy.)

The population got together the other night and reorganized the Hermits' Club, with Mr. Baker as president and Mr. Hersam as secretary-treasurer. The purpose of the club is to furnish good looking girls for those that are either too slow or homely to get them. Outside gang take note. We have some real live doings coming up in the near future, including a social dance and card party. We thank Messrs. Philbrick and Dean for their helpful co-operation and advice in forming the same.

T. S. Baker is nursing a bad burn on his thumb on account of the fact that he disputed the accuracy of the G. E. high frequency ammeter and tested the radiation of the antenna by the digit method. He still thinks the meters read about 100% short.

We went over to Marshall to borrow a detector bulb for our monitor set (radio concerts) but upon arriving here found the same burnt out. No fooling, Burns; some of these deceiving engineers would give a shiftless engineer the D. T.'s.

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#### GOOD WORK

Mr. Ole M. Hovgaard, Chief Operator,  
S. S. Camden, United Fruit Co.,  
Cristobal, Canal Zone.

Dear Sir: We were very pleased to receive your letter dated April 11th, from Seatia, Cuba, informing us of the communication established by your vessel with our K. P. H. Station, when 750 miles north of Colon, on March 5th, 1922. Also a communication, established on March 5th, on 450 meters with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  KW. Our superintendent in charge of the K. P. H. Station informs us that your vessel is heard quite often, indicating the good carrying quality of your set. We are glad to have this matter called to our attention, and wish to express our appreciation and thanks for your co-operation.

Yours very truly,

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA,

Per A. A. Isbell,

General Superintendent, Pacific Division.

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#### THE CLICKS

**T**HE May meeting took the form of a theater party and those who attended will not soon forget The French Doll.

A real June party is on for the Seventeenth when the girls will go off on a good comfortable boat for the afternoon and evening. There will be music on board and no limit placed on the good time to be had. Now wouldn't you like to go?

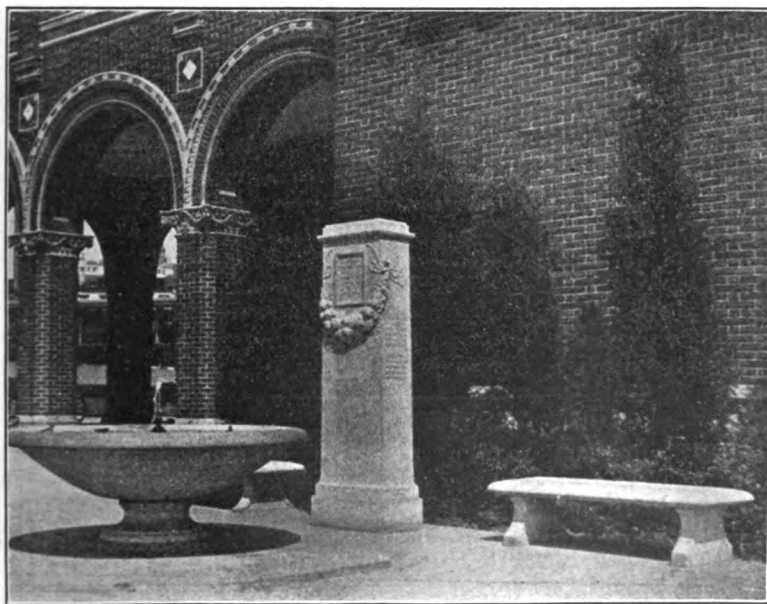
Some special work has been done in connection with interesting the new employees in The Clicks, but to date there has been little response.

As there was no regular business meeting in May it is hoped that all members will be present on June 16 at the usual hour to help with the furthering of plans for the coming season.

### OUR HONORED DEAD

The Wireless Memorial Fountain in Battery Park, N. Y., was tastefully decorated on Decoration day by the Radio Corporation following its annual custom, under the supervision of Superintendent Duffy. A number of officials and operators participated in the ceremony. Brief remarks were made by Major J. A. White and G. Horace Porter.

The fountain has been renovated and additional names cut on it under direction of General Superintendent Pillsbury and Mr. Duffy, who are respectively president and treasurer of the Association. The shaft now carries the names of twenty-two of our associates who have sacrificed their lives in performance of duty.



MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, NEW YORK

### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Mr. E. J. Nally, President, and Mrs. Nally, returned from Europe on the *Homeric*, May 4.

Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board, returned on the *Baltic*.

Mr. R. A. Weagant, Consulting Engineer, has returned from Nassau, B. W. I., after a protracted absence on research work.

Messrs. L. Lemon, Director of Production, William Brown, Attorney, J. M. Sawyer of the Sales Department, C. J. Ross, Comptroller, and G. S. De Sousa, Treasurer, have returned from a business trip to Chicago.

Mr. David Sarnoff, General Manager, attended a meeting of the Westinghouse Field and Headquarters Sales managers at Lakewood, N. J. by invitation of Vice-President Shute of the Westinghouse Company and delivered an address on the subject of radio.

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### A FAR-FLUNG CONCERT

Concerts from the Fairmont Hotel KDN station were heard by E. M. Bain, wireless operator of the steamship *Tahiti*, MYN, while the ship was in Papeete Harbor, Tahiti, 3,600 miles from San Francisco. While en route from Australia to San Francisco, 1,500 miles from San Francisco, Bain was able to hear messages being sent from San Francisco better than at a distance of 200 miles.

Bain says that he keeps up a regular communication with KPH, a station at Bolinas, while the ship is within a radius of 4,000 miles of that place and can quite often hear them from a distance of 5,000 miles.

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### AN APPRECIATION

The staff of Siasconset (WSC) wishes to congratulate operators on S. S. *Steel Engineer* (KDCX), especially for their efficient handling of traffic through a heavy jam April 26th. Siasconset's log states: "Operator on KDCX should be commended for his interest and assistance."

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### STATIC CLUB

**T**HE spring dinner of the Static Club at Hotel Astor, N. Y., May 4, was largely attended and greatly enjoyed.

The principal speaker was Mr. Ira J. Adams, Patent attorney, who gave an interesting and highly amusing talk on patents. A committee consisting of Messrs. Kaminsky, MacCormack and Crocker was appointed to form a glee club, with Mr. Henry as accompanist. There are many fine voices in the club.

## BORN

At Bolinas, California, March 19, to Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dean, a daughter, Francis Elizabeth, eight and one-half pounds. Mr. Dean is Assistant Engineer-in-charge at Bolinas station.

## EASTERN DIVISION

**O**WING to a change in our telephone number it is necessary that this subject be again taken up and explained so that operators having occasion to communicate with this office after hours, on holidays or Sundays, may do so.

The number to call is Franklin 1141. During the business day no difficulty is experienced but some difficulty may be met at other than business hours as there are five trunks, 1140 to 1144, and any of them, the telephone company's representative admits, may be connected by the operator disregarding the request of the caller for a particular number. Therefore when calling 1141 you are just as likely to be connected with 1143, which is allotted to the Wireless Press after hours, and the telephone may be ringing in the closed office upstairs without being heard. The operator will then report that 1141 does not answer while we are sitting beside that particular telephone probably awaiting your call.

You must insist, therefore, that the operator connect you with 1141 if you are calling this office, or 1140 if the M. R. I. office is wanted. The Radio Institute's number is Franklin 1144. The Head Office numbers are Barclay 4780 to 4795. The Marine Information Bureau of this company, open 24 hours every day, is Broad 5100. That office may be of service to operators in emergency when all other offices are closed. Home telephone numbers of officials are on file there.

From correspondence and a lengthy newspaper clipping received from Lister D. Payne we learn that he had the misfortune of losing a suit of clothes he had just purchased, all his money and other personal effects, when the pier at which the *Santa Barbara* was docked in Baltimore caught fire and the flames were communicated to the vessel. The fire spread rapidly and it required quick action on the part of the crew to get the ship away from the burning pier. The superstructure was partly destroyed but the fire did no damage to the hull. A commendable bit of work on the part of Operator Payne was that in the excitement while he might have been saving his effects from the sleeping room he went instead to the radio room where he busied himself protecting the apparatus and closing the ports. As a result of his work the apparatus was not damaged while all adjoining rooms were gutted.



Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Natalie M. Bailey to A. E. Kierstead, one of our popular operators, who has been in our service since 1918, when he returned from France after having received several severe wounds in battle. The date of the marriage has not yet been set. Mr. Kierstead is at present running between New York and Houston, on the *Franklin*.

The *Franklin* is one of the few vessels on which the old rate of \$105 is still maintained and no clerical or other duties are required. She is one of the largest vessels in coastwise trade and has very comfortable radio and sleeping quarters for the operator. (Following this announcement we predict no less than 892 requests for assignment to the *Franklin*.)

S. Wiederman recently had an unpleasant experience when the *Concord* ran aground in Long Island sound and remained lying on her side for almost two days before she was finally floated. It was during a cold snap and the position of the vessel made walking and working difficult. As for sleep, Wiederman had none until after the vessel was safely docked in New York.

Mr. James' yacht *Aloha* is due in New York within the next few weeks and we predict that as the day of her arrival here grows nearer our telephone service may be disrupted.

Merritt E. Arbuckle, whose meritorious poem on "Home" appeared in last month's issue, sailed May 15 on the *Robert E. Hopkins*.

Rufus C. Thomas is now operator on the *Lake Arthur* on the New York-Richmond run. A. H. Perreault, whom Thomas relieved, is taking charge of the radio on the laid-up Shipping Board fleet No. 4. Paul G. Bergin, who spent the winter on the fleet, is now awaiting a ship to Europe.

Clement J. Shields, of Brooklyn, entered our service May 13 and sailed on the *Dixie Arrow*.

Oscar Foy was compelled to leave the *Maracaibo* on account of illness. His place was taken by E. I. Hoffman. Joseph Lombardi remains as junior.

Israel Diamond is now on the *Castletown* running for the Munson Line to the West Indies and South America.

Robert B. Henry was transferred from the *Munaires* to the Grace liner *Mineola*. P. J. Donohue, who was on the *Mineola*, sailed on the *Garfield*.

E. J. Marschall arrived from a long voyage on the *Archer* and is now awaiting another assignment.

George M. Shelgell was taken into our ranks during the month and is serving as junior on the *City of St. Louis* with George Kavanagh. Fred L. Cummings, former junior, left for the Pacific on *Montgomery City* of the Isthmian Line.

Now that the weather is so fine, how many men are there in our various offices who wouldn't like to exchange places with the operators and take a run over to, say, Germany? Chalk up one in the affirmative!

### BOSTON DISTRICT

**N**ORMAN FILSON has again left the service and his job now is to push radio apparatus over the counter to the increasing number of new radio enthusiasts in exchange for their shining clankers.

G. E. Travis is junior on the *North Land*.

Ralph Rice missed the first trip of the *Ransom B. Fuller*, but was right on deck for the second trip.

Enos Rova has resigned. His plans for the future were not definite, but he has our best wishes for success.

The following men are on the C. T. C. ships: E. L. Bracey, *Hampden*; E. P. Barth, *Transportation*; C. E. Willett, *Norfolk*; R. C. Aleckna, *Bristol*; G. W. Robinson, *Suffolk*; W. H. Bestgen, *Middlesex*; and G. W. Trudeau, *Coastwise*.

Willie Westinghouse Edison Smith has nothing on Ruthven Bogardus of the *Munabro*, when it comes to finding out what makes the wheels go 'round.

### BALTIMORE DISTRICT

**T**HE new Ore Steamship Corporation's combination ore and oil carrier *Marore* is being fitted with a standard 2 KW. P8A set at Sparrow's Point by Constructor Grantlin.

The *Hamilton* of the Old Dominion Transportation Company will also receive the same type of equipment this month.

Vacuum tube installations were effected on the steamers *Freeport Sulphur No. 5*, *Jefferson*, *Clement Smith*, *Standard*, *Norlina*, *Charles Braley* and *Santa Rosa* last month.

John T. Hovan was assigned to the *Clement Smith* recently. A trip as Third Officer on one of the Shipping Board vessels convinced Hovan that he preferred to be an operator.

After being on the *Carenco* for over two years, Joseph P. Hunter deserted his home for the *Glen Ridge*.

District Manager Gilpin of Norfolk was in Baltimore recently on a one-day visit.

Raymond D. Thelberg was transferred to the *City of Flint*, ex-Operator Louis Kanter.

G. R. Anderson is relieving Arbuckle on the *Standard* for one trip.

The *Winding Gulf* was recently re-commissioned with T. W. Bean in charge.

## GULF DIVISION

**H**ARRY GOLDSTEIN has been transferred from the *Liberty Bell* to the *Dillwyn*; he was relieved on the *Liberty Bell* by Raymond C. Johnson, a new man in the service.

V. M. Thomas, a recent entrant into the service, has been assigned to the *Jomar*.

John C. Hancock has been transferred from the *Sucrosa* to the *Levant Arrow*, relieving Leslie Veader, transferred to the *Sucrosa*.

Robert B. Parmenter has relieved B. G. Tempest, who has returned to New York for re-assignment.

George H. Reachard has re-entered the service on the *Effna*, where he relieved E. C. Grant, resigned.

Emanuel Lemelson, late of the good ship *Orleans*, is now flipping nickels on a New Orleans street car.

Frank G. Hull has been transferred from the *Lake Gera* to the *W. L. Connelly*, relieving Henry Bodin, who has been granted on extended leave of absence. Hull has been succeeded on the *Lake Gera* by A. J. Hoff.

John E. McMillan has come back to the fold, and is now in charge on the *Cerro Azul*.

William S. Marks has re-entered the service with assignment to the Shipping Board tanker *Dannedaike*.

With the laying up of the *Harry Farnum*, David L. Stokely has been transferred to the *E. R. Kemp*, relieving Dewey S. Scherrer; Scherrer has subsequently been assigned to the *Freeport Sulphur No. 1*.

Miss Emma L. Collins has relieved Miss Edyth L. Bradley as stenographer at the Division office. There's reason for that pesky Traffic Clerk buying so much candy, gum, etc., lately.

## GREAT LAKES DIVISION

## CLEVELAND

**M**R. NICHOLAS is negotiating with a Wheeling, West Virginia, concern for the installation of four sets on tow boats, running up and down the Allegheny River. In addition to these ship board installations, the Wheeling people have in mind four coastal stations to be stretched out over a distance of 450 miles along the river. These ship board jobs are quite a departure from either lake or ocean-going vessel installations, as low bridges which do not swing or raise must be considered when erecting the masts. It brings back the olden days when we contemplated equipping the inland river fleet of the Inco design.

Arrangements have been completed in Chicago by Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Thomas, Jr., for the Great Lakes division,

and Mr. Sawyer, Production Manager of the Sales division, whereby the Sales division and the Lake Michigan district, Chicago offices, will be combined. Mr. Sawyer has spent considerable time in and around Chicago during the last month and on account of his activities, we look forward to heavy distribution of broadcast receiving apparatus parts.

Mr. G. Harold Porter was a recent visitor in the Great Lakes division, having attended the Annual Lake Carriers' Association Convention in Detroit. He also spent a day at our Cleveland office looking over the prospects of the 1922 season and congratulating Mr. Nicholas and his force on the successful and efficient equipment of the entire Hutchinson fleet, which consisted of seventeen new rental contracts.

Two 200-watt combination telegraph and telephone sets are being installed in the Great Lakes division, one of them being placed on the *Carl D. Bradley*, a self-unloader, and the other on the *Seeandbee*, the largest side wheeler in the world. These installations coming as they do so early after the inception of the various broadcasting stations, will, without doubt, revolutionize Great Lakes radio activities. It is very possible that the near future will see many new installations in this region. What was but a few years ago a dream is today an actuality.

We consider this an opportune time to congratulate the Eastern division staff on their new re-location and look forward, as they do, to the day when all RCA activities in and around New York will be housed in one mammoth exclusive radio building.

The coal strike is holding up the initial departure of a dozen or more of our radio-equipped bulk carriers but we hope that the existing differences will soon be adjusted, so that the entire fleet can get under way.

Five years on one ship as conveyor engineer and operator is the record made by Mr. Kunner, who has again returned to the *Carl D. Bradley*. A year ago this time we hoped that he would return for the 1922 season, but he thought differently. However, he is back on the job and is now fussing up the circuit with his 200-watt combination set.

Not to be outdone by Kunner, George M. Commerford has returned for the third consecutive year to the *Maitland No. 1* in the capacity of Purser-Operator. It is a hard matter to divorce a good man from a good job.

Fred P. Sehlin, a new man in the service, has been holding down the job on the *City of Buffalo*.

Ralph C. Folkman, who has been trying for the past two years to secure an assignment in this region, recently sailed on the *City of Erie*, a one-man passenger ship.

Joseph Angsten, after putting in two years on the *A. M. Byers*, is now attached to the *J. L. Reiss*.

Norman B. Watson has thrown over the *J. L.* for an amateur radio supply store.

Joseph E. Carroll has again returned to the *City of Cleveland III* as senior, and has with him for junior, Harold M. DeGowin. This is a good combination as both of them are wire, as well as expert radio operators.

G. Lyle Stevenson is now on the *Conneaut*, a self-unloading stone boat. Stevenson put in two years on an ore carrier and writes in, saying that the difference between the two positions is scandalously advantageous to him.

Arthur H. Freitag, who writes such wonderful stories and poems on both radio and love, is now sporting his white duck trousers, blue coat combination uniform, as senior on the *City of Detroit III*.

Norman S. Walker, the old "clear-em-up-quick" bulk carrier man, is temporarily holding down the job as junior on the *Detroit III*. Walker was built for freight vessel work and is patiently waiting for the day to come when he will rejoin the *Fayette Brown*.

Van Dornick, a new man in the service, has sailed on the bulk carrier *Chas. L. Hutchinson*.

More new men have been given early assignments than any time heretofore: Lampe, having taken out the *John P. Reiss*; George P. Honold, the *Clemens Reiss*; Albert T. Miller, the *Frank Billings*; Edgar W. Steinike, the *J. T. Hutchinson*; Benjamin G. Roller, the *Martin Mullen*; Carl A. Sturdy, the *Price McKinney*; Herbert Matzinger, the *J. J. Sullivan*; Bernell Bidne, the *A. A. Augustus*; Norton C. Hass, the *Wm. Amazon*; Robert H. Frey, the *Harold B. Nye*; Earl Beach, the *Westland*; Howard H. Giles, the *W. H. McGean*; and Wm. T. Joyce, the *Chas. O. Jenkins*.

Charles J. Monde is again creating a disturbance in the air from the set of the *Richard J. Reiss*.

Frank E. Golder, who was with us a year ago, claims the *Jos. G. Butler, Jr.*, is the best job he had this year.

Earl H. Boldt has returned to this division, after an absence of two years and can now be found any day on the *Polynesia*.

Floyd E. Gray shoots TR's out daily on the *G. A. Tomlinson*.

John H. Mitchell has once again returned as Purser-Operator of the *Lakeland*.

Garrold E. Flower wants everybody to know that the *Samuel Mitchell* is a better position than any short run passenger ship.

Clair E. Mowry and LeRoy F. Bremmer are now holding down Purser-Operator berths on terries of the Pere Marquette Railroad Company.

Norman F. Durant liked his 1921 *Sir Thos. Shaughnessy* connection so well that his return this spring was taken as a matter of course.

Clarence H. Hiester, good old reliable Clarence, is now attached to the *W. F. White* as conveyor engineer-operator.

Herbert Schmitt decided the *F. B. Squire* was no place for him and by request was re-assigned to the *John Stanton*.

Edwin Glause, who is standing by for the *Seeandbee*, is temporarily holding down the *Squire* berth.

Our Stenographic Department was added to and strengthened by the addition of Gertrude E. Peterman.

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#### PACIFIC DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO

ONE more Robert Dollar vessel was added this month to our steadily growing list of RCA ships. The *Oriental*, built in China and recently purchased by the Robert Dollar Company from the U. S. Shipping Board, was equipped with a P8A panel and vacuum tube detector and one step amplifier. Operator Charles B. Lee is in charge of the *Oriental's* apparatus.

We have just received a supply of V. T. detector and amplifier units, and will start installing as soon as possible. This will be good news to many who have been anxious to try the new receiving equipment.

At the present writing we can say little about the combination telegraph-telephone equipment but it would be advisable for all operators to study up the subject of C. W. in their spare moments.

During the month we had a pleasant visit from District Manager McAuliffe of the Seattle office. We are glad the California sun was shining all during his visit and although he brought along his umbrella he did not get a chance to use it, excepting maybe for a sun shade.

Mario Silvestri relieved Charles Lowell as junior on the *Colusa* bound for South America. Silvestri can parley in eight languages and will get a chance to use a few of them down south.

Percy Vettel has again returned to the service and is aboard the tanker *Richmond*.

Junior Operator Martin Principe of the *Matsonia* gave us all a surprise by being married during his stay in port last trip. Congratulations are in order.

Rudolph M. Jenson cannot forsake the briny deep and after an absence of seven years has sailed on the Motorship *H. T. Harper* until the regular operator, Karl Soderstrom, recovers from a minor illness.

Lee Fassett is again with us, as director of the Radio Institute. During the war Fassett sailed many times across the Atlantic as Junior Lieutenant, holding the office of Radio Officer and Engineer Officer aboard the U. S. S. *Cuyama* engaged in the transportation of troops and supplies.

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#### SEATTLE

The *Mazatlan* has been chartered by Hibbard-Swenson Company for the season. Joe Hutchinson is making the trip on her to Siberia and the Bering Sea.

Ernest Wolcott is temporarily Purser-Operator on the *Curacao*, relieving Roy Woods. The *Curacao*, on her return from the South, will go North for the summer, having been chartered by the Carlisle Packing Company.

Two Shipping Board boats tied up during the month—the *Las Vegas* and *West Nilus*. Operator Currie, from the former vessel, is still on the beach in Seattle, while Van Carroll from the *West Nilus* wasted no time getting back to San Francisco.

Charles Laird and Arthur Dahms are now first and second, respectively, on the *Mandarin*. This is one of the recent Pacific Coast contracts, signed at San Francisco.

It took us a long time to do it, but we have finally completed the job of telling everybody in the State of Washington, over the 'phone, that we have no vacuum tubes, nor receiving equipment, for sale by this office. At least we think we have—nobody has called for the last half hour.

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#### SAN PEDRO, CAL.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to be citizens of the Sunny Southland often hear of things gigantic from our nearby neighbor located to the north, but it rather stretches our imagination and causes us to soar into unfathomable mathematical calculations to believe all we hear and read. As an instance, the latest may be interesting reading, which we have been handed by the editor of the Daily Shipping Guide, published by Mr. Bertram Holmes, of Los Angeles.

Mr. Holmes says that the tow line of the tug *Sea Lion* is 626 miles long, as has been demonstrated by recent reports when the *Sea Lion* towed the *Willpole* to San Pedro harbor.

Any inquiries as to how or why, should be addressed to Mr. Bertram Holmes, editor Daily Shipping Guide, Los Angeles, Cal., and he will gladly furnish the solution to this seemingly amazing story.

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

PUBLISHED BY  
**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**

JULY, 1922

VOLUME 3

AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



**EDWARD H. KEELER**



# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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## FRONTISPIECE

TO those of our employees who have been connected with the old and new Company for several years, the portrait of Mr. Edward H. Keeler, appearing on the front page of this month's issue, is not that of a stranger. Mr. Keeler, our Auditor of Disbursements, entered the employ of the Radio Corporation, as Accountant, on March 13th of this year, and having in mind the excellent manner in which he performed several audits while representing Arthur Young & Co., Accountants and Auditors, we congratulate the Radio Corporation and Mr. Keeler that their interests are now one.

Biographies, as a rule, are dry reading and Mr. Keeler tried to persuade us that his would prove particularly so, but we insisted, and the result we leave to our readers to decide.

In the days when Pershing was a Captain there arose a little unpleasantness in the Philippine Islands, which Mr. Keeler decided he would like to have a share in; consequently, December, 1901, found Sergeant Edward H. Keeler, wearing the uniform of his country, bound for the Philippines, and all that that might mean. Seven years later found Mr. Keeler bearing the scars of two wounds received in action, and wearing the silver bar of a First Lieutenant of Scouts, still in the Philippines and longing for home. Granted leave, he came to Manila where, riding at anchor in the Bay, the U. S. Army Transport *Sherman* lay, her bow pointed homeward, and beyond, the hazy outlines of Corregidor Island could be faintly descried; but fate had decreed otherwise, for, while awaiting sailing date, the Insular Auditor of the Philippines hinted to him that he had an attractive opening in his office, and would the Lieutenant care for the position? Not being overburdened with money, the Lieutenant thought he would, with the result that his resignation was forwarded through military channels to Washington, and the command of the 1st platoon of the 27th Company of Philippine Scouts was vacant for the time being. Three years later the call for home became irresistible and this time Mr. Keeler—came home.

Patterson, Teele & Dennis, Accountants and Auditors, of New York, offered him a position as Accountant where, for the next five years, he worked in practice, and for three years he studied in the Pace & Pace School of Theory. Changes in business may not make a man, but they often-times arouse the qualities that make for future success, and Mr. Keeler decided that a change was necessary and cast his lot with Arthur Young & Co., where another five years

went by, during which period Mr. Keeler was engaged in auditing the books of many large corporations, including the International Agricultural Corp., Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Indian Refining Co., Goelet Estates, Sugar Products Co., The Texas Co., and others.

At this point Mr. Keeler decided enough years had piled up, and the biography was complete, and we desire to extend to him our very best wishes for his future success in a field that offers such bright prospects for future growth.

### WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

A FEW FACTS ABOUT EXISTING RADIO FACILITIES THAT MAKE  
THE USE OF THIS METHOD OF COMMUNICATION OF  
CONSEQUENCE TO EVERYONE.

*By Edward J. Nally*

*President, Radio Corporation of America.*

**T**HIS brief outline of some of the aspects of radio is written from a viewpoint not often presented to the public at large. My purpose is to show it as an auxiliary to commerce rather than to stress the more familiar keynote of the "wonders of wireless," which have been the subject of many articles in the daily press. True, it is very baffling, from a scientific "reason why" standpoint, but so is electricity, which no one has yet been able to define.

The single fact that radio communication is the one medium capable of placing isolated communities in instant touch with the centers of civilization has a boundless appeal to the imagination. That, too, it has forever ended the vast silences of the sea further adds to its romance. However, until it becomes a general household utility it will probably remain in the public mind as something very mysterious,—a sort of witchcraft, interesting, but making little appeal for intimate acquaintance; and comparatively few people realize that this means of communication has already a fixed place in the world's affairs; that it is, in fact, an economic factor of major importance, and world wide in its applicability.

The underlying reason for the rapid strides it has made is not because of its romantic, intangible or mysterious nature. Its important position in the field of communication is due solely to its utility, in combination with the three essentials of accuracy, speed and economy.

In addition to providing mariners with weather reports, storm signals and warnings of possible dangers to navigation, it enables passengers at sea to keep in touch with world affairs and with the movements of commerce and industry. Daily news bulletins are published on practically all of the ocean-going vessels and transactions of great magnitude and of momentous importance are being carried on constantly

between ship and shore through the medium of radio communication.

In its international application, radio is today carrying overseas a very material percentage of the world's communications. Radiograms, commercial and social, aggregating millions of words annually, are being sent daily across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. These are regular paid communications, filed just as cablegrams are, and delivered with the accuracy and speed so essential to the users of long distance communication. Direct wireless service is maintained, night and days, with Great Britain, France, Germany, Norway, Hawaii and Japan, at rates which are from four to twenty-four cents per word lower than the cable rates. Economy being the keynote of commerce, the enormous total saving effected by the use of radio in the conduct of international communications makes it a matter of vital interest to everyone, and this interest has manifested itself in the constantly growing number of countries which are adopting radio as a means of communication, and which are constructing wireless stations with which to carry on this communication direct with other countries already thus equipped.

Another great advantage possessed by radio is what might be termed its universality, with reference to communication with several distant points at the same time. This was illustrated on the occasion of the formal opening of Radio Central, a super-powered station of the Radio Corporation of America, located at a point on Long Island about sixty-five miles distant from New York City. On November 5th, 1921, President Harding threw a switch in the White House, and a message which he had prepared for broadcasting to the world ran through a mechanical transmitter and the words, carried by land wire to Radio Central, were flung into space without the intervening agency of a human hand.

The first answer came back instantly. Others followed close upon it. Acknowledgements were received from such widely scattered points as Norway, Germany, France, Italy, England, Belgium, Sweden, Canada, Cuba, Japan, New Zealand, Panama, Columbia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and Australia.

This fact of the universality of radio has a further application in the broadcasting of news, market, weather and crop reports, lectures, sermons, etc., etc., through the medium of broadcasting stations which are in direct communication with thousands of wireless stations maintained by amateurs in all parts of the country, and in this respect it is of especial value to isolated communities, out of touch otherwise with current happenings and with the world's progress.

This branch of the radio service has awakened a wide interest in all parts of the world, and with the rapid development of the wireless telephone, persons in remote districts, as well as passengers at sea, are privileged to listen to concerts by famous artists in the large musical centers and to hear, not the dots and dashes of the telegraph code, but the exact words of spoken addresses, etc., etc.

Not a day passes but our daily papers carry stories of new accomplishments in this direction, and I venture the prediction that in the not-far-distant future radio sets, for both telephone and telegraph, will be a vital part of the equipment of every American home.

#### NEW YORK BROAD STREET NOTES

**W**E read with much interest the following extract from the last issue of our magazine: "There are no operators at Rocky Point, Tuckerton, New Brunswick, Marion or Riverhead." Howl from the Broad Street O. E.'s: "We'll say there aint." However, the O. E.'s are a little lenient with Riverhead, as they say they're coming along fast. As for the others, if you don't believe the howl just stick around when some O. E. is sending five words per minute to some of 'em and gets" . . . . . QRS."

Well-known remarks often passed between NY and CM:—

NY: "CM, can you read POZ."

CM: "Min, see."

: (five minutes later). "Sure, tell him ga single fast."

NY: "OK."

CM: (five minutes later). "Tell POZ slow down and send double."

CM: (two minutes later). "Tell POZ QRT, unreadable here."

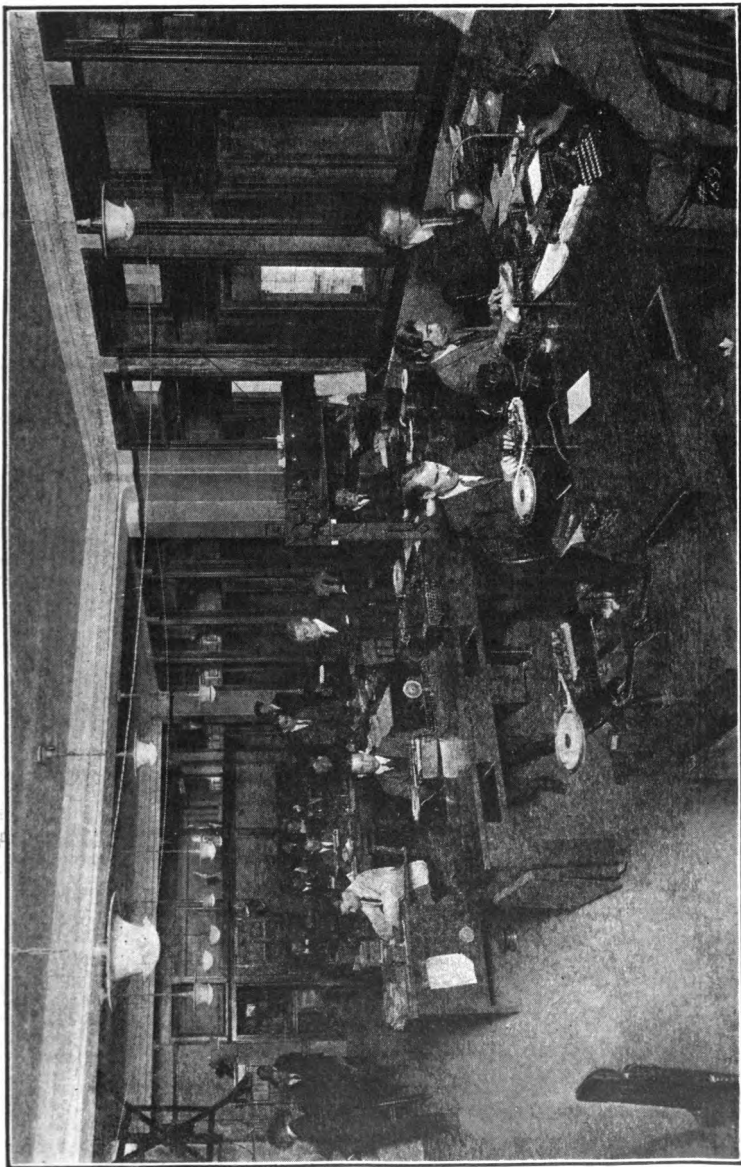
However, we have to hand it to CM for their contribution to the May issue in the form of the comedy drama in one act "The Kape Kod Kidders." We would like to see more of this particular brand of humor.

Bonner Hoard left N.Y. recently for a month's sojourn in Texas and surprised us all by bringing back a blushing bride. He took the ether joyfully and while in the full possession of his faculties.

Fred Pierce also surprised us by announcing the arrival of an eight and one-half pound contribution to the population of Maine.

Eddie Sheehy spent a glorious day at the beach recently where he acquired a heavy sunburn, but all the joy was later taken out by his having to spend a very sleepless night.

Sammy Freedman is now back in the Broad Street office. He has a vivid recollection of his first snipe hunt, but is very



A CORNER OF OPERATING ROOM, BROAD STREET, N. Y.

reticent about telling the details. Tyrell at R.D. can give us first hand details. To see Sammy holding a large bag open six or seven miles from civilization in the darkness of a forest and a lighted lantern beside him waiting for Tyrell to send in the snipes by shooting off his heavy artillery, was too ludicrous for words. And then the long walk back by Sammy in his bare feet while the perpetrators of the joke rowed across less than a quarter of a mile of water, was no joke to Sammy. Still, I guess Sammy is not as innocent as he has been in the past, and no doubt his trip to Germany has made him more worldly wise.

Reggie Mason has been heard from in the form of a telegram announcing that he is stranded in London, homeless, hungry and broke. However, he has many good friends who contributed a fund for his passage back to the land of the thirsty.

We hope to contribute more interesting notes for the next issue. The time for writing this is short and the Editor is urging us to send the notes immediately.

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#### RIVERHEAD

**W**ELL, summer is here. Static, mosquitoes, swimming and screen doors on the post office. We started to write some news from R. D. but find it is all in last month's issue, and our regular scribe being away, this will be as interesting as Freud in Chinese. However, we intended having some pictures of the staff for this month's issue but the sheriff refused to loan us the town's rogues' gallery.

We have it on good authority that the R. C. is to give an exhibition at the Volunteer Firemen's Tournament, which is to be spread before the intelligensia of Riverhead this month. The Hon. TY will stand in front of the R. C. A. booth, clad in his Palm Beach suit, for the purpose of attracting the women. In a short time, it is expected, several hundred fair ones will assemble. Bourne will then deliver a lecture on "The Soup-Regenerator and Why Armstrong Stole It from Me." This will consume one hour and fifty minutes, after which Williams will sing two sad songs, "The Girls of Troy Have Forgotten Me," and "Brooklyn Is So Far Away." The final number will be a demonstration by Dreher, "How I Tune L. C. M. While Asleep." Using a complete G. E. set, exactly as installed at the justly-famed Riverhead station, Dreher will show that any good receiving engineer can upset the static balance, mistune a station, and ball up the tone lines, just as skilfully when he is asleep, as when he is awake.

As the crowd disperses, all hands will reimburse themselves by picking pockets.

Bourne seems to be interested in founding a children's home. From the age of some of the girls we have seen him with, it is our belief that he is looking for some well-mannered child for adoption. White preferred. Never mind BO, it is better to pick 'em too young than too old.

Williams still holds down first place as champion Finale Hopper of Long Island, having advanced to the Gawluff stocking stage. Purple ones, too! If he survives the firemen's tournament this week, he will be safe until Fair time, anyway.

Beg pardon, Miss Staff, but if we had known it was that serious, we wouldn't have said what we did in the last issue. Better keep in close touch with Moulton while he is in Chatham.

Jerry Meacham is a frequent visitor to Riverhead. Or should we say West Main Street? It will save you money, Jerry, if you buy a commutation ticket. Later you might get a family ticket, eh, what?

Leuteritz has gone and done it. Congratulations and more power to you, O. M. We all envy you, as we have nothing but single men at R. D. We are thinking of taking out bachelor's insurance here, with Bourne as a sure bet.

**SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENTS AT RIVERHEAD, BY MEMBERS OF STAFF**

R. B. Bourne: Putting a cement bottom in the mud pond, to remind him of the swimming pool at R. P. I.

E. M. Williams insists on a corps of dancing stenographers in assorted complexions.

C. Dreher advocates building a tennis court and inviting Tilden, Suzanne Lenglen and C. W. Latimer to play an exhibition match on it.

A. B. Tyrrell urges that for the diversion of the engineers, and to prevent them from becoming morbid during the static season, four selected Head-Office girls will be sent out each week-end, transportation prepaid. Music and dancing will be furnished by the staff.

This is enough for one issue. Next month we will have actual photographs of the R. D. staff assembled in the dusk at the town pump for refreshment, etc.

### RADIO CENTRAL

**T**'AINT fair nohow after us getting Mr. and Mrs. Blanding all nice and plump, the head office sends them down to Tuckerton for mosquito bait. We miss them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold D. Kent and Harold, Jr., are among our new arrivals. Mr. Kent is our new Assistant Engineer. Harold, Jr. (ten months old) is boss of the Community House. Kent, Sr., is there; he's one of the boys.



P. E. Slade, a former salty op., is now a dynamo nurse. Anyone wanting to know the power of compressed air just look at Slade's port light. He just picked a gasoline furnace out of it.

Introducing the Champion Chow Scoffer of the World. Starts each meal with one loaf of bread. Our new Chauffeur, Francisco Spaghetti Desperado Manca. That boy sure can eat.

Schoonmaker, our new clerk, has accomplished the impossible. He met the girl in Rocky Point. That boy is some snappy trooper.

Schou was very auxious to get a good coat of sunburn and even stated that he would give a lot to know how to get one. Well, now he feels different about it, 'cause he got it.

Brown went down town and bought a whole flock of knives and forks and sent them away. Brown says it's cheaper to give wedding presents than get them. I think he's right.

Riley worried about getting a vacation. He's going to get it. Now he is worrying over what he is going to do

Harry Kohls nearly died. He got a letter with thirty dollars in it that he had given up as lost. You would, too.

Spot Sallamans is the Champ tractor driver around here. When you hear a roar and see a cloud of dust, well, that's

Mr. and Mrs. Oberwetter are still going strong with the good cooking. They have a new assistant, Borsdroff. He sure is a good worker.

Well, we are wondering what Schaefer is going to do. You know, school closes soon and the teachers all go home. 'Nough said.

Ritz says if he could go in the water two hours a day for eight years he would be a swimmer. He ought to.

Doc Usselman has just been out exercising his Dodge. Look out, Doc, she might throw you.

Well, you can say what you want to, but the Promised Land is there a couple. We have put up with bachelor life all winter, but now the fun begins. There are at least four girls' camps in the vicinity and the gang has taken to washing their faces and combing their hair when they go out. Now that is an inducement. Lots of fun in your time off and lots of room to do it in. There being about fifteen of us males here, and I forget how many females arriving every day. Dances and parties, and what not, going on all the time.

Somebody made a wise crack asking what was the matter with "The Promised Land." Well, we will tell them, and tell 'em strong——

NOTHING, SHE'S ALL RIGHT.



WILLIAM ARTHUR GRAHAM, JR.  
DADDY'S DARLING

### NEW BRUNSWICK

**W**E skipped two issues, due to our Chief Compositor having had a serious attack of spring fever and sleeping sickness, but the climax has passed and our worries are over.

Gentle readers, be gentle; Carter, our trusted Assistant E. C. is finally on the road to matrimony, and woe be unto us, he suffereth much. He is now saving to fill the envelope for the minister.

Our Chief Rigger also has it bad. He rarely talks and is always deep in thought. A very serious offense was committed by our chauffeur and he has been warned not to forget the mailing of Bill's letters at the risk of his life.

Since the sad departure (on his part) of the former Mr. Dynamo Tender, J. J. M., we have received a lengthy epistle which terrorized the entire staff, as it contained suggestions on the improvement of W. I. I. without consideration for any of us. We hope he will be with us for a few moments at some time in the near future for chastisement. However, we have decided that very low mentality is reduced to nil by high frequency.

Judd inspects and cleans out his Lizzie every morning and now has a large assortment of hairpins of various makes. How his windshield was broken is a mystery to all of us.

Johnny Burchard deported his flivver to Providence, having run it there under its own power, and has lost his actress friend at the Opry House. Wonderful what a flivver will do.

Because of previous circus experience, Duke Bohman has been elected trainer for new dynamo tenders. This has made him quite reckless, as he was seen to go out in a thunder

storm with his Oakland one night last week. He and Tuttle are taking a course in Yiddish. Why?

Our E. C., A. W. Aird, and J. Lown went to Tuckerton a few weeks ago on a week-end fishing trip. Lown caught one. They didn't have time to catch another, for the fish bite once every twenty-four hours down there unless a native of those parts is employed to disguise himself and talk to 'em.

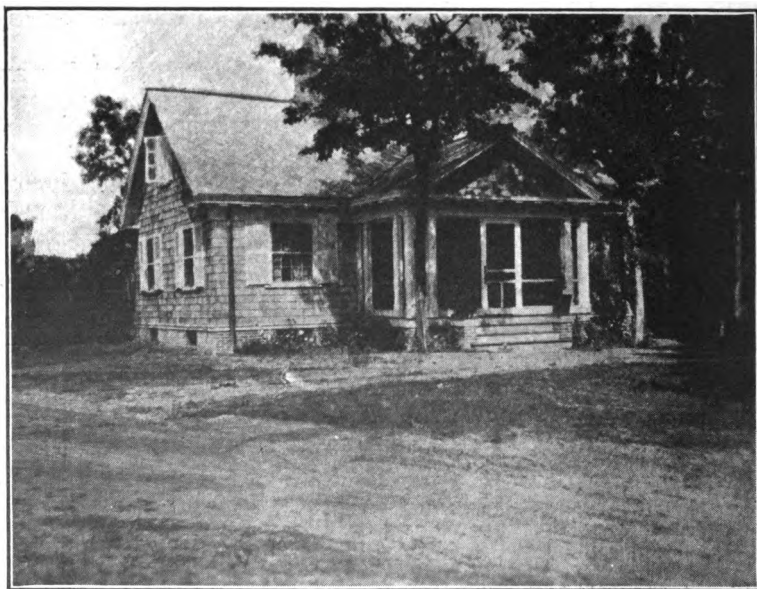
Our new chauffeur, Bob Klause, is a real humdinger. Parts his hair in the middle, wears fancy shoes and vest, already has a new straw hat (the rest of us can't afford them so early), and silk socks. Says he would like to meet all good looking stenogs from N. Y. office.

### MARION

ROCHESTER TOWN TEAM MADE UP OF BIG LEAGUERS HAVE  
DIFFICULTY IN DOWNING RADIO MEN OF MARION  
IN BASEBALL GAME

*(Special to the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS)*

Rochester, Mass., June 12.—The Rochester town team fearing defeat at the hands of the nine representing the Radio Corporation of America, at Marion, imported for the occasion a team made up of the fastest aggregation of baseball players ever possible to assemble on the diamond, and as a result came near losing. The wireless birds from the



STAFF COTTAGE, MARION

next town were the most disconcerting bunch possible and reputations didn't seem to cut much ice with that outfit. The fact that they were playing against the greatest stars of the national pastime seemed to make them play all the harder to show up their illustrious opponents. If the Rochester team had left Eddie Collins, of the White Sox (considered by all, the greatest second baseman of all time), out of their lineup, without doubt the Radio men would have won. Collins seemed to be the thorn in the side of the Marion bunch, for in the seventh inning, with Baker and Scott on the bags, Eddie knocked the pellet out of the park, scoring three runs and tying the game up. And then, just to rub it in a little harder, with none out in the ninth and the score tied, he hit the first ball pitched into the next county, breaking up one of the best games seen in this vicinity since Noah sailed his iceboat on the Sippican River.

Walter Johnson, the famous cannon-ball artist of the Senators, was on the hilltop for the home team and was opposed by Frankie Kremp. All the way through it was a pitchers' battle with all the odds favoring the big timer. Both teams played errorless ball behind their pitchers, which pulled the game out of the fire for both, time after time.

On the receiving end of Johnson, was Ray Schalk, of the White Sox. George Sisler, of St. Louis fame, covered the initial bag, while Eddie Collins covered the keystone sack. Home Run Baker looked after the hot corner and little Everett Scott of the Yankees plugged up the hole between second and third.

Tris Speaker, manager of the Cleveland Americans, covered left field, while Harry Hooper, of old Red Sox fame, but now of the White Sox, covered the sun garden. Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the greatest player of all time, looked after the middle pasture, but Ty had very little chance to shine, so effectively was Kremp pitching.

The Radio team played together as one unit, showing at all times, great headwork both at bat and in the field. The one bright luminary, however, for the Radio bunch was Marcus Strausburger, their brilliant third baseman, who handled ten difficult chances as easily as handling a bushel of pretzels.

One of the odd features of the game was the fact that no less than six of the fifteen hits registered were circuit drives, the Radio bunch scoring all their runs by this method.

The Radio men were the first to break the ice. With one down in the fourth, Higgins busted the apple out of sight for a round trip ticket. Again in the fifth, with two down, Bill Beltz pickled one of Johnson's fast shoots, which didn't stop until it rested in the centerfield bleachers.

The home team scored their first run in their half of the fifth. Baker knocked a two bagger to left with none out and scored when, with two down, Sisler bounced one off the boards, which nearly went for a home run.

In the seventh, Kremp, of the visitors, knocked the pill over the right field fence for the third home run. In the last half of the seventh, Home Run Baker got his second two bagger to left. Scott singled, sending Baker to third. Both scored a minute later when Collins knocked the horsehide over the left field wall.

In the eighth, Marcus Strausburger knocked the agate over the right field barrier. In the last half of the ninth, as heretofore mentioned, Collins put the first one out of sight, ending the game.

Manager Hugh Duffy, of the Red Sox, was a spectator at the game, and afterwards conferred with Manager Clifton of the Radio Corporation in regards to making a trade. Duffy offered the services of his entire team with the exception of Captain Derrill Pratt, to Manager Clifton, to wipe the sweat off the dynamos for the summer, provided he would allow him to take the Radio team back to Boston to play in the Red Sox uniform. Manager Clifton refused, stating he had been offered one million berries, and the whole New York Giant team. The score:



RESIDENCE OF ENGINEER-IN-CHARGE, MARION, WINTER

ROCHESTER

	AB	R	H	TB	PO	A	E
Hooper, rf. ....	4	0	1	2	0	0	0
Sisler, 1b. ....	3	0	1	2	19	0	0
Cobb, cf. ....	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Baker, 3b. ....	4	2	3	5	1	8	0
Speaker, lf. ....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Collins, 2b. ....	4	2	2	8	0	3	0
Scott, ss. ....	4	1	1	1	4	3	0
Schalk, c. ....	3	0	0	0	2	4	0
Johnson, p. ....	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals .....	33	5	9	19	27	19	0

MARION

	AB	R	H	TB	PO	A	E
Hollis, 2b. ....	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Higgins, rf. ....	4	1	1	4	0	0	0
White, ss. ....	4	0	1	2	1	4	0
Kremp, p. ....	4	1	1	4	0	0	0
Robinson, c. ....	4	0	1	1	1	2	0
Sadler, lf. ....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Beltz, 1b. ....	3	1	1	4	16	0	0
Strausburger, 3b. ....	3	1	1	4	1	9	0
Kennedy, cf. ....	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals .....	33	4	6	19	24	16	0

Score by innings—

									R	H	E
Radio .....	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	4	6
Rochester .....	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	1	5	9

Two base hits—Baker 2. Sisler, Hooper, White. Home runs—Higgins, Beltz, Kremp, Collins 2, Strausburger. Struck out—By Johnson 2; by Kremp 1. Left on bases—Radio 2; Rochester 5. Umpires—Messrs. Klem and Emslie. Time of game—1 hour 35 minutes. Attendance—9,000.

CHATHAM

**N**O! Chatham is not dead yet, although we missed the last issue of the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS, probably due to the fact that R. C. recognized the efficiency of our staff correspondent, who was amongst those recently transferred to Broad Street.

We are sorry to lose Messrs. Best, Higgins, Higginbotham and Pierce; we also miss E. A. Strong and Sir Sid, who were later transferred.

Although our staff is sadly depleted, we might say in reply to that cruel thrust by R. D. that we are still very much alive, and our days are far from done; the standing of Marine stations and figures will show that Chatham still holds a position in the front rank.

Mr. Riby has forsaken the land of the clam for the "Brite lites", and we no longer hear that familiar call, as a certain car passes the station.

We have had with us for a time Messrs. Moulton and Callahan, and the Essex was kept quite busy. After all, old C. M. isn't such a bad place. Ask Moulton, he knows.

With the advent of straw hats in the vicinity, we notice the natives preparing for a heavy season, and Elliott churning the waters of the bay with his motor boat (that motes, sometimes), not to mention that Mr. Cowden and Mr. Flood opened the swimming season officially the other day. The tennis season has long been in full swing, and we have some wicked racquet wielders, and would certainly like to meet some of the stars from Marion.

When we read of the great strides that are being made in the radiophone field, we notice that our Receiving Engineer has been overlooked, for at Chatham we have one of the most up-to-date radiophone receivers in captivity. Installed in Mr. Pfautz's residence we have the Radiophone Central, and the nightly concerts are picked up and distributed to the various residences via the intercommunicating telephone system.

Nowadays it is a familiar sight to see two or three of the members of Gasoline alley busy getting their various means of locomotion in running order. Mr. Flood is still King of the Alley, and we can predict a merry time for the Speed Cops when Bickford gets his new Sedan. Strong seems to be in a fair way to lose some of his patrons (?) on movie nights, as Elliott and Eastman will testify, as quite recently they nearly met their fate in a nearby cranberry bog.

We were honored by a visit from Mr. Pillsbury, General Superintendent.

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### CHICAGO

**T**HE Radio Corporation of America announces the opening of a mid-west sales branch. This is located in the Otis Building, at 10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, and is in full swing. Mr. J. M. Sawyer, formerly in charge of the M. R. I. of the Radio Corporation, New York, has been

assigned as temporary head of this new office. Mr. P. G. Parker will have charge of sales. Mr. Matthew Bergin will handle the Pacific Coast sales activities from Chicago as well as technical matters connected with the sale of radio broadcasting apparatus. Mr. A. R. Beyer will be placed in charge of the Chicago warehouse at 39th and Robey Streets, involving shipment and production. The primary purpose of this new office is for the more prompt and direct shipment of radio apparatus at Radio Corporation distributors, located far from New York. The result will be that considerable freight charges will be eliminated and the mid-western and western representatives of the Radio Corporation will be able to obtain the same advantages as those located nearer to New York.

The personnel of the Chicago office at present follows:

**TRANSFERRED FROM THE NEW YORK OFFICE**

James M. Sawyer, Acting District Manager

P. G. Parker, Central District

M. L. Bergin, Western District

A. R. Beyer, Production and Distribution

J. P. Francis

The following Chicagoans have been added to our force:

C. C. Chapelle, Cashier and Credit

E. Lange, Stock and Shipping

**STENOGRAPHERS**

Miss Isabel Haase, Miss Ethel Long, Miss Harriet Noll and Miss Bernice Crandall.

**TYPISTS**

Miss Frances Ryan, Miss Amy Beerling and Miss Lois Bennet.

**CLERKS**

Mrs. Ruth E. Gifford, Katherine M. Shea and Margaret J. Johler.

Mr. John H. Krakenbuhl and Mr. C. D. Graham.

**MESSENGER**

Harry M. Irish.

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**KAHUKU**

**T**HE only matter of social importance since we last went to press was the departure, in the general direction of New York and Poland, of our esteemed co-worker, John Leslie Finch. Just prior to his departure, the staff gave a dance in his honor at the local quarters. Guests from every village and hamlet on the Island were present, and the affair was a most enjoyable one. As a material expression of the staff's Aloha, Mr. Finch was presented with a brief case, and



in the language of the classic we will say that the presentation and acceptance speeches were there a million. The day following the dance the staff and friends were the guests of Mr. Finch at a delightful lunch served on the lanai of the Haleiwa Hotel. Later in the day a ride in the glass bottom boat over the coral gardens was an added pleasure. Good-bye, J. L., and lots of luck. We hope that the requirements of research will bring you back again soon.

The general trend of thoughts of not a few of the local exiles is their anticipated early transfer to the mainland on the expiration of their usual two-year sentence, and it has some very strange and unusual effects, to wit: Circumstances decreed recently that we seek the hospitality of the Koko Head Club-house one morning at an unmentionable hour, and as all trails lead to Mr. Bailey's room we obeyed that impulse, not with any hopes of arousing this nonpareil of Morpheus, but just to be formal. For those who are not acquainted with the genial Oil Engine expert, it may be of interest for you to know that when he is sleeping and hitting on all six, he is analogous to those persons that one finds resting beneath headstones, so we were nonplussed, so to speak, when on our first hammer at his door we immediately received an intelligent response from within, and after gaining admission to the room, the first thing B. L. said was "Hey! Didja hear the news?" When we had regained our speech, we managed to reply with a weak "No." "Well," quoth Cecil, "I'm going home; got a letter from the G. S. today. Whoopee!" Bailey states that such news is an excellent stimulant, in fact it contains an awful kick, and knowing him, we agreed with him.

We understand that Bill Pepper of KET is to relieve Bailey, and while we regret the departure of Cecil from Hawaii nei, we hail the arrival of Bill. The exchange is a fair one. Aloha to both.

Robert Rush Carlisle, of the Honolulu City office, known to the trade as Bob, accompanied by the missus, spent a recent week-end at Kahuku, mountain climbing being indulged in, or rather we should say over-indulged in. Robert was fagged out about half-way up to the objective, one of the highest peaks on Oahu; however, Mrs. Carlisle maintained the dignity of the family by knocking a home run and reached the top. Bob was picked up on the way down, and he was so, oh! so stiff, he couldn't even growl when someone cracked that joke about his reply to a friend who congratulated him on his marriage. Some one said Bob was so flustered at that time, that he could only say "Happy New Year." Well, well.

The last WORLD WIDE WIRELESS informs us that Irving Speedo Vermilya no longer hangs his hat on our rack. We

will miss his contributions to our worthy magazine. Our sympathy to all the fair ones from Farmers Corners to Fairhaven. My word!

Operator Corey, of Koko Head, has a new wire sign "OKE". Explanations are in order C. U. and give them publicity; our eastern friends may call it by another name.

Pat Flanigan is awfully nervous these days. Same malady as Cecil's. "Only a few more weeks and then the dear old Golden Gate," so Pat says. It is requested that someone in S. F. arrange to have the Gate open earlier than usual on the morning of Patrick's arrival, as W. A. is going to be hard to stop and we don't want it damaged, for we propose to look it over ourselves not so long hence.

Friends, we met George Baxter's brother in Honolulu the other day, and he reports that George has a swell receipt. Be dignified and don't crowd, men.

In an hour of retrospection the other day we were trying to recall some of the humorous events of yesteryear. Some mean person mentioned Elmer Riddle in a bathing suit. Gentlemen, be seated.

A statistician recently discussed the canned goods situation in Hawaii, enumerating the many canned things that were put up there. A careful examination of the list failed to disclose Tuning Coils, Antenna Uncoupling Inductors, Insulators, Fords, etc., all of which are in quantity production at the local plant. The salt-laden atmosphere requires that everything be canned, even the personnel at times.

Sometimes, when reading the publicity articles on Radio Central we find ourselves cogitating over the lack of publicity given Kahuku and Koko Head. We conscientiously feel that these two stations are performing yeoman service under difficult condition, and until Rocky Point adds a few more spokes to its antenna wheel, we believe there should be less concentration on the former.

Assistant Engineer and Mrs. Franklin, late of Rocky Point, desire to be remembered to their eastern friends.

A recent event in Clrk Murakami's home was the arrival of an eight-pound boy.

Shift Engineer Hill is occasionally to be found on the station, usually spending his week-ends here. It is rumored that Eddie will soon be a benedict, which brings to our mind that proverb, "All men are liars but you and I, and sometimes I have my doubts about you." H. L. apparently reversed his former decisions appertaining to the ladies.

Shift Engineer Morris and Chief Rigger Peterson enjoy their weekly motor trips. Morris makes so many trips to town that his friends think he boards there.

Aloha.

## A LETTER FROM BILL TO HIS CHUM

Dear Sir:

Don't forget to send us the check this month. Be sure and get it here by the fifth at the latest.

Why don't you put you in a Radio Set? You can hear very plainly in your location Newark, N. J., Atlanta, New Orleans, Chicago and other places.

I have a dandy set here at home and although the location is very bad here on account of the high power subways, the R. R. tracks and the high power electric lines, we can hear nearly anything.

I, being able to read the telegraph signals a little, can hear Paris, Nauen, Germany and last night heard a ship out in the Pacific getting orders to put in to Honolulu. You can attach a loud speaker to it and hear all music as clearly as if the band was in the room. They are great fun. My outfit was given me (or else I would not have had it) and cost only all complete about \$400.00. It's the coming thing. You could have dandy parties out at the house. Some people still look upon radio as a toy, but believe me it is not. East Pittsburg, Pa., was heard this week at Iquique, Chile, a distance of 4,200 miles away. No toy about that is there?

Well, so long.

Regards to both,

Lovingly,

Bill.

## THE CLICKS

**F**ORTY-THREE members participated in the outing on the 17th of June and every one of them will vouch that it was a splendid party. All this in spite of poor weather and difficulties experienced in getting aboard. The party finally got off with their Victrola at 1.30 P. M. on the *Mandalay*, headed for Atlantic Highlands. It was to have been as all previous Click parties have been—for the girls only—but Jimmie Napier and his friend Ivory made themselves useful in several capacities and, therefore, were included. The only regret at this time is that the pictures are not ready for this publication. Those interested, however, may have a peep at them, Miss Bassett being the custodian.

The next party is to be on the beach some time in July, probably at Rockaway Park.

## A RADIO SONG BIRD

**T**HE Radio Corporation was doubly represented at WJZ on the evening of Sunday, June 18th, when one of the major features of the evening program was a recital by Miss Hedwig Browde, of the Engineering Department.

It has long been an open secret among the members of the Engineering Department that Miss Browde's vocal talents were unusual, but Sunday evening was her radiophone debut—to be followed, we hear, by other appearances at the Newark broadcasting station.

Miss Browde is a mezzo-soprano, with a voice of unusual range, and she possesses a clearness of diction which was especially evident during her performance over the radiophone. The enunciation of the difficult songs rendered by her was exceptionally good.

Since her advent into the vocal field, Miss Browde has done much church singing, in addition to recital work. During the war she sang frequently at Fort Hamilton, for the soldiers, and in one instance a young soldier came to her after a performance, with tears in his eyes, stammering his appreciation of "hearing the old songs sung as mother used to sing them."

During working hours Miss Browde devotes herself to the arduous duties which the present status of radio imposes upon all of us, but when evening comes she becomes an ardent fan as well. She has a receiving set in her home, and during her recent recital her family—and many interested neighbors—listened with pleasure and not a little awe to the familiar voice floating in through the air.

Hedwig Browde gives promise of a great future, and her Engineering friends as well as her "radio audience" of the other night wish her all success, and hope that before long they will hear her once more.

### MARINE DEPARTMENT

**M**ANAGER KENT of Cape May has enjoyed his annual vacation and returned full of vim and vigor.

Messrs. Sherwood and Campbell are serving as relief operators during the vacation period.

Old timer Broadhead is now on the staff of WNY and giving a good account of himself.

The need of an increased staff has brought A. H. Perreault to Siasconset.

Chatham continues the good work of consistent efficiency in clearing ships over long range and from the comments we have received, this work is appreciated. In fact each of our stations has been the subject of flattering comment, with all of which we are justly pleased.

The 600 meter station at Chatham is now known by the call letters WIM, the letters WCC being unchanged for C.W. operation.

The coastal stations are being operated in a manner reflecting great credit on the several staffs, and the head office is doing everything possible to support their efforts.



WASHINGTON OFFICE, CONNECTICUT AVE.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION  
CLEVELAND

**W**ITH the summer and its over-abundant quota of static upon us, all ships being in commission, things in general are humming along in a sort of "Fare thee well" manner. Traffic is considerably heavier than it has been in past years, due in part to our increase in contracts but largely no doubt because of the traveling public's education along radio lines.

Thanks to Constructor Kasner, our two 200-watt combination sets are functioning in great style. The disturbance created by their inception can be likened very easily to the disturbance of either a Kansas or a Carribean twister.

Mr. Nicholas is being kept very busy jumping in and out of town on contract and other company business.

Lake Michigan district Manager Thomas has moved his office fixtures to the Otis Building, Chicago, where he now occupies jointly with the Sales division, spacious quarters.. RCALY speaking Chicago is now on the map.

May A. Timbers has joined our Cleveland stenographic force and from all appearances has been seized by the Radio bug. She contemplates eating a few dots and dashes each morning for breakfast so that the traffic situation will clarify itself as early as possible.

The *State of Ohio* was recently placed in commission with David Stein as only operator. Stein was attached to this vessel during 1921 and evidently felt it was his duty to return. Of course, there might be some other reason.

Junior DeGowin, of the *City of Cleveland III*, suffered an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism and was forced to go to a hospital in Detroit. Earl R. Beach is acting as DeGowin's temporary relief.

Norman S. Walker has been relieved as junior operator from the *City of Detroit III* by Thomas S. Ledyard. Walker is now permanently attached to the *See and Bee*, on which vessel is installed a 200-watt combination set.

Don G. McDaniels has been helping out in our Lake Erie district construction work and has recently returned to the Great Lakes Towing Company wrecker, *Favorite*. Don expects to get numerous wrecking pictures which, if he makes good his promise, will be submitted to our W. W. W. editor for reprinting.

Donald S. Peckham having spent a number of days fitting out and re-installing several sets in Buffalo was placed as permanent operator on the *Huron*, a self-unloading stone

carrier. Donald has been primed for a stone boat assignment for over a year, and believing in the old adage, "All things come to those who wait," succeeded in getting his wish.

*The Harvester*, which carries Sam K. Culbertson, rammed the Soo pier and damaged several plates. However, the damage was not too great to allow her to proceed under her own steam to South Chicago where necessary repairs are being completed. Sam, of course, gets a vacation.

Albert T. Miller was recently relieved by Elmer B. Hill from the *Frank Billings*. Miller having joined the *Chas. O. Jenkins*, a one-man ship. Edwin H. Glause and Harold A. Forry have just completed the first round trip of the *Juniata* as senior and junior respectively.

Clair E. Mowry is now purser-operator on the *Westland*, an auto carrier.

In a recent letter Gerald E. Flower, attached to the *Samuel Mitchell*, informs us that when only a few hours out of Duluth they steamed into a heavy ice field and, in trying to extricate themselves, broke their out-board wheel hub. This accident necessitated securing the assistance of tugs through Duluth Naval Station as his vessel was helpless insofar as further navigation was concerned. The situation was handled very nicely by both the Naval Station operator and Flower.

Christopher W. Core, Sr., and F. Arther McPhillips, Jr., a truly wonderful combination, enjoyed a trip on the *Octorara*, having just returned from a trip to the northern lakes.

LeRoy Bremmer, of the *Pere Marquette No. 17*, on a two-week vacation stopped off at the Cleveland office to tell us (very confidential, of course) that he was on his way to see HER, at Ashtabula Harbor. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Andrew Z. Bradford claims the *Otto M. Reiss* had better not lay up as it is a job to his liking.

HiLife Monde has completed three months' service on the *Richard Reiss* without running into a derelict, a broken down row boat or any other misfortune that during 1921 followed him from fitout to layout.

Qestion—When is a word two words?

Answer—Ask Norman J. Hughes on the *William J. Reiss*.

Olan H. Sheffer has relieved Norman F. Durant as only operator on the *Sir Thomas Shaughnessy*. Durant is on a thirty day leave.

Thomas F. Ryan, a new man in service, can be found any day on the *F. B. Squire*.

Wm. J. Mockler and Robert D. Wahlstrom have taken out the *Tionesta* as senior and junior respectively.

Not a word from Hiester, though he went on board the *White* just ten days before Easter, in the darkness of the night.

Carl Eisenhauer is starting his second year on the *Wyan-dotte*, a stone carrier.

Ralph F. Cole, an ex-navy radio man, is now attached to the *W. H. McGean*.

Edwin L. Keim, a new man in the service, recently relieved Thomas S. Ledyard of the *Hazard*.

Carl Sturdy has been transferred from the *Jas. P. Walsh* to the *E. L. Pierce*; Herbert T. Graham, a new man in the service, having taken the *Jas. T. Walsh*.

The Naval Communication Service has informed us that the calibration of their three Lake Superior Compass Stations is to be completed and service should be inaugurated in a very few days. The inauguration of the compass service will be our third great 1922 event, the first having been the closing of the Pioneer fleet contract while the second was the combination set installations.

A Thomas, Jr., has completed a re-installation on the *Illinois*. He has been kept rather busy overhauling the sets on fifteen passenger ships which went into commission during the later part of June.

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### PERSONAL

Lady Marconi who recently arrived in New York from Europe to await the arrival of her husband in his yacht, sailed for home June 24th on the *Olympic*.

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Mr. Marconi delivered a highly interesting lecture June 20th in the Engineering Societies Building, New York, before a large audience composed mainly of engineers, radio people, students and amateurs. At its close he was awarded the medal of honor of the American Institute of Radio Engineers for his discoveries in 1921.

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### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Senatore Guglielmo Marconi has arrived in New York, on board his steam yacht *Elettra* from Southampton, via Azores and Bermuda, the voyage lasting three weeks.



Recent Head Office visitors were Mr. Marconi, Mr. P. C. O. Magrini, Secretary to Mr. Marconi; Mr. Mathieu, Assistant to Mr. Marconi, and Mr. de Sula Donisthorpe of the London office of the Marconi Company, who crossed on the *Majestic*.

Mr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, Chief Engineer, sailed for Norway with his family, June 10th, per S. S. *Drottningholm*.

New branch offices have been opened in New York at 19 Spruce Street and 1329 Third Avenue.

Mr. J. L. Finch of the Engineering Department has returned to New York after a protracted stay in Hawaii.

Mr. H. E. Feathers of the Engineering Department, while en route from New York to Hawaii, was recalled by the sudden death of his mother. Our sincere sympathy is extended.

Messrs. C. J. Ross, Comptroller, G. S. De Sousa, Treasurer, and Wm. Brown, Attorney, have returned from Chicago, where they went in connection with opening of new offices.

#### BORN

May 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Campbell, Marion, Mass., a son, Walter Townsend Campbell. Mr. Campbell is a member of the Radio staff.

#### WEDDING BELLS

In Brooklyn, June 7, H. C. Leuteritz, of the Engineering Department, to Alice M. Moller. The wedding trip was by automobile through New York State to Niagara Falls.

#### OBITUARY

##### RAYMOND D. GILES

Radio circles around New York received a sad shock on the morning of May 26, upon learning of the sudden death, by automobile accident the evening before, of Raymond D. Giles.

A real loss is sustained by the radio fraternity through the death of Giles, and his associates have lost a valued friend. Giles was an expert radio man. He served with us almost nine years as an operator on ships; he was at one time an inspector with the M. R. I. division; he has acted as instructor at radio schools, and was a writer and authority on radio subjects.

He made the initial voyage in charge on the *Huron* when the Munson Line inaugurated their South American service, remaining on her a year. When the *George Washington* made her first trip across for the United States Mail Line, Giles was the chief operator with three assistants under him. He was afterward in charge on the *Potomac*, and later rejoined the *Huron*.

Last February, when the large electrical distributing

house of Sibley-Pitman asked this office to supply a man capable of handling their radio department, Giles was picked. He became their radio sales manager and buyer and attained such success that within a few weeks his weekly salary was made almost equal to his former monthly salary as a ship operator. He was in their service at the time of his death.

Personally, Mr. Giles was a likable fellow and made many friends. He was a royal entertainer and those who accepted his invitations found him striving to do his best to please. It was while entertaining a friend in his new automobile that he met his death.

At his funeral, which was held from his home in Plainfield, N. J., the Radio Corporation was represented by J. B. Duffy, superintendent of the operating department; L. L. Manley, superintendent of the M. R. I. division, and P. H. Boucheron, advertising and publicity manager. A large floral wreath marked the tribute of the employees at the Head office and 326 Broadway.

In closing this, his last publicity notice, it is fitting that we should use the symbol he so often had occasion to use during his telegraph career; regretfully, then, we use it, for we realize with deep sorrow that it is really the end—"30".

#### WILLIAM B. VAN SIZE

William B. Van Size, formerly Patent Attorney for this Company, died in Brooklyn, June 1, after a protracted illness, aged 69 years. He leaves a widow.

Mr. Van Size was born in Utica and entered the Western Union service there as a messenger. He soon became an operator, serving with that company and various other companies for eleven years. During this time he mastered stenography and acted for a time as official reporter in parliament at Ottawa, and also in the legislature at Albany. While working nights as a telegrapher he pursued a law course in the Albany Law School, graduating in 1879 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He then entered the legal department of the Western Union, remaining five years, transferring to the American Bell Telephone Company at Boston, as Solicitor of Patents. In 1890 he became Solicitor of Patents for the General Electric Company, remaining four years, when he opened his own office in New York, as Solicitor and patent expert. Mr. Van Size was identified with the invention and development of the Buckingham-Van Size printing telegraph system, which later was further perfected to meet the traffic needs of the Western Union Company, and which system was extensively used by that Company prior to the advent of the present multiplex system.

When the American Institute of Electrical Engineers was organized in the year 1884, Mr. Van Size became actively identified with the Institute of which he later became a life member.

He entered the service of the Radio Corporation in 1920, having previously served six years with the Marconi Company, remaining until ill health compelled his retirement last December. He was a man of marked ability and his genial disposition made him popular with his associates.

His funeral was attended by Messrs. Pillsbury and McNichol, representing the Radio Corporation.

Our sympathy is extended to George Wixon, of Marion station, in the sudden death of his wife, which was totally unexpected. She was only 25 years old and a general favorite among her friends.

#### EASTERN DIVISION NEW YORK

**I**RVING ELLINGHAM arrived in New York after a nine months' voyage around the world on Arthur Curtiss James' yacht *Aloha*, and his friends here were mighty glad to see him. He reports having had a very successful trip, visiting thirteen countries and learning many new and unusual things about the other side of the globe.

Charles W. Hilkemeier has been promoted from junior on the *Philadelphia* to operator in charge on the *Samuel Q. Brown*.

Carl J. Koegel is now running on the *L. J. Drake*; R. A. Miller is back on the *Lake Sterling*; Oscar A. Hauger is en route to France on the *Edgehill* and Samuel V. Parsons is on the *C. A. Canfield*.

Royal Sterling sailed as junior with C. L. Fagan on the *Santa Eliza* en route to the west coast of South America.

J. F. Forsyth left for France on the Standard Oil steamer *Pawnee*.

Samuel J. Mooney is back on the *William Rockefeller*, on which he was relieved two trips by F. F. Reb. Reb is now on the sick list.

M. S. Tinsley is senior on the *Maracaibo*, which is highly pleasing to the M. R. I. department, he being one of the men about whom they give frequent commendatory reports on his upkeep of apparatus. The M. R. I. seem to have good reason to think well of him.

Albert G. Marsden remains on the Grace liner *Cacique*.

Joseph K. Halka is back in our service on the *Argon*. Jacob Herrlich is making good on the *Dixie Arrow*. He seems to be following the example of his famous brother Harry for giving efficient service.

We acknowledge the congratulations extended through last month's issue by the Great Lakes on our removal to our new offices on the second floor. We must say, though, that our quarters must be seen to be appreciated. Better come on. We are also glad they perceived the keynote of our radio building idea.

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### BOSTON

**W**ALTER E. McLEOD'S first trip was an eventful one. In a dense fog the *Middlesex* became beached near Portland, Maine, and stayed there for a week. The ship has been refloated.

C. E. Willett has resigned. D. W. Fowler, Jr., has taken Willett's place on the *Norfolk*.

J. T. O'Mara, formerly at WLC, is now on the *City of Bangor*.

William J. Kielar, a contributor to the radio column of a local newspaper, is relieving T. B. Cave on S. S. *Swiftstar*.

H. E. Woodworth, now on the *Hampden*, has solved the problem of getting to New York economically. He recently came up over the road, traveling in relays by automobile.

Leon Thomas is on the *Governor Dingley*.

John Browne moved his duds from the *Dingley* to the *North Land*.

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### PHILADELPHIA

**A**FTER a long absence from the pages of this publication, the Philadelphia office force wishes to extend greetings to all. We are gradually becoming used to our new quarters.

The S. S. *H. F. Alexander*, a large passenger vessel operated by the Admiral Line, was recently equipped by Messrs. Berger and Schwab, under the direction of the M. R. I. division, New York, with a combination telephone and telegraph tube transmitter, a  $\frac{1}{2}$  K. W. Sub. set receiver, vacuum tube detector and two steps of amplification. A separate antenna was constructed for use in connection with receiving broadcasting stations. A separate Westinghouse R. C. tuner, detector and two step amplifier with loud speaker power unit and horn were installed. The horn was placed in the reading room for entertainment of passengers.

Constructor Berger recently equipped the wooden vessel *Blakeley* with a privately owned Wireless Specialty  $\frac{1}{2}$  K. W.

transmitter and type 106 tuner. The *Blakeley* will sail shortly in an attempt to salvage the *Lusitnaia's* gold. Berger has been having weird dreams since listening to yarns by the *Blakeley's* mate.

We recently had the pleasure of a visit from our old boss, Mr. Hartley. Messrs. Hartley and Illingworth were aboard the *H. F. Alexander* bound from Philadelphia to New York when the British steamer *Andree* changed their plans. The *Andree* was rammed and sunk by the *H. F. Alexander* in the Delaware River. The *Andree* sank to her main deck. The wireless equipment of the *Andree* has been removed from the vessel by the Philadelphia force, and placed in our store-room until such time as the vessel is refloated and reconditioned.

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### BALTIMORE

**T**HE Ore Steamship Company vessels *Feltore*, *Firmore* and *Santore* were recently re-commissioned at this port with Operators Rutherford, Harwood and Sturms in charge.

Inspector H. O. Hogan has resigned from our service to accept employment with a battery manufacturing concern in Philadelphia. George E. Sterling, ex-Shipping Board operator, has been employed in Hogan's place.

Robert S. Howard was recently assigned to the Shipping Board steamer *Conehatta*.

The  $\frac{1}{2}$  K. W. set on the *Feltore* was recently removed and a 2 K. W. panel set installed, together with vacuum tube detector and amplifier.

The steamers *Samuel L. Fuller* and *Marore* were also fitted with vacuum tube detectors and amplifiers.

Victor R. Good left our employ temporarily to take assignment on the *Cotton Plant*, bound for San Francisco.

Carl E. Sonneman returned from his somewhat lengthy vacation in Texas and joined the Shipping Board steamer *Capulin*.

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### GULF DIVISION

#### NEW ORLEANS

**B**ENJAMINE G. TEMPEST is relieving Leo Fortein on the *Socony* 89.

Murray Buchanan, after many months spent on the good ship *Maiden Creek*, is taking a vacation with his home folks at Lake Arthur, Louisiana. Buchanan's billet on the *Maiden Creek* has been filled by Charles D. Beckett.

Marion Horowitz, after a short assignment on the *Rajah*, is now in charge on the *Glenpool*, where he relieved Edward

F. Ekberg. Ekberg has returned to New York under his own steam for the purpose of securing a renewal of his license which had expired at sea, and thence another assignment.

John W. McElroy has transferred from the *Brave Coeur* to the *Hefferon*, relieving Wallace A. Clemmons. Clemmons is off on a well-earned vacation.

Leslie Veader has been transferred from the *Sucrosa* to the *Swifscout*, relieving Pierre Lacoste. Lacoste is another vacationist.

Donald H. Graham, a recruit in the R. C. A. service, has been assigned to the *Sucrosa*.

Harry F. Dyer has transferred from the *Orleans* to the U. S. Marine Hospital at New Orleans, for drydocking and overhauling. The billet on the *Orleans* is now in charge of A. P. West.

William J. Lacarde has relieved K. C. Bridgham on the *John D. Rockefeller*.

Harold G. W. Peters has re-entered the service with assignment to the *Norman Bridge*, where he relieved Harry V. Fischer, who was forced to resign from the service on account of ill-health.

With the temporary laying-up of the *Sacandaga*, Z. A. Thompson is spending a short vacation in Havana.

Other assignments made since our previous report include: William M. Cline to the *Gene Crawley*; Albert Glaser to the *Brave Cocur*; George G. Paris to the *W. L. Connelly*; Fritz B. Von Ohlen to the *Rajah*.

The New Orleans storeroom and shop, both in charge of Ross Wood, is being moved from 612 to 512 St. Peter Street.

## GREAT LAKES DIVISION

### CLEVELAND

#### Special

#### *It Might Happen Anywhere*

**H**ENRY KASNER, known from one end of the Radio circuit to the other as an RCA Constructor who makes 'em work, recently completed two 200 Watt combination telegraph-telephone set installations in the Great Lakes division. After completing the installations he dropped in at the Cleveland office on his way east. From his manner and actions, one could plainly see that his return was one of great reluctance. Of course, there must have been some reason for his desire to remain.

Quite often, radio men, who have been east, west or south, drop in at Cleveland to sort of look over the fresh water tow-boats, as they term them. Unusually surprised, they linger a few days only. Too much speed; too many trips;

race horses; are a few of their parting expressions. Had they remained—but let's give Kasner's version of our tow-boats.

Wonderful! Never dreamt it! Eats—Accommodations? Say! Boats—Facilities? No comparison anywhere. They run their boats like the N. Y. C. runs its limiteds. They load them as quick as a buck private loads his carbine and they unload them like we used to unload schooners in ye olden day of J. B. C.'s reign. And weather—some one told me a row boat would weather anything that kicked up on the Lakes. Some one fibbed—I was there. But (and he loosened his belt a notch) what hit me squarely between the eyes were the accommodations and eats. Never in all my natural born days have I sat down to consecutive meals like the ones set before me on the *Carl D. Bradley*. Not one or two or three, but each and every meal. Fit for a couple of kings. And accommodations—big, airy room—brass bed—private bath, a two-inch carpet on the floor and, and, and—I did not want to wake up, let alone think of leaving for Noo Yawk. I'll tell you, gentlemen, though I've been chasing the Radio circuit, both Marine and otherwise, for a dozen years, I've never seen anything like it. Don't dispute my word; go out there and see for yourself. He stopped, closed his eyes, took a deep breath and exclaimed, "I sure would like to stay."

We, too, would like to have had him remain. We hope that he does, some day, return even if for but a visit.

#### PACIFIC DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO

**T**HE steamer *Viking*, formerly the barge *Thos. Rolph*, has been equipped with a standard E-2 panel 120-cycle set and type 106 receiver. The results obtained by Operator H. M. Van Auken on the maiden voyage to Seattle and San Pedro were all that could be expected and we predict that the equipment will live up to the reputation established by the other sets of this type.

The first of the combination telephone and telegraph sets were received recently and the 200-watt set was put on exhibition in the Marine exchange of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, where it was viewed by the shipping interests of the Pacific Coast as well as by an interested public. The receiving equipment was connected to an aerial on the building and the broadcasted concerts from S. F. bay stations provided a continual source of entertainment besides attracting attention to the exhibit. It was noted that fully 90% of the spectators were familiar with the usual amateur type of

receiving equipment and were very much more interested in the more perfect commercial equipment. A Western Electric loud speaker and an Aeriola Grand were used with excellent results in amplifying the signals. District Manager A. W. Dorchester had the pleasure of exhibiting the equipment and was ably assisted by Chief Operator Johnstone. Installer H. D. King has been hustling the vacuum tube installations and has succeeded in rounding up at least a dozen vessels in the past week.

Operator C. M. English went through a thrilling experience on the motorship *Ozmo* when the vessel went ashore off Cape Blanco and stove a hole through the bottom. The vessel floated off the rocks and gradually filled with water until the decks were awash. Operator English worked the set for half a day until the water crept up around the dynamo and cut off the current. No S. O. S. signal was sent out because of the prompt assistance from KPH, the Radio Corporation station at San Francisco. The vessel was taken in tow with her decks awash by the steam schooner *Daisey* and towed to Coos Bay, where it ground and sank a total loss. English lost a home that had been his for the past two years.

P. Rametta, L. M. Hart and Carl Elfving, graduates of the Radio Institute, were fortunate in obtaining assignments this month: Rametta as junior on the *Broad Arrow*, Hart on the *Admiral Farragut*, and Elfving on the *Rose City*.

M. A. Newton, after a long absence, has returned and is aboard the *Admiral Schley* as junior.

Rudolph Jenson and W. S. Davis swapped jobs to their satisfaction, Jenson leaving the motorship *H. T. Harper*, taking Davis' place as junior aboard the *Maui*, flagship of the Matson fleet. Eddie Smith is still senior of the *Maui* and has completed his one hundredth trip to Honolulu, which includes service aboard all the large Matson liners since 1912. Smith is to be complimented on the neatness and correctness of his monthly abstracts.

Albert R. Lusey, a World War veteran who went over the top with results, is in charge of the tanker *Montebello*. Lusey will not talk about it, of course, but the writer cornered him and learned that he still has part of the bayonet among his relics. He doesn't know the fellow's name who kept the sharp end.

Many of the old timers will remember Jack Dickerson. We have learned much to our regret that Jack lost his life lately on a Shipping Board vessel on the East Coast, of which he was chief officer. In the good old galena days Jack was operator on the *Matsonia* and several other large transpacific liners.



## SEATTLE

J. A. Buchanan, formerly Radio Supervisor for the Shipping Board, has gone into business for himself. The firm, Buchanan, Stevens & Company, has taken over the Ship Owners Radio Service old location. Mr. H. Currie, formerly in charge of the Naval Radio Station here, has succeeded Mr. Buchanan.

Joe Hutchinson, of the *Mazatlan*, got his position into KPH the other night when only twenty miles from Petropavlosk. Nice work, Joe.

Mr. Barker made a hurried inspection trip to Portland to take care of repairs on the Nielsen boats.

Vacuum tube installations have been progressing very well. Six ships have been equipped during this month. We expect to finish up all this class of work very shortly.

W. H. Cook relieved R. H. Brower on the *West Ivan*, when the vessel was transferred to the Australian run. Brower likes Seattle and is waiting for a vessel which makes this city its home port.

Woe be to the operator in this vicinity who does not mind his p's and q's. Miss Cayo has a modern receiving outfit, which was installed at her home by one of our Operator-Engineers.

## PORT OF LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles Harbor holds the record for many things in the business world, the greatest perhaps being its building program which has gone forward at break-neck speed for the past two years. But among other things too numerous to mention, we call your attention to the fact that during the month of May, Los Angeles Harbor holds a record for arrivals and departures of vessels, headed to, and coming from, all parts of the world. While we are proud of our climate, we also are proud of the achievements along other lines for which nature cannot take all the credit—and that is, our boosters who are making this harbor a very important factor, and one that cannot long be overlooked by our critics (if we have any).

The summer season at Catalina Island was officially proclaimed June 15th, and from the present outlook the Magic Isle will be more popular this summer than ever before in its history. Those of you who have been fortunate enough to spend a vacation on the island will recall the natural beauty of Catalina, but nature needed man's help in making it all that could be desired as a real play-ground, and this has been done at great expense by the new owners. As a result, the town of Avalon can now be placed with any small inland city in modern conveniences—and far excel them in its natural beauty.

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

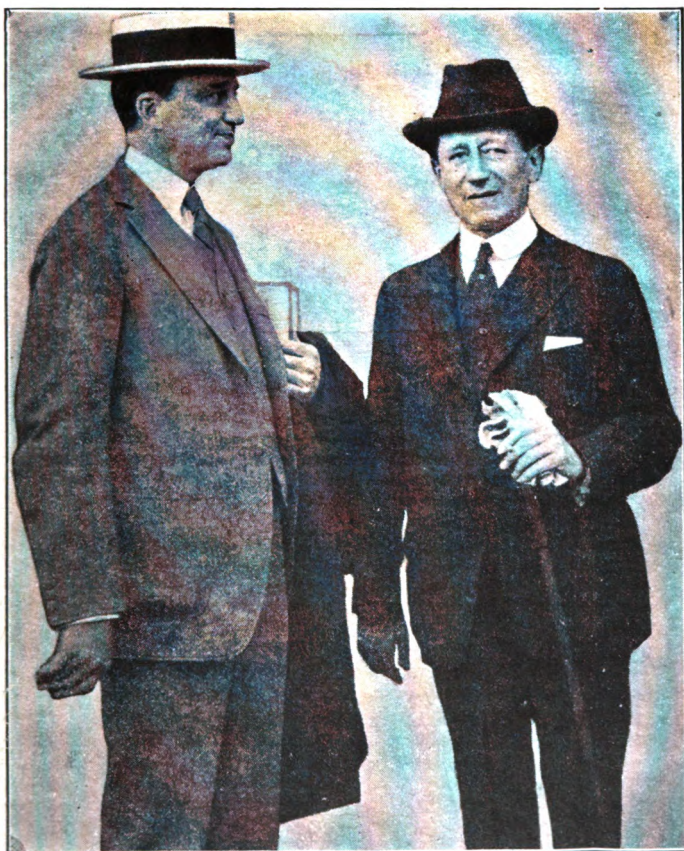
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BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



CHAIRMAN YOUNG AND SENATORE MARCONI

# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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## MARCONI'S TRIP UP THE HUDSON

**T**HE yacht *Elettra* started from the Columbia Yacht Club Pier, N. Y., about nine o'clock on a Sunday morning after all the party had arrived. The party consisted of about thirty in all, and the following is a partial list of guests:

Mr. O. D. Young and daughter,  
Mr. & Mrs. Nally,  
Mr. & Mrs. Sarnoff,  
Mr. A. G. Davis & Miss Davis,  
Mr. & Mrs. G. S. Davis of the United Fruit Company,  
Mr. Elwood,  
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,  
Miss Eleanor Steele,  
Mr. Van Ness Philip.

The weather was very poor at the start, but it cleared off before Poughkeepsie was reached, and from there on was perfect all the way up.

The part of the trip which was most impressive was the reception accorded Senatore Marconi all the way up the river as the expected visit had been written up in all the up-state papers, and all along the river there were crowds on the various docks and landings waiting to see the *Elettra* and to catch a glimpse of Marconi if possible. Every launch and river boat saluted, and the trip was like a triumphal procession. As Mr. Young said in a short speech he gave at supper, no man in the world could have received so hearty and sincere a welcome from the entire American people, as did Marconi.

At Albany, particularly, the excitement was intense. The yacht reached there after dark and found the streets on both sides of the river jammed with motor cars, with their headlights all pointing toward the river. As the *Elettra* came into view they all stepped on the Klaxons and pandemonium reigned for some time. The people had expected the party to arrive sometime late in the afternoon, but the long wait they had did not seem to have dampened their enthusiasm at all, nor had the crowd diminished on the docks to catch a glimpse of the great inventor.

Immediately on casting anchor, Mayor Hackett of Albany, welcomed Senatore Marconi to the city, and Mayor Lunn of Schenectady extended his cordial invitation to the Senatore to visit Schenectady the next day.

Senatore Marconi and a large number of his party stayed on board the yacht Sunday night. On Monday morning, the automobiles of the General Electric Company, met the party at the dock of the Albany Yacht Club, and Senatore Marconi stopped on his way to Schenectady to return the formal call of



**THE SENATORE AND PRESIDENT NALLY**

Mayor Hackett and to meet the other members of the City government.

Upon arrival in Schenectady, Senatore Marconi was greeted in behalf of the General Electric Company by E. W. Rice, Jr., Honorary Chairman of the Board. Here Senatore Marconi met Dr. Steinmetz, Drs. Whitney, Langmuir, and Coolidge. The Senatore was then shown through the research laboratories of the General Electric Company and showed great interest in the development of the radiotron tubes which is being carried on under the direction of Dr. Langmuir.

At noon on Monday a luncheon was tendered Senatore Marconi by the officers of the General Electric Company at the Mohawk Golf Club. There were about 200 in attendance, and the principal speakers were Mayor Lunn who extended the freedom of the City of Schenectady to the Senatore; Mr. E. W. Rice, Jr., O. D. Young, and Senatore Marconi.

In the afternoon, the party visited the Radio Department of the General Electric Company, the big turbine works in Building 60 and the porcelain and ship propulsion machinery department.

After a short motor trip up the Mohawk Valley, the party returned to the Mohawk Club for a small informal dinner tendered by Mr. E. W. Rice, Jr. After the dinner, Senatore Marconi visited the broadcasting station WGY, and then went to the studio and spoke over the radio broadcasting 'phone.

That night he was tendered a reception in the Schenectady Armory by the Italian Societies, and also on his return to Albany was tendered another reception by the Italian Societies, returning to the yacht about midnight.

On Tuesday morning, the anchor was weighed at ten o'clock and the return trip of the *Elettra* down the Hudson was started. The trip down found groups of people in row-boats and motorboats, ready to do homage to Marconi and small groups of people in almost every open space along the river, waving their greetings and farewells to the senatore.

While in Schenectady, Senatore Marconi had been presented with a broadcasting receiving set, which had been installed on the yacht, and WGY broadcasted music and entertainment almost all day, so that the members of the party could have entertainment at their bidding.

The yacht cast anchor off the Columbia Yacht Club, N. Y., about ten o'clock that night.

Weather: Morning fair, rain in the afternoon.

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## RADIO UNIVERSITY EXTENSION COURSE

**A** NOTEWORTHY departure from the usual radio course being taught daily on the 18th floor of the Woolworth Building to the lady students occurred on Friday evening, July 7th, when a number of young women from the executive offices were given an evening lecture with demonstrations on board Senatore Marconi's yacht *Elettra*. The lecture was given by Messrs. Magrini, Mathieu and Payne, assisted in matters pertaining to radio navigation by Captain Lauro. The party was chaperoned by Professor J. L. Finch, the genial and able professor of Hawaiian radio engineering.

The party was met by a special launch at the landing of the Columbia Yacht Club, and was welcomed aboard with a salute of the letter "S" sent three times on the C. W. transmitter. The serious business of the evening was then taken up, and the vessel was inspected by the party from generator to antenna.

At the close of the lecture, refreshments were served, consisting of Italian or non-Bryan grape juice. Altho' reports on the subject are conflicting, it appears that a number of the party preferred water. This is being referred to Izzy Einstein.



THE STUDENTS



MORE STUDENTS

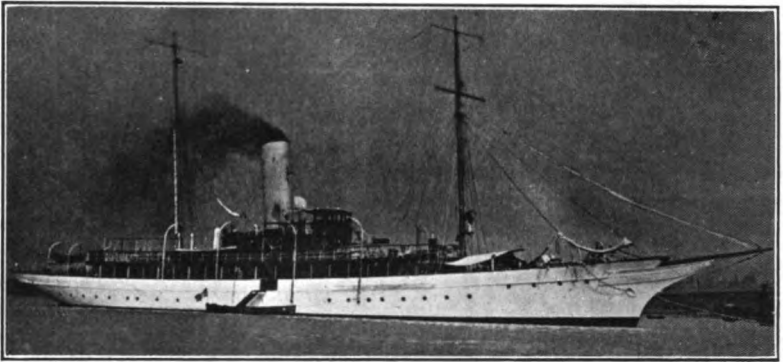
After Mr. Finch had finished his refreshments, the fair guests (and Mr. Finch) signed their name in the big black book, right under Captain Ranger's signature of the day before, and bade farewell to their distinguished hosts. After arriving at terra somewhat firma (see note on grape juice above), the Engineering department unanimously took dinner with Mr. Finch at an unnamed restaurant—not Kidd's! Then, meeting Mr. Amy at the corner of Broadway and LXXII street, they proceeded homeward.

Among those present were the Misses Bird, Bower, Browde, Horton, Klas, Millea, Oppa, Staff, and Thieme, as well as Professor Finch, referred to above in connection with the refreshments. In fact, the foregoing were all that were present, tho' several others would liked to have been there but instead left the train at Times Square.

Undoubtedly other excursions of similar scientific interest will be offered to the students during the coming summer months.

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### THE ELETTRA

**W**HEN Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy, came into New York Harbor aboard his private yacht *Elettra*, he completed one of the most remarkable voyages ever made across the Atlantic Ocean, remarkable in the sense that the *Elettra* is in all reality a floating radio laboratory, in which jealously-guarded secrets are snatched from the ether for the advancement of science.

She is the only vessel of her kind in the world. There are other yachts which are floating laboratories, but none of them devoted to research in radio. The private yacht of the Prince of Monaco is such a yacht, but is used exclusively for investigation in the realm of the science of oceanography.

During the voyage across the Atlantic there were two major subjects which Marconi and his assistants specialized upon, although, of course, other subjects connected with the art of radio were also experimented with. The first of the former was the perfecting of a system of high-speed wireless telegraphy, which will have an important bearing upon the future of transoceanic communication. The second was experimentation with a system of high and low frequency filters designed to eliminate the effect of static upon wireless telegraph communication.

### KEEN INTEREST IN YACHT

There is undoubtedly a great deal of interest in the unusual yacht which flies the national colors of Italy, but carries a cosmopolitan company of experimenters. This was shown by the large crowds which gathered where the slopes of Riverside Park command the Hudson River above the Columbia Yacht Club, off which the *Elettra* was anchored.

At first glance the yacht does not appear different from any other vessel of her class. She has rakish lines and is a trim vessel of 690 tons register. A second glance shows she has a remarkable system of aerials strung between her masts. They are similar to the familiar cage aerial of the British navy, but are built up in pyramid form instead of circular. In addition to these there are the direction-finding loop aerials, which are rigged upon a guy line stretched between the two masts. The fore and aft loop is in the form of an inverted pyramid, with its apex at the point where a connection is taken in to the navigating cabin, and the thwartship's loop is a pyramid with its apex suspended from the guy line.

It is in the radio room of the vessel itself where one realizes that the yacht is different to any other afloat. Everything was in shipshape order, quite different to what one would expect in an experimental laboratory. In fact nothing but standard apparatus could be seen, but the room was filled with that.

#### YACHT HAS POWERFUL SETS

For transmitting purposes the yacht is equipped with a standard one and a half kilowatt quench gap transmitter. Alongside it there is a little quarter kilowatt emergency quench gap set, which would delight the heart of any American amateur. This set is run by storage batteries and is installed for cases of dire need.

On the other side of the cabin, which, by the way, is very roomy for a yacht, there is a powerful vacuum tube transmitter for operation on continuous waves or wireless telephony. This set is rated at three kilowatts. It has two tubes as oscillators, each generating one and a half kilowatts. The current on the plate circuit is stepped up and rectified by two large two-element tubes and four other big tubes act as modulators and amplifiers.

The receiving equipment consists of a special amplifier for special direction-finding work and a standard regenerative receiver with three stages of audio-frequency, or, as it is called in Europe, "tone magnification." The former can be used as a radio-frequency amplifier for receiving over long distances, on long waves.

#### RANGE OF 1,000 MILES.

Despite the fact that it is only possible to get a short stretch of aerial on the yacht, the tube transmitter communicates over a distance of 1,000 miles during daylight with great ease. Its range during the night is much greater.

Although all of the apparatus is of standard type, it is so constructed that it can be readily changed about to form any

other combination necessary for experimental work. The other experimental apparatus, including standard measuring instruments, was neatly stowed away in lockers.

AN OPERATOR'S WIFE IN THE WILDERNESS  
A GLIMPSE OF LIFE AT AN ALASKAN MINING CAMP RADIO  
STATION FAR FROM CIVILIZATION

*By Mrs. Howard S. Pyle.*

A TYPICAL Alaskan rainfall greeted me upon my arrival at Jualin. Here I was to make a home for my husband who had preceded me to his new post as radio operator-storekeeper for an Alaskan gold mining company. All of Jualin was visible at a single glance; the wharf; ugly red buildings at the farther end; and the seemingly endless forest.

I turned toward the wireless operator from the vessel, who, having previously been employed here himself, was acting as my guide. "I guess there is no one here to meet you," he was saying, "but it's only seven miles to the upper camp, and you can't get lost if you follow the mule team track." He looked dubiously at my neatly tailored suit, new hat and oxfords, however, observing that I would probably be soaked long before I reached there. But my oldest things were in my trunk and the clothes in my hand bag were even more unsuitable. The problem was still unsolved when we reached the warehouse, where over the private telephone system I called up the upper camp, only to be informed that the operator had left the camp; should, in fact, even now be at the dock. And he was. Turning about, there at my elbow was my husband!

Somehow I knew this was my life partner; but certainly not by recognition. How changed he was from the smart young man who had left me in Seattle two weeks before! A beard of several days' growth; trousers two sizes too large; high hiking boots and a rough shirt covered by a sleeveless sweater, topped with the queerest cap I had ever seen.

Then and there I burst out crying. The ship was fading into the distance, and I thought of friends I would probably never see again, of a once immaculate husband, of home amid comfortable surroundings . . . and then of this wilderness to which I had come. Dejectedly, I stood around, sinking lower in spirit as we waited while the freight was checked, and the mule cart loaded for the "upper camp."

Finally we started, and a funny sight we must have been: I with my city clothes, riding atop a load of sacks on a cart drawn by mules, and holding an umbrella over my head to save my new bonnet, and my husband in his old clothes perched on a load of freight with Big Bill, the teamster,

bellowing at the mules. I chatted incessantly, till we reached the lower camp, five miles from the wharf, where we stopped for "chow." And such a feed! A plate heaped with fancy shaped sandwiches; egg, cold beef, and cheese, which Herman, the cook, had prepared for us; steaming hot tea, chocolate cake, delicious cream pie; all delicacies which I had never hoped to see after leaving the States. That meal marked a milestone; my despondency over Alaskan wilds vanished—never, incidentally, to return.

And thus it was that I came to my new home. The upper camp proved to be quite a settlement. There was a store, of which my husband had charge; the mine offices, stamp mill, superintendent's house, large modern bunkhouse with showers, and a pool room, also a cook house, besides quarters for several families, and of course, the wireless station KJA, with which communication was maintained with the outside world.

Our new home was located at the bottom of the valley, with 3,000-foot mountains towering on three sides, covered the year round with snow almost down to our level. Below the snow line were vegetation and dense forests which were almost impenetrable. Our cabin was of two rooms: a "galley" which contained a wooden sink, table, stove, cupboard and large wardrobe for clothing, and a large front room, which served as a living room, bedroom and operating room.

The radio installation occupied almost one entire corner of this last room, and was certainly an old-timer. It was of the Marconi 5 K. W. open core type, with a sixty-cycle straight spark gap with air blast, the discharge of which could be heard for great distances up and down the valley. The key was of the type in which heavy brass contacts were immersed in a tank of water beneath the table, and the make and break occurred under water. The lever was nearly a foot long, and took two hands to work it—almost. Often the contacts would stick so that the lever would have to be lifted up by hand to assist the spring. Two large racks holding twenty-four two-quart Leyden jars each, which formed the capacity, occupied considerable floor space. The 5 K. W. "coffin" also had its place on the floor, next to the stove. The helix type of oscillation transformer rested majestically atop the condenser racks, and several spiral loading inductances on the wall—to reach the 1980-meter wave length, completed the transmitter. The receiver was a Marconi type 101 panel, known as the "piano tuner," which was quite serviceable, after we had added a vacuum tube to replace the carborundum crystal furnished with the set. A Marconi type S transfer switch, and a two-wire antenna, eighty-five feet high and 800 feet long, completed the installation at KJA.

On our very first day we set to work in earnest, painting, calcimining, cleaning, and making our new home livable. And this activity held us for many days as the place had been occupied by an unmarried youth for several weeks, and had had scant attention. Then we settled down to our routine. The wireless apparatus required constant "nursing" and kept my husband busy, in order not to miss a schedule with the Juneau Navy Station. We maintained two such schedules a day, and they had to be on time. This, together with his duties as storekeeper, kept the operator busy from 7 a. m. till 9 p. m., and included frequent seven-mile trips to the wharf in connection with the stores.

Social life at Jualin consisted of an afternoon at the Superintendent's house, with the other four women who made up the entire female population of the place. Sewing was the principal occupation and camp gossip a side line.

The trips to the wharf and lower camp became an event of some importance in the fall, as supplies for the winter months arrived. In winter Jualin has snow, and plenty of it, and we practically hibernated during the cold spell. By this time the many wild berries were ripe, and salmon were coming up the small streams to spawn, both of which attracted the black and brown bears from the hills. At first their presence was merely rumored about the camp, but after several encounters by various members of the colony, the animals were seen to be a serious menace, and the women were forbidden to leave the camp limits without suitable protection. Often the bears would come almost up to the cook house, seeking scraps of food. Porcupine, too, were plentiful, but not dangerous if unmolested.

A small mail boat arrived once a week from Juneau, bringing mail and fresh supplies, but this was only during the summer months: trips were made in the winter when the weather warranted. Passengers in limited numbers were also handled on the mail boat, and generally two or three would come and go each week; restless characters who had been at Jualin long enough to make a stake sufficient to carry them to the next camp.

On one occasion the passengers from the steamer *City of Seattle*, mostly excursionists from Eastern States, swarmed ashore, and loaded me with fruit, candy, magazines, books and flowers. They plied me with questions faster than they could be answered. The appearance of a woman in such a place as Jualin was beyond their comprehension.

Weeks of this life followed, when rumors began to take more definite shape about camp to the effect that the mine would shortly close. The rate of exchange on foreign capital

was too high for profitable operation of foreign-owned mines, and as we were financed by Belgian interests, our mine was seriously affected. Rather than be caught in the shut-down, we talked the situation over, and laid new plans. Both desiring to remain in Alaska, our final decision was to go back to the Navy, for we had promise of being stationed at one of the Navy Radio Stations in Southeastern Alaska; Sitka, Juneau or Ketchikan, all very desirable. The mines had charmed us, and we were really loath to leave, but had to look out for our own interests.

In order to take advantage of the Navy's offer of one of the three southeastern Alaskan stations, we were required to report in Juneau aboard the *U. S. S. Vicksburg* before midnight, August thirtieth, and as the last weekly mail boat had left, and no more would call before September 3, we wired the Navy Department and a sub-chaser was dispatched to Jualin to pick us up, together with our effects, and take us to Juneau.

That evening we walked off into the woods, to a favorite spot we had, near an old abandoned mine shaft, to talk over our future plans. In the distance, Old Lions' Head, said to be an extinct volcano, reared its snow-covered head, and made us feel more than ever reluctant to leave. There were also mines on the other side of Lions' Head, but only once had we seen anyone from over there, when an old prospector walked into camp one day, with his dog, gun and portable canoe.

The next morning we started for the wharf for the last time. Our boxes and trunks were to follow us to Juneau on the weekly mail boat. We reached the wharf, just as the sub-chaser came up the bay, and it was indeed a welcome sight, for we had missed our Navy associations. But were we free from the Navy and Jualin again running full blast, I know two persons who wouldn't hesitate at returning to KJA.

### MARCONI'S VISIT TO THE AMERICA

**O**N his recent visit to the United States, Senatore Guglielmo Marconi expressed a desire to visit the radio telephone installation on board the *America* which has proved so effective in carrying on simplex and duplex telephone communication between the United States and the ship while many hundred miles out at sea. Mr. G. Harold Porter, our genial General Superintendent of Marine department, accordingly made arrangements with the officials of the United States lines for Mr. Marconi to visit the ship and have luncheon on board. Mr. Marconi was greatly interested and pleased

with the manner in which the set functioned. Of course no actual demonstration took place because the ship was at the dock, but Mr. E. V. Amy, of the Engineering Department, carefully went over each step with Mr. Marconi.

It was a warm day, and the radio cabin of the *America*, although large as radio cabins go, does not, ordinarily, accommodate very many people. Nevertheless, Messieurs David Sarnoff, G. Harold Porter, A. E. Reoch, W. A. Winterbottom, Pierre Boucheron, E. V. Amy and J. B. Duffy, of the Radio Corporation of America, managed to get into the crowded room, as well as the following steamship officials; Mr. Mock, District Manager of the Shipping Board; Col. Watkins, also of the Shipping Board; Mr. Rutherford, Acting General Manager of the United States Lines; Mr. Moore, Operating Agent of the United States Lines; Captain Wm. Rind, of the *America*; Mr. Mathieu and Mr. Payne, of Mr. Marconi's personal staff and several newspaper reporters, photographers and special magazine writers.

At the luncheon which was attended by the above assembly and other notables whom the humble reporter was unable to approach, Mr. Marconi gave a short address in which he thanked the Steamship Company and the Radio Corporation of America for giving him the opportunity of inspecting the now famous radio telephone set of the *America*.

#### BANQUET FOR SENATORE MARCONI

ON Thursday, June 29, the Corporation gathered together at a banquet held in the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York, a number of the men representative in this country of the vast interest in radio telegraphy and telephony to do honor to Senatore Marconi, the original inventor. The affair was held in the main dining room of the hotel, which had been elaborately and tastefully decorated. The careful art of the chef and the orchestra, combined with the glamor of the occasion to make the meeting not only pleasing in every respect, but a truly memorable occasion.

After the dinner had fulfilled the first function of the program, namely; that of satisfying the inner man with material things, the meeting was called to order by the toastmaster, Mr. Owen D. Young. There was a silence in expectancy that the inner man was now about to be satisfied with things ethereal rather than material; but this was not to be for the toastmaster announced that while it was difficult to find anyone in America at this time who knew nothing of radio and who also admitted the fact, those were the qualifications which he had decided must be met by the speakers

on this occasion. Before calling upon these speakers who could comply, Mr. Young referred to many of those present who had achieved great things in the radio world, and in words more apt than many could find, voiced the welcome of the gathering to Senatore Marconi. The toastmaster called on Mr. Frederick P. Fish to introduce Senatore Marconi, saying that he hoped the great inventor might glean some new ideas on radio in hearing the words of those who admitted they knew nothing of the subject. Mr. Fish was followed by Mr. Frank L. Polk and Mr. Homer S. Cummings. These gentlemen discoursed on the progress of science, the great contribution of Senatore Marconi, the wonderful benefits to mankind already evident and the enormous possibilities of the future, and seconded in no uncertain manner the welcome and the homage paid to the guest of the evening by the toastmaster himself.

As Senatore Marconi rose to speak the orchestra played the Italian national anthem. The Senatore expressed great appreciation for the cordiality of the welcome extended to him. He spoke of his visits to the great American stations of the Radio Corporation and expressed deep interest in the progress that had been made in recent years in this country. He spoke also of the improved relations to be created all over the world by better communication and of co-operation along other lines between his own native country and America.

With the exception of the Senatore the only speaker of the evening who did not comply with the specifications laid down by the toastmaster was Mr. E. J. Nally. Mr. Nally mentioned the great benefit which we shall all derive from Senatore Marconi's visit, in that our engineers and scientists have had in this visit an opportunity to look into the future with the Senatore and to discuss and contrast with him the developments taking place on both sides of the Atlantic. He spoke of the rapid advance of radio technique in the score of years since Marconi first spanned the Atlantic, of the development of the powerful Alexanderson alternator transmitter; of the possibility of the advent of another efficient high power transmitter in the next few years in the electron tube; of the great improvement in transmitting antennae as a result of Dr. Alexanderson's work; and finally of how Senatore Marconi had opened up further prospects of great advances by the work he had just described and demonstrated before the Institutes of Electrical and Radio Engineers. Mr. Nally concluded with a few words concerning his personal acquaintance with the Senatore and expressed in his welcome the pleasure we have all experienced in having Senatore Marconi visit us in America.



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 FOLLOWING IS THE LIST OF GUESTS
 

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Ira J. Adams	E. M. Herr
J. E. Aldred	Comm. S. C. Hooper
Edwin H. Armstrong	Waldemar Kaempffert
Cesare Barbieri	Irving Langmuir
Maxwell Barus	Comm. Raffaele Lauro
Arthur Batcheller	Clarence H. Mackay
L. F. H. Betts	Piero C. O. Magrini
O. B. Blackwell	Sen. Guglielmo Marconi
William Brown	Frederick Roy Martin
J. Edgar Bull	G. A. Mathieu
Anson W. Burchard	Hiram Percy Maxim
Newcomb Carlton	Ogden L. Mills
Comm. D. B. Carson	Edward J. Nally
General J. J. Carty	Charles Neave
E. H. Colpitts	J. V. Olcott
E. B. Craft	G. W. Pickard
Stuart M. Crocker	Hon. Frank L. Polk.
Hon. H. S. Cummings	M. I. Pupin
Fulton Cutting	Charles F. Rand
Albert G. Davis	A. E. Reoch
George S. Davis	Walter S. Rogers
J. H. Dellinger	Charles J. Ross
George S. De Sousa	David Sarnoff
C. G. Du Bois	R. P. Schwerin
Gano Dunn	James R. Sheffield
J. W. Elwood	J. H. Stabler
F. P. Fish	F. A. Stevenson
Livingston Gifford	Melville E. Stone
Paul F. Godley	Gerard Swope
Alfred N. Goldsmith	C. H. Taylor
Marcus Goodbody	Charles A. Terry
J. L. Griggs	Gen. Guy E. Tripp
John H. Hammond, Jr.	E. H. Wands
Edward W. Harden	W. A. Winterbottom
W. W. Hawkins	

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 JOHN FRITZ MEDAL GIVEN TO MARCONI

**T**HE honor that the Engineering Societies of America have conferred upon such scientists as George Westinghouse, Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas Alva Edison, Elihu Thomson, J. Waldo Smith, George W. Goethals, Orville Wright and others—the John Fritz gold medal and diploma—was conferred upon Guglielmo Marconi in the Engineering Societies Building, 29 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York.

Sitting beside Mr. Marconi on the platform were four other men who have received the high honor. They were Messrs Thomson, Smith, Goethals and Wright. Dr. Thomson, the dean of the electrical engineering profession in America, made the presentation. Speeches were made by Prof. Comfort A. Adams of Harvary University; James R. Sheffield, president of the Union League Club; Prof. Michael I. Pupin, of Columbia University, and a short one by Marconi himself. He confined himself to appreciation. He said:

"I am extremely grateful for the very kind and flattering remarks which have been made in respect of myself and my work by the distinguished gentlemen who have been good enough to speak here tonight.

"It is indeed a great distinction and encouragement to further efforts, being received, as I am—I may say invariably received—in this great country, and to meet here among my friends those who represent the best intellect in science and applied science as exemplified in the persons composing the great national engineering societies of America.

"I have long realized that in America, more than anywhere else, the most cordial and generous encouragement is given to any honest endeavor to apply science to useful and practical purposes.

"I consider myself fortunate that much of my early work in radio has been carried out in this country, for I cannot help feeling that you realize that wireless communication has become useful, and often necessary, on sea and on land, besides tending to increase and simplify the facilities for closer communications between distant people on this earth, thus contributing, I hope, to make good will take the place of the unrest and mutual suspicion which unfortunately seem at present to be a dominating feeling among many nations.

"It is a great honor for me to be admitted, through your award, to the ranks of the eminent men upon whom the John Fritz medal has been bestowed.

"I beg to express my very high appreciation of this honor, and to offer my most grateful thanks for the distinction thus conferred upon me."

Mr. Marconi is the nineteenth recipient of the John Fritz medal, an award founded in 1902 as a memorial to John Fritz, the great metallurgist of Bethlehem, Pa. Mr. Sheffield's speech was based upon his personal knowledge of Marconi, the man. Prof. Pupin spoke of Marconi from the more scientific side.

"73."

**M**R. Edward J. Nally gave a luncheon at the Lawyers' Club, N. Y., on Monday, July 10, 1922, in honor of the seventy-third birthday of Hon. John W. Griggs, General Counsel and Member of the Board of the Radio Corporation and for many years President of the Marconi Company.

Mr. Nally in his congratulatory address in honor of the occasion said that "73" to the telegraph and wireless fraternity meant all the good wishes, health, prosperity and affection that could possibly be expressed in any words, and on the occasion of the Governor's 73rd birthday were most appropriate to convey to him what was in the hearts of all his friends and former associates.

The guests included the members of the Marconi Company Board of Directors and officials and Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of the Radio Corporation. Messrs. Young, Sheffield and Sarnoff made short addresses, to all of which the Governor responded in that splendid manner in which he is such a master.

And when he swings for the first tee  
The Governor may be 73  
But when he swings from the first tee  
The caddies think he's 21.

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### DO ALL YOUR DUTY

THE CONSEQUENCES OF MISSING A PART OF IT.

*By H. I. Cleveland*

I have just returned from the preliminary hearing in the case of the wrecked Baltimore & Ohio train where sixty-odd passengers were suddenly plunged to death through carelessness.

Two sections of a passenger train were moving westward. One of them, in a blinding storm, passed a freight on a siding, waiting to start east. It was the duty of the engineer on this first section to have green lights displayed on the pilot of his engine, showing a second section was following, to blow his whistle as he passed the freight engine, showing a second section was following, and, if the freight did not answer his signal, he was to stop his train and give it warning that it must not take the main line until the second section had passed.

These orders were not obeyed. The freight train left the siding as soon as the first section had passed, and shortly afterwards crashed into the second section of the passenger train, producing one of the most appalling wrecks in recent years.

At the preliminary hearing the engineer of the first section took the stand. His face bore marks of terrible suffering. His form was bent. As he spoke the tears streamed from his eyes and sobs broke his words. He said:

"I am wholly to blame for this wreck. No one else is responsible. I whistled when I passed the freight train, but did not discover until some distance past that my green lights had been blown out by the storm and could not have been seen therefore by the freight crew. The freight train did not answer my whistle. I therefore should have stopped my train instantly and warned its crew that the main line was still occupied. I alone am to blame."

No earthly punishment that might be visited upon this man could equal the suffering he has gone through since the night of the wreck.

It is one of the most startling cases of the result of a duty only partially performed I have ever known.

I have told it as simply as possible, for the benefit of the boy who is just sensing what duty means; for the help of the boy who thinks half a duty done is a whole duty performed.

When these boys come to study the New Testament as it should be studied, to grasp the full beauty and power of the life of Christ, they will use dictionary, lexicon, reference books, that will take them to the roots of things Christ taught. It will suddenly dawn upon them that Christ taught not the form of things alone, but the heart of things.

In this work they will come upon what he meant when he taught one's obligation (obligation is duty), to himself, those about him and his God, which, in simply words, is:

"Leaving nothing undone; doing all things well; missing naught."

That is carrying out duty in the Christ sense—in the biggest sense.

It is not looking at duty from this point that produces such disasters as this wreck, which, more than that, wrecks life after life in the simplest affairs.

Having taken up a duty, keep the green lights burning, sound the proper warning signals, stop if it is right to stop—finish that duty as you would a sum you were calculating, when you have your total and have proved it.

There cannot be a wreck when duty is performed that way.

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"My, isn't the ocean blue?"

"Well, wouldn't you be blue if you were confined to your bed the way the ocean is?"—Cornell Widow.

## THE HARD WORK

Sometimes I get sore and ranty o'er the work I have to do, and I rip around the shanty till the atmosphere is blue. "Why," I asked the cat, "in thunder should a fellow toil and slave? All his skirmishing for plunder merely brings him to the grave. You are wise, old cat, in dreaming, dreaming of your feline joys while the human chumps are screaming for some prize not worth the noise; you are wise, you derved old tabby, dreaming as the minutes scoot, while men wear their tempers shabby chasing after Dead Sea fruit."

Then I walk three blocks or seven, just to soothe my nerves a few, and encounter ten or 'leven men who have no work to do. Men as good as I or better, who are nathless, down and out, shackled by misfortune's fetter, all their hopes gone up the spout. Men whose poverty is shrieking, men of evil luck the sport; men who spend the long days seeking work, just work of any sort.

Then I go back to my shanty in a chastened frame of mind, having seen worse hell than Dante, and resume the pleasant grind.  
—Walt Mason.

## CHICAGO

**R**ENOVATION of the Chicago office is rapidly nearing completion and when it is finished the Radio Corporation will have a very fine office in this city.

Things are moving fast at the warehouse; in fact, rumors have reached this office that it is now necessary to sprinkle the floors every two hours to keep down the heat generated by the friction of fast moving shipments.

The following are changes in the staff:

## NEW COMERS

Miss Signe Johnson, file clerk.  
Miss Betty Graham, clerk.  
Miss Florence Carney, stenographer.  
Miss R. Milburn, typist.  
Joseph J. Drapekin, inventory clerk.

## RESIGNED

Miss Bernice Crandall.  
Miss Ethel E. Long.  
Miss Frances Ryan.  
G. E. Graham.

Miss L. M. Bennett has been transferred from typist to bookkeeper.

## NEW YORK

## BROAD STREET NOTES

**T**HE Editor has just sent in a hurry call for a story, and here we are with our reportorial staff either on vacation, or just returned from vacation, or just going

on vacation, and nobody to write the doggone stuff. Blame it on the hot weather if you will, but it's a fact that from the star reporter downwards nobody has a ghost of an inspiration, and it therefore becomes the duty of the office boy to write up a couple of columns to keep Broad Street on the map. Fortunately, just as we were about to sling the ink around and make a splash, our old friend Reggie Mason turned up from his recent tour de luxe, in the course of which he visited Capetown, Yonkers, Johannesburg, London, Ellis Island and various other spots known and unknown, and unfolded a yarn that lost nothing in the telling, but which must necessarily be cut to a mere 10,000 words. It would need the combined skill of a Jack London, a Stevenson, a Nick Carter and a Margot Asquith to record Reggie's yarn as we feel it should be presented to our readers, and the plain and unvarnished fact is we have not yet aspired to the authorship of even a best seller. However, practice makes perfect, and if we get only \$500 for this effort we shall feel sufficiently encouraged to go ahead and essay even greater things in the realm of literature.

'Twas thuswise. Reggie had accumulated such a bunch of kale as the result of his noble efforts in the field of radio that it was fairly crying to be spent, lavished or otherwise gotten rid of in the shortest possible space of time. It further happened that an absence of seventeen years from the land of his birth, Kaffirs, gourds, and diamonds had aroused in Reggie the entirely laudable desire to revisit the scenes of his childhood, and to play the satisfying role of the prodigal son. A three months' leave of absence was speedily arranged and a cable to Capetown urged the immediate selection of a calf suitable for the occasion, with the added information that a period of about six weeks could be allowed for its growth of prime condition. The stage having been thus set, Reggie packed up his toothbrush and a box of Mother Sills' Seasick pills, and departed from New York on the morning of March 18th with a heavy pocket but a light heart. Little he reckoned of the hair-raising adventures he was to undergo ere he returned to the land of the free and the dry, but with glass upraised and a song in his heart as the old hooker crept out beyond the three mile limit, the spirit of the occasion was too much for him, and in a voice quavering with emotion he warbled such old favorites as "Comin' thru the Rye," "Gin a body" etc., until the skipper hauled him from the rail by the slack of his pants and ordered him to drink another. As this was Reggie's idea of making the punishment fit the

crime, he submitted dutifully and promised to become a regular offender, and that's how the trip began.

With the exception of the first week the voyage was very pleasant and there was no necessity for breaking the seal of the seasick pills. No ships were passed as the course was out of the traffic lane. Captain Sinclair of the *York Castle* proved himself a fine sort and made everything pass splendidly.

The first land sighted was Ascension Island, twenty-six days from New York and the ship passed close enough to signal. Next came St. Helena, six hundred miles distant, and finally Cape Town was reached, the thirty-sixth day.

While in Cape Town, Mason had a long talk with the Postmaster General of the Union of South Africa, Mr. Stuurman, who was quite surprised at the advancement made during the last year in trans-Atlantic radio working, and the enormous amount of of traffic being handled. He stated that the Marconi Company had submitted to him plans for the erection of a high power station at Cape Town, but the matter was still under consideration. Mr. Stuurman is now undoubtedly beginning to realize that the transmission of commercial business will in the near future be via radio, and doubtless will give his strongest support to the erection of the station in the Union of South Africa.

Mr. Jack Weaver, brother of our Charlie, is at present postmaster of Cape Colony and took great interest in everything pertaining to wireless.

Apparently wireless as a hobby is only taken up in South Africa by people of means, and no doubt the people would soon be interested if it were more advertised. A little radio news of interest is printed in the papers, but it is so insignificantly placed that it is often overlooked.

Johannesburg was visited and the mines which had been closed for a time while the strike was on, were again in full swing; but to get a piece of gold as a souvenir was like trying to get a drink in New York.

Mr. Mason also visited Salisbury, Kimberly, Bloemfontein and on his way home touched at Southampton and London. Mr. Mason speaks most enthusiastically of the kind treatment extended to him in London by Mr. Rochs, Traffic Manager of the Marconi Company, who he found in his new headquarters at Radio House, Liverpool Street. The department is equipped with all the latest ideas adapted for the conveyance of messages from circuits, eventually reaching the delivery department, where they are folded automatically. High speed working with France has been brought to a high

standard, the short distance being in its favor. Radio House boasts of its own lunch room, where eats are to be had at all times, and it is controlled by members of the staff.

Sailing from Southampton, a la cabin on the lower deck, he had to make his grand entrance through Ellis Island, and regrets he did not have a shawl to make it more effective, as he was asked if he could speak English. He traveled over 20,000 miles and landed physically better, but financially worse.

The 64 Broad Street tennis fiends are open to challenge The Clicks or any other departmental teams (who have the energy) to doubles or singles, any Sunday, on any court.

How about it Static Club? A nice inter-departmental tennis trophy!!!

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### MARION

**O**N Tuesday evening, June 27, all the members of the staff living at the Company's mess quarters, who can't get a wife or don't want one, met for the purpose of re-organizing the mess. By-laws were drawn up and officers elected for the six months ending December 31, 1922. The officers chosen were as follows: Willie Beltz, Big Cheese; Oscar Sadler, Vice Big Cheese; Marcus Aurelius Strausberger, Custodian of Shekels; Aloysius Kenney, Kopy Kat.

The baseball team representing the station here is still going strong. After a somewhat disastrous start early in the season the team was re-organized and White was chosen Captain and Kremp, Manager. The first victim was Rochester and we turned the tables on them for the trimming we got up Rochester way. Rochester proved a worthy opponent and it was only after ten innings of sensational ball that we pulled out ahead 6 to 5.

The next game was with the Mattapoissett team. Kremp was getting his ride on the chutes for fair and, with the score 10 to 5 in favor of Mattapoissett, was benched in favor of Humphries. Humphries was invincible for the remainder of the game and, after an uphill battle, we finally managed to tie the score at ten all when the game was called on account of darkness. In this game Wixon sprained his ankle rounding third base and has been hors de combat ever since.

Oscar Sadler tried to imitate Ray Schalk. However, he caught the ball on the back of his finger instead of in the glove, breaking the same. Needless to say, Oscar's in drydock.

The other night we entertained the Wareham Odd Fellows. And what a night! It would have been lovely for firemen and ducks but we're neither! The players should have had bath-



ing suits and ferry boats. Kennedy, Beltz and Higgins, our outfielders, wish to thank the summer residents for the loan of their canoes. We proved to be better swimmers than the visitors and won by the score of 10 to 2. The Radio gang, through the medium of this column, wish to extend their utmost sympathy to the family of "Hank" Newman, third baseman of the visitors, who was drowned while trying to field a bunt.

On the 6th of July, we all went over to Wareham to play a return game with the Odd Fellows. Kremp, on the mound for Marion, was opposed by Anderson, a tall, rangy right hander with plenty of steam. The Wild Men of Borneo had nothing on either of these two lads. One of Anderson's curves struck an innocent spectator back of first base while Kremp put a drop on top of the High School. Robinson, shortstop for our team, knocked the ball over the right field wall for a home run. In this game, however, we all pulled off the Rip Van Winkle act and by the time we emerged from our slumbers found the Wareham bunch ahead 7 to 4.

On the evening of the 7th of July, we took another scalp to add to our already growing collection. Jack the Cobblers team from New Bedford was the victim and, after one of the most sensational games seen in these parts for years, we managed to pull out on top by a ninth inning rally. In the first half of the ninth with the score tied at three all, an error on the part of our bunch let in one run for the visitors; but in our half, due to some heady baserunning and a wild throw, we scored two runs and won by the tune of 5 to 4.

At a recent meeting of the baseball team White resigned the captaincy owing to the fact that he could not devote all his time to the affairs of the team. Willie Beltz will look after the affairs on the field in the future.

After watching the boss playing tennis one evening, one of the fellows remarked, "Gee, what must Tilden and Richards be like?"

Mr. Clifton has been in great form this summer but owing to the scarcity of players finds it very hard to get an opponent to play with him. Kennedy thought he would put one over on the boss and went over to New Bedford and got the second best player in this part of the country. He was without doubt the hardest opponent Mr. Clifton had been up against this year. Needless to say, however, Mr. B. S. Y. won 6-3, 4-6 and 9-7. What is worrying Kennedy now is the fact that the best player in this part of the country is always out when he calls. Boy, page McLoughlin!

Doc Cumming has arrived back from his extended trip

to the South Sea Islands in connection with establishing radio communication with the Fiji Islanders. Doc says, "It's a nice place, but give me Marion."

The other night the fellows were talking about mathematics. Kremp maintained that one and one made one. Of course no one agreed with him; but to prove it—well the 17th of July was the date, and Kate was the girl. You win, Frank, and all the power and luck in the world to you!

A tournament has been started at the station. Each player meets his opponent twice. The one that wins the most number of sets and loses the least shall be declared the victor. For punishment the winner must play Mr. Clifton. The standing to date is as follows:

	Won	Lost	P. C.
Kremp .....	8	2	.800
Hollis .....	4	1	.800
Robinson .....	4	1	.800
Beltz .....	4	2	.667
Sadler .....	6	12	.333
White .....	2	4	.333
Strausberger .....	3	8	.273
Kennedy .....	0	1	.000

Mark Strausburger has left on his vacation for his old home town, Weissport, Pa. Ever hear of that place? Still statistics tell us that all the big men come from small towns. Mark is planning to return back to Marion in a very leisurely manner, via a Buick truck.

Joe Babineau and Al Melanson, from the Whaling City, are back with us once more in the capacity of riggers.

Fred Blanik and Al Larsen, riggers from the New Brunswick station, are also sojourning with us for the summer.

Carl Flory, graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is numbered among the new arrivals.

E. D. Sabine has arrived to act as relief shift engineer while the other boys are on their vacations.

We note with blood in our eyes that Radio Central introduces the Champion Chow Scoffer of the World. If there is such a thing as the champion he belongs right here in Marion. Why even Bill Dunn, of New Brunswick, we notice, didn't even dare accept the challenge. Our champ was confronted opening a barrel of clams in the kitchen. Upon being asked to explain himself he confessed that he was just getting up an appetite for dinner.

All right, Chatham! Your wish to meet some of the tennis stars of Marion will come true. But—before we start, how much of a handicap are you going to give us?

## SALES DEPARTMENT

**I**T is a pleasure for this department to announce its entrance into the columns of this publication. With the great strides being made in the Radio field, this office has been as busy as the proverbial bee and it has been difficult to gather news. However, we hope to improve this column with the passage of time.

It is with great concern that we hear of Miss Miller's (mis) adventure while taking her noonday repast recently. It reminds us of the story entitled "The Lion and the Mouse."

Our charming co-worker, Miss Van Keuren, is about to leave us to embark upon that great unknown matrimonial sea. We say, "Bon Voyage."

Vacation time is now upon us and from the happy faces there is great anticipation. Miss Adelstein, Mr. Goulden and Mr. DuBois, among others, are now on their vacation. From their leave-taking, apparently, they expect a rousing time.

We must congratulate Mr. Stevenson and Mr. MacKenty upon their transfer to the Sales and Shipping division respectively. We candidly must admit that these divisions are being considerably strengthened therewith.

We extend a hand of greeting to Miss Maloney, Miss Smith, Mr. Chadeayne and Edmund Kloess, who are recent arrivals.

It is certainly proper to announce in these columns the fact that our Miss Sloyan has located her home nearer the Woolworth Building. This has an obvious meaning to those who know Miss Sloyan.

It is with regret that we announce the fact that the vivacious Miss Armstrong has recently left our services.

The last but not least bit of news we desire to broadcast is the varied activity of Mr. Boucheron. He sure is capable of making a fine photo gallery.

A certain young lady in this department having heard much concerning bootleg vacuum tubes recently expressed the opinion that unless these tubes were larger than our radio-trons they would not hold much hooch. She was interested in knowing just what size a bootleg tube is. Can anyone aid her?

## COASTAL STATIONS

**F**ROM every standpoint on which commercial coastal stations may be judged, the Chatham-Marion WCC station ranks among the principal stations of the world.

Manager Holden and his staff at Sisconset are ably upholding the reputation of that station.

Operator Engelder of WNY is on annual leave, getting in

trim to copy the immigrant ships which have again appeared off the coast. Mr. Darcy will follow.

Messrs. Stiles and Shallcross at WCY have enjoyed vacations and returned with renewed ambition and pep.

Mr. Stevens inspected Cape May station recently and reports the plant in excellent condition and the staff, ditto.

We were recently honored by a visit from Messrs. Jacobs and Brunt, of the radio staff of the H. M. S. *Majestic*.

Some of the questions which filter in over the telephone at the Marine Bureau, Broad Street, give the staff an opportunity to show their versatility, and all enquirers receive the information requested and courteous treatment. Requests for the distance between two points on the St. Lawrence River are answered as easily as "why don't my tube oscillate?" And yet the traffic moves with "Accuracy, Speed and Economy."

New London WLC station is now open continuously.

C. R. Underhill is again standing his familiar watch at WNY.

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### THE STATIC CLUB

The next meeting of the Static Club will be held at the Hotel Astor, N. Y., on Thursday, September fourteenth.

The Club fulfills a definite and valuable need in the life of our organization, providing an avenue of social communication between the men of the Company. The membership is open to all men who have been with the Corporation for one year. Why not broaden your ideas and friendships by joining? See the Secretary, L. C. Everett, for application blanks.

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### EASTERN DIVISION

#### NEW YORK

**T**HE publication in our April issue of an account of how the life of the second officer of the *W. L. Steed* was saved by radio through the good work of Operator Paul T. Platt brought forth a letter from Operator John J. Isreal, informing us that Mr. Stanley is now second officer of the *Swifteagle*. He is in perfect health and feels very grateful to Operator Platt and to the captain of the *Steed*, who were instrumental in saving his life.

Paul W. Karr is now on the *San Francisco* bound for South Africa.

George Kavanagh took a much-needed vacation during the month. During his absence his place on the *City of St. Louis* was filled by Adney Wyeth.

P. J. Donohue sailed for South America on the *West Camak* in place of George M. Wilson, who resigned from our service.

G. B. Rabbitts is away on the *Japan Aroow*, relieving the regular operator, G. G. MacIntosh, for a trip.

The *City of Honolulu*, which gained a record as the fast New York-South American liner *Huron* during the past year, has sailed for the Pacific and will not return to this coast. Lester C. Palmer and Frank S. Pavlick went as operators.

James G. Lambros is now senior on the *Acropolis* running to Greece and Turkey.

Charles E. Pearce, after being relieved by M. O. Greene on the *Porto Rico*, sailed as senior on the *Maracaibo*. H. G. Osmond went with him as junior.

Lyman P. Miller relieved J. F. McConnell on the *Nora*.

Lester J. Clink transferred from the *Ario* to the tug *Wellington*.

H. H. Woodcock sailed on the *Sinsinawa* for Mediterranean ports.

Raymond F. Bloom is now on the *Charles Pratt*.

Robert H. Bisbee has entered our service and was assigned to the Sound steamer *Lexington*.

George W. Nicholls, District Superintendent at Boston, honored our offices by a visit recently.

We foresee two lonely and very busy weeks before us—Miss Florence Levy is going on her vacation.

### BALTIMORE DISTRICT

**T**HE *Hamilton* of the Old Dominion Transportation Company has been fitted with a 2 KW P-8-B set; vacuum tube detector and two stage amplifier, at this port. Michael Beckerman was assigned as senior operator.

G. Harold Porter, General Superintendent of the Marine division, was a recent visitor in Baltimore while en route for Washington.

The barge *Standtow No. 2* was equipped with a ½ KW set will go to South America where, upon arrival, the set will be dismantled by Operator Charles G. Baraney.

Victor R. Good was transferred from the *West Quechee* to the Lake type tanker *Cotton Plant* bound for the West Coast.

The Motor Ship *Moonlite* was recently re-commissioned with Nilmer Holm acting in the capacity of radio man and third officer. This ship is also bound for the West Coast.

Joseph P. Hunter has been detached from the *Glen Ridge* on account of slight injuries received while his ship was returning from Holland.

#### BOSTON DISTRICT

**O.** N. EDDEY has returned to Boston from the Gulf and is on the unassigned list.

Austin Livsey has had his patience rewarded and is now on the *Everett*.

Stanley Wade is assistant purser and operator on the *City of Rockland*.

H. J. De Celles, with his continually performing smile, is missed at Boston. Horace resigned to tinker up auto ignition systems.

Frank Justice is again selling wool.

A. T. Barber arrived from the West Coast on the *Tiger* and paid us a brief visit, very brief.

#### NORFOLK DISTRICT

**S**INCE last appearing in these columns, a reduction in force made it necessary to relieve our late stenographer, Miss Elizabeth O'Neill. We know that her many friends will share our regret in this change. All hands hope that business will revive to a point where it will be possible to have her with us again at an early date.

A visitor is among us in the form of the City Fish Market, which is temporarily located across the street from our office during the construction of a new municipal building nearby. With the hot weather to help, this visitor makes life one sweet smell after another.

Mike Beckerman has been relieved as junior on the *Jefferson* by Wm. Rosenfeld, to go as senior on the *Hamilton*. Sidney Weatherspoon, Jr., has been assigned to the *Hamilton* as junior.

T. W. Bean was recently detached from the *Winding Gulf* after a long and eventful trip to Russia.

W. E. McLeod left the *Middlesex* when that ship laid up recently for extensive repairs made necessary by the damage to her hull occasioned by her going aground near Portland.

While on a test trip, Inspector Sterling of Baltimore recently paid us a visit.

#### GULF DIVISION

##### NEW ORLEANS

**R**ALPH Y. JOHNSON has replaced O. N. Eddey on the *Tamesi*. Eddey has taken the overland route to Boston.

Pierre Lacoste has been shipped back to Texas to be placed aboard the *Socony 90*.

Harry Goldstein has been transferred from the *Dillwyn* to the tug *Central American*, which is on harbor duty at Tampico, Mexico.

A. E. Ermatinger has been transferred from the *Steel Maker* to the *John D. Rockefeller*, relieving W. J. Larcade, who is now doing beach-duty waiting for something else to show up.

Clarence P. Allwein, who was relieved on the *Socony 90*, has returned to his old camping grounds, New York.

Z. A. Thompson, after several weeks of beach-combing at New Orleans, has been re-assigned to the *Sacandaga*.

C. C. McCann has re-entered the service, and is now out on the *Rajah*, relieving F. D. Von Ohlen.

Robert H. Williams, of *Memphis City*, and E. J. Barnes of the *Dauperata*, have exchanged billets.

Elmer J. Fredholm has entered the service on the *Steel Maker*, and is now en-route to Pacific and Asiatic ports.

Murray Buchanan has relieved Harvey N. Meisenheimer on the *Eastern Victor*.

John W. Henderson has re-entered the service on the *Pioneer*, where he relieved A. A. March, resigned.

C. G. Landman of the *Birmingham City* and E. G. Kroger, junior on the *Coahuila*, have exchanged berths.

Frank E. Golder, who recently arrived from the Great Lakes division, has been assigned to the *Dillwyn* at Mobile.

Edward Clesi, late of the *Lake Hector*, has been assigned to the *West Cheswald*, relieving D. J. Ford. Ford has been granted leave of absence, with permission to report in at a Northern office.

W. M. Cline and J. M. Heiligenthal are on the bench for re-assignment as a result of the laying up of the tankers *Gene Crawley* and *Panuco*.

---

#### GREAT LAKES DIVISION CLEVELAND

**M**R. AND MRS. G. HAROLD PORTER were in our midst during early July having enjoyed a trip on the *S. S. Carl D. Bradley*. They joined the vessel at Buffalo, and cruised to the head of Lake Huron and then back down to Fairport, Ohio, where they disembarked. We anticipated, with pleasure, a short visit with Mr. Porter, but undoubtedly his plans were shaped otherwise and we were doomed to disappointment, as he and his friends proceeded eastward immediately after the vessel's arrival.

Mr. Nicholas has just closed contract with the Dodge estate for the equipping of their new *Delphine*, a two million dollar pleasure yacht. The yacht is unquestionably a floating palace, as its interior decorations are amazingly dazzling. A dreamer of the Viking days could never have, during his wildest moments of relaxation, visualized to any degree what ship builders or naval architects of the twentieth century were to design and complete in line of vessels.

Constructor Weide and Assistant Constructor Dunn completed the installation on the *Delphine*, having installed a P-8 panel and a tube receiver. She recently sailed from her home port, Grosse Point, Michigan, bound for the East Coast and the West Indies, where the owners contemplate sojourning for the summer and fall months. David S. Little and John Sokutis, as senior and junior, respectively, are in charge of her equipment.

William R. McKenzie has relieved Earle S. Fletcher from further duty on the *Alpena*. Fletcher has decided to sort of pass time away in Lower Michigan—of course, he's married!

Clair E. Mowry has accepted a purser-operator berth with the Pere Marquette Railway Company, and writes in: "Everybody seems satisfied."

Owen A. Thompson recently took out the *M. A. Bradley* on her first trip of the season.

William J. Mockler is now attached to the *Fayette Brown*, while George Tracy can be found on the *Harvey H. Brown*.

William F. Bradley, a new man in the service, has been assigned to the *A. M. Byers*. The *Byers* was in the shipyard for a few days, having had a slight accident on one of her recent down-bound trips.

It is with pleasure we announce the return as junior to the *City of Cleveland III*, of Harold M. DeGowin. He was in the hospital at Detroit for almost a month doctoring up a severe case of rheumatism; however, he reports all rheumatic pains have left his system, also that he feels like a new man all through.

Clark J. Taylor recently sailed on the *Harry W. Croft*, a bulk carrier.

Alfred Thomas, Jr., Chicago District Marine Manager, after having wiped his feet on a two-inch Brussels rug in our new Chicago quarters, says that things are sort of picking up in this old world of ours. Frankly, we wouldn't be a bit surprised but that they are.

A. M. Fenton and Robert F. Morris have taken out the *City of Detroit II* and *City of St. Ignace*, respectively, for their three month summer run, between Detroit and Cleveland, on the daylight schedule.



Our aristocratic friend, Thomas S. Ledyard, with a party of friends, is cruising on the Upper Lakes on a private yacht. Ledyard was relieved during the early part of July by Fergus M. Sloan as junior of the *City of Detroit III*.

Christopher W. Core, a veteran of many seas, is cooling his heels on our waiting list anticipating assignment to a ship of his liking.

F. A. McPhillips is still sending TR'S from the *Charles O. Jenkins*.

Willis K. Wing, after a three weeks' stay in the hospital where he underwent an operation for appendicitis, has been assigned to the *Tionesta* as senior. This makes Wing's second season on this vessel.

Harold A. Forry has been promoted from junior to senior of the *Juniata*. Hyman Silverman has assumed the junior responsibilities. Former senior Glause has decided that terra firma is a better place to spend the summer than the placid waters of the Great Lakes.

Guy R. Harden, a veteran, has been assigned to the *Westland*, an auto and package freight carrier.

The *William G. Mather* recently went into commission with John L. Showers in charge of the equipment.

Garrold E. Flower and the *Samuel Mitchell* have severed diplomatic relations for at least two months, as the *Mitchell* tore her bottom out when she hit a submerged, uncharted rock in northern Lake Huron, during July. Flower performed excellent service in securing assistance, but was forced to relinquish his hold on the etheric circuit when the water crept into the boiler room, extinguishing all fires. Lifeguards and the wrecking tug *Favorite*, with D. G. McDaniels in charge of the equipment, went to the assistance of the *Mitchell* arriving at her side a few short hours after the accident. The *Mitchell* is now in dry dock at Ecorse, Michigan, while Flower is spending a few well-earned vacation days, prior to accepting another assignment.

#### PACIFIC DIVISION

##### SAN FRANCISCO

OUR first experience with the new combination telephone and telegraph sets has left a very favorable impression and has relieved us of any anxiety as to whether they will eventually meet all expectations. The *H. F. Alexander* and the *Matsonia* have the distinction of being the first vessels on the Pacific Ocean to be equipped with tube sets. Both were fitted with 1000 watt sets and on the maiden trip each succeeded in establishing phone communication from Honolulu the daylight schedule.

to Marshalls, Radio Corporation station (KPH), a distance of 2,100 miles. The design and construction of the set has been highly praised by everyone who has seen it, and the operation leaves nothing to be desired.

It was the pleasure of the plant force to install and display an exhibit of amateur and commercial equipment at the Emporium department store during the month. A large assortment of the latest RCA amateur equipment was received from the east in time to put on display and proved to be a great attraction to an interested public. The exhibit occurred during Shrine week while San Francisco was crowded with thousands of visitors from all over the U. S., and there was not a dull moment around the RCA booth during the entire week.

T. M. Watson, operator on the *Santa Inez*, has transferred to an oil tanker, the *W. S. Miller*, which in the due course of time may visit his home in the British Isles. Watson while on the *Santa Inez* did splendid radio work, keeping in constant communication with our San Francisco station (KPH) from Squaw Harbor, Alaska.

L. D. Payne was transferred from the Eastern division on the *Santa Barbara* to one of our tankers, namely the *Atlas*, and after a seven year absence is glad to be with us again.

Dewey Baraldo was transferred from the tanker *Moffett* to the tanker *S. C. T. Dodd*.

Geo. L. Van Auken was assigned to the *Algonquin* bound for England.

Marion E. Hulderman transferred from the *La Placentia* to the *Standard Arrow* bound for the Orient. His place on the *La Placentia* is being taken by R. H. Cornell, formerly on the *Santa Ana*, and James Lambros is en route to the East Coast, his home, on the last-named vessel.

Few other changes have taken place recently, and so to fill our quota we will have to tell a little story, as follows:

Jack Hyams, alias Honey Hyams, and L. D. Evans, senior and junior respectively, on the good ship *Wilhelmina*, are both red headed, about the same height and when dressed in their official regalia aboard ship look very, very much alike. On the *Wilhelmina's* last Honolulu voyage Hyams hurried down to dinner, hurried through and rushed back to the radio cabin to relieve his partner. Evans sat down, ate a hearty meal from soup to nuts and noticed a lady passenger eyeing him very curiously. Finally she spoke saying that it must be nice to be young and good looking and be able to eat two dinners, and excused herself for being so observant. Altho' it sounds sort of peculiar, both Hyams and Evans will vouch for this sea-tale.

## PORT OF LOS ANGELES

Monroe G. Somers, who has been on our waiting list for the past six months, has been assigned to the *Cabrillo*, running between Wilmington and Catalina Island.

Dewey Baraldo is ~~now~~ on the *Dodd*, having been transferred from the *Moffett* while in Northern waters.

New projects for Los Angeles Harbor are in the making, but among the many now in contemplation we will only mention the opening of the Los Angeles Ship Building and Dry Dock Co.'s yards which have lain idle for many months. Several contracts for vessel have been secured and work is now in progress.

On the same grounds as the Los Angeles Yards, a ten million dollar cotton mill and large saw mill will be under construction within a short time, giving work to an army of men. Many other projects of lesser importance are being talked of, and we will soon have a busy port, possibly ranking any port on the Pacific.

---

SEATTLE

A rental contract has been signed in this district for the Pacific Steamship Company vessels *Daylite*, *Dawnlite*, *Moonlite* and *Sunlite*.

The Seattle Radio Show was a big success. It was very well attended and aroused considerable enthusiasm. One of the most interesting features was the Western Electric vacuum tube film.

Milton Koupal was promoted to first operator on the *Admiral Sebree*, but unfortunately this vessel has now tied up. Koupal has been transferred to the *Admiral Watson*, as junior.

C. Webster is junior on the *Ruth Alexander*.

E. H. Forsman relieved Richard Sadler, as second on the *Admiral Watson*, for one trip.

---

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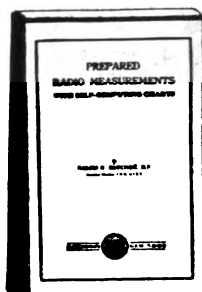
The charts included in this book represent formulae that are apt to occur in ordinary radio computations. Some of these have doubtless been neglected on account of their relative complexity heretofore, but it is hoped that with a simplified method of obtaining a solution they will become more valuable.

Charts of this type have not been used extensively heretofore in the radio field, although a few have been designed and published. They are designed to eliminate all mathematical work, except in a few cases when it is necessary to evaluate simple ratios, and require no special equipment except a straight-edge or ruler. For this purpose a transparent draftsman's triangle is desirable.

The method of operation for an equation with three factors is to lay a straight-edge across two scales at points corresponding to the known values and the answer is indicated where the same straight line intersects the third scale. This same principle is extended for charts containing four or more factors. The method is specifically described with each chart.

The accuracy of these charts is above the accuracy with which the various factors that enter in the formulas can be measured with ordinary means.

The charts provide an easy way to solve with equal facility for any one of the factors that make up the formula. Ordinarily the description accompanying each chart will outline the method for solving one factor, but by reversing the method any other solution may be obtained.



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SEPTEMBER, 1922

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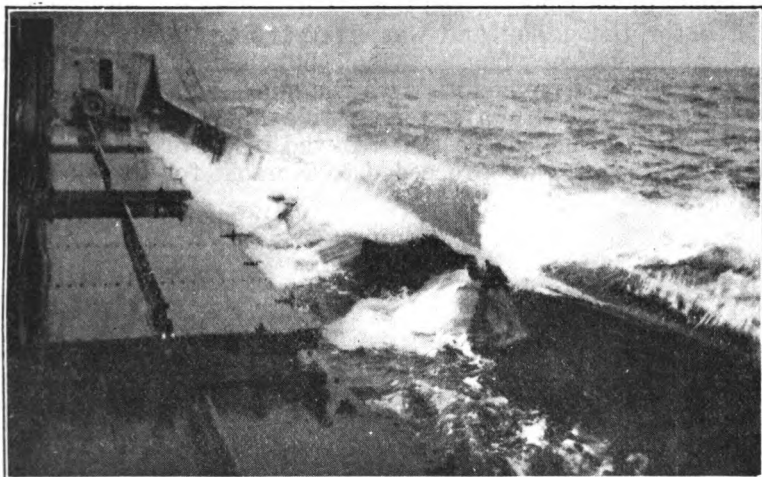
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## STRANDED

By W. E. MacLeod



**T**HE *Middlesex* was headed for the entrance of Portland harbor, enshrouded in impenetrable fog. At 5 A. M. the captain requested me to get compass bearings, which I did from N. B. D. At 11 o'clock this was repeated and the mate said we should sight the lightship, which we soon did, and straightened out for Portland harbor. All of a sudden my chair and I shot across the cabin and landed in a corner, and then things began to happen. I gathered myself up and opened the door, but couldn't see the poop, so decided I was better off inside. The captain came in and handed me a message for Boston, which I sent to N. B. D. at noon. Soundings showed three feet of water in number one tank, and rising fast, so we decided to call for assistance. The U. S. S. *Ossipee* quickly responded, and two tugs arrived at 2 o'clock. We were hard and fast on Trundy's reef and three boats tried until 6 o'clock to pull us off. Then the tugs gave it up, but the *Ossipee* and also the Coast Guard stood by all night. About 9 o'clock the quartermaster advised me to pack up, as he expected the ship would sink any minute. Conditions began to get worse and by midnight she was taking water from stem to stern. One could hardly stand up or sit



down as the ship was cavorting like a big snake. We were all sleepy, but it was impossible to sleep. About daybreak a tug appeared and the crew wanted to abandon ship. The captain said "Any one who wants to go ashore may go." All but seven of us boarded the tug. I began to get hungry and started for the galley and was busy frying bacon and eggs and making coffee, when the whole bunch filed into the mess room and elected me cook. With the quartermaster's help we fed them until, with a favoring tide and a powerful tug, we were pulled off the reef and towed into Portland. After temporary repairs we proceeded to Norfolk for dry-docking.

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BOSTON, MASS.

June 5, 1922.

Mr. Walter McLeod,  
Radio Operator,  
S. S. "MIDDLESEX".

Dear Sir:

By request of our President, Mr. Harris Livermore, I am sending you herewith check for \$100.00 as an appreciation by Owners of S.S. "MIDDLESEX" of your courageous conduct in standing by your ship through the night of May 18, while stranded in a dangerous position on Trundy Ledges outside the harbor of Portland, Me., and also your able assistance while salvaging and bringing the vessel into port.

Yours very truly,

COASTWISE TRANSPORTATION CORP.

*Chas. Skentelbery*  
Chas. Skentelbery  
Marine Supt.

CS:B

P. S. Please sign and return the enclosed receipt..

**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA  
235 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK**

**EDWARD J. HALLY  
PRESIDENT**

June 27, 1922.

Mr. G. W. Nicholls,  
186 Federal Street,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Nicholls.

I have read with much gratification the letter addressed to Operator Walter McLeod of the S. S. MIDDLESEX by direction of President Livermore of the Coastwise Transportation Company, enclosing an honorarium of \$100. in recognition of his fidelity and devotion to duty while his ship was stranded recently.

Will you please extend my congratulations and thanks to Mr. McLeod. He has upheld the traditions of our service in a manner most creditable to the Radio Corporation and honorable to himself, and has set an example for his associates which I have no doubt they will emulate should they encounter similar exigencies.

Sincerely yours,

  
President

eja ph

July 22, 1922.

Mr. Edward J. Hally,  
President, Radio Corporation of America,  
235 Broadway,  
New York.

Dear Sir,

Mr. G. W. Nicholls, Boston District Superintendent, has presented me with your letter of June 27 addressed to him which referred to my duty as Radio Operator on the S.S. Middlesex while stranded on Trundy Ledges outside of Portland, Maine.

Kindly accept my sincere thanks for your thoughtful congratulations as expressed in your letter.

My experience during the unfortunate hours of the S.S. Middlesex was nothing more than the plain duty of a radio operator. Any radio operator, I feel, would have duplicated my action had he been under similar or more trying circumstances.

Your letter will be preserved as a treasure that is most gratifying to a Radio Corporation operator.

Sir, most respectfully,

Radio Operator  
S.S. Middlesex



## RADIO

*By Archibald Rutledge*

O, not a word and not a thought  
In the wide world shall come to naught;  
No little love with sails of white  
Shall vanish homeless in the night.

This wind that moves with fluting song  
My plumed and purple pines among,  
Shall wave dim palms in tropic nights,  
Shall storm the white Himalayas' heights.

And every dream I mourn as dead  
Or lost, is lyrically fled  
Out of my heart into another's,—  
While I have taken home my brother's.

At length shall break on Hatteras  
The wave that Breton sailors pass  
Blue-rolling westward, or shall run  
To thunder on the dreadful Horn.

The tingling air is thrilled with spirit;  
The universe I can inherit;  
Mysteriously great and near,  
Creation's throbbing heart I hear.

Of those elusions, farewells, flights,  
That dim my days and haunt my nights,—  
In all the lonely strength of wings,  
Some heart shall make recoverings.

*Scribners.*

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THE CLICKS

On Thursday, September 7, an evening boat-ride will be on the program for all those (Clicks or not) who wish to participate. The meeting place is Room 1887, Woolworth Building; the time, 5:15 P. M. Invitations have been issued and notices will be posted before the date so that everyone will have all necessary information.

## A HAPPY CHANGE

**T**HERE are few of the young women at Head Office who do not remember the little rest room in Room 1868, where not more than ten could be accommodated at one time. To those few let it be known that it was little more than a cubby hole and was made to serve many purposes. Rooms 1887 and 1889 have now been allotted to the women of the Radio Corporation, whether located at Head Office or visiting from any of the other offices, for their special use. A hearty welcome from Mrs. McLaughlan awaits all comers. She has been appointed matron and, by the way, this is the same Mrs. McLaughlan who was so very popular with the young men at Belmar and Chatham stations, where her duties as housekeeper for the last couple of years brought her into daily contact with them. The home-like feeling which pervades these rooms is principally due to Mrs. McLaughlan's presence. The furnishings also produce this feeling and will bear inspection. First of all, try the upholstered wicker chairs, of which there are six, one being of the type that holds two or three so comfortably. They are in the lounge where there is also a great library table, about which the girls chat and eat during the luncheon periods. Then there is the kitchen, where cleanliness and order prevail and all the necessities are kept, and where Mrs. McLaughlan brews tea and coffee for the chatterers. In the third room there are two cots and two cabinets for blankets and linen. The floor lamps must not be overlooked, one being in the lounge and one in this third room. They are fitted with very attractive parchment shades and make the rooms so cheery and restful that loitering there will always be excused in the future. Just try it some fine hot morning when the cool breezes are blowing only from the west. I say, just try it.

The attention of the girls on the twentieth floor is especially called to this article, as the growth of the Sales department has made the necessity for these additional rooms more marked, and it is hoped that Sales department girls will use them freely.

## SOME BREEZE

The report of the final destruction of the Cape San Antonio station by a hurricane is illustrative of the type of men employed by the United Fruit Company at its stations, and of the force of these storms. The following are extracts from the report made by John A. (Jack) Cole, one of the old-time radio operators who was at that time (1915) in charge of the Cape San Antonio station.

"About 9 A. M. the entire aerial was blown away and from that time on the wind blew stronger and stronger and about 11 A. M. was blowing with hurricane force. The Cuban Government wind gauge had by this time been blown away, but I judged the velocity of the wind was not less than 100 miles an hour and the barometer still falling.

"Our kitchen was the first to go, then the gas plant, warehouse and roof of water storage plant were blown down, and some of the iron roofing carried for miles into the woods.

"Next the tower, which had been guyed with four one-inch steel cables, broke in two about half way up, snapping the guys which blew straight out with the force of the wind.

"The roof of the operating house was next blown off and the windows and doors blown in. Myself, the cook and engineer were inside at the time and we then took shelter in the engine house. The operating house, although of steel construction on concrete foundation, was moved about eight feet off its foundation. The roof and floor of the veranda were wrenched from the house, but the house itself stood, although badly damaged.

"The engine house, where we went for shelter, stood only about twenty minutes after we got there. This being the last house, we started for the woods.

"We got a little protection behind some large stumps. After being there for about an hour, there was a lull. The wind subsided and we returned to the station. We found that the Cuban Government barometer (the United States Government barometer was destroyed early in the storm) which has a scale graduated to read from 27.6 to 32.00, was down to the lowest mark; in fact, the indicator was against the pin at 27.6. I do not know how much farther it would have gone if the pin had not been there.

"When I found that the barometer was as low as it would go, and the wind again increasing, we decided to go to the lighthouse, three miles away. This is a stone structure and we thought it would stand. In the meantime the wind had gotten stronger than ever. It took us about four hours to reach the lighthouse, which we did at 7 P. M., having had to crawl most of the way amidst flying sand, timbers, falling trees, etc. On our arrival at the lighthouse we found that the prisms had been blown in, putting the light out of commission. We found there the wreck of a Honduranian schooner. The captain had come in as close as he could get, but before he could get a boat out, the anchor chain parted and the vessel started out to sea. All hands jumped overboard and somehow got ashore. The vessel was blown to sea and disappeared in less than 30 minutes."

*Radio Broadcast.*

## S. O. S. FROM THE ADRIATIC

## RCA RIGHT ON THE JOB

"*Honi soit que mal y pense*" is sometimes a hard mouthful to swallow. Especially is this true when one reads the newspaper articles following the explosion aboard the *Adriatic* early in the morning of August 11th.

The Navy Department got the credit in the papers, but we will give the facts to be presented in our own little journal, which the writer hopes will go down in history of RCA as one more example of the efficiency of our personnel.

Amidst the turmoil and bustle which we experienced due to the cable situation, it would seem surprising how it could come about that such service could be rendered. It speaks well for the orderly state of affairs that prevailed during the night—no confusion; every man and circuit going at top speed.

At 1:59 on the Friday morning, the Supervisor was standing close to the Chatham wire when CM said "Stand by for S. O. S."! At 2:01 A. M. the S. O. S. was in 64 Broad Street and at 2:10 A. M.—30 minutes after the explosion occurred—an official of the White Star Line was out of his bed listening to the official details of the disaster.

The *New York Herald* quoted the first message was not received by White Star people until 9:30 A. M., and that the message had been delayed. This is absolutely false. Ask Captain Williams—he knows! As a matter of fact, Captain David received a reply to that message within an hour.

Now for the Marine department's work. Our Chatham station *was the only coast station to get the S. O. S.* This distress call was broadcasted by MHC on CW, as she was out of range of land on 600 meters, and Chatham broadcasted it for her on both CW and 600 meters.

The Navy people knew nothing about the disaster until 4:00 A. M., one hour after we had received from MHC a cancellation of the S. O. S. and that she was proceeding at 12 knots, all well.

All honor to the boys at Chatham. Their praises might have been published in all the newspapers. But it is pleasant to think that everyone concerned thought more of his loyalty to RCA and thought more of his license than to divulge any news to press agents.

Another little bit of service rendered was in press matter from MHC to the *New York World*. CM advised 400 words coming for him; we immediately got in touch with the *World* asking them to put an operator on their private wire. Consequence was message was in the office of *World* in less than five minutes after it left ship, and then MHC said "Stand by, my motors are red hot"!

These are some of the little things we do among ourselves which the great big public never hears about.

However, between you and me, Mr. Editor, we are "Tickled to death".

## THIS SETTLES IT

### INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

#### OPERATING DEPARTMENT

AMERICAN LINE  
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE  
DOMINION LINE  
LEYLAND LINE

PIERS 58, 59, 60, 61, 62  
NORTH RIVER

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE  
RED STAR LINE  
WHITE STAR LINE  
WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE

NEW YORK

August 19th, 1922.

Radio Corporation of America,  
64 Broad Street,  
New York City.

Gentlemen: ATTENTION of Mr. T. M. Stevens,  
Assistant Traffic Manager (Marine).

Your note concerning the S.S. "ADRIATIC'S" SOS call received.

I very much regret that due credit was not given your Company for the prompt dispatch which you gave to the original message, and I will be more than glad to do what I can to correct the impression conveyed by the newspapers to the effect that the Naval Stations at Bar Harbor and Boston were entitled to the credit.

I will hand your letter to our Publicity Manager, and will make a report of the whole matter. It was my intention to express my appreciation of your promptness in this instance, but owing to press of business I neglected to do so. On the night of the accident when the message was telephoned to me at my home, and after I consulted the chart and observed that the ship was over a thousand miles away, and that the accident occurred only a few minutes before I was informed of it I was greatly impressed by the efficiency of our Radio service.

Yours very truly,

*Roger Williams*  
Manager.

RW\*\*CMB.  
c/c Mr. Thompson,  
Publicity Manager.

## MARINE SERVICE

**C**HATHAM log July 22nd reports working S. S. *George Washington* at 9:08 P. M., the vessel having arrived and left Plymouth on her eastward voyage, being in the English Channel bound for Germany.

Miss Rines has resumed her duties in Mr. Stevens' office, returning from her vacation with a coat of tan acquired in the country.

Messrs. Winterbottom and Stevens have returned from an extended inspection trip down east, visiting Chatham and other stations en route.

Ship operators are again reminded that RCA coastal stations are making every legitimate effort to give the best possible service. Your intelligent co-operation is appreciated and our stations frequently have called our attention to good work on the part of several ships. Send your TR's regularly and as soon after noon as possible. Six newspapers are anxious to have them daily, and the reports are eagerly awaited by steamship owners and friends and relatives of those on board.

Improve your value to the company by relaying traffic to RCA stations and assisting in every proper way.

## DIET

**R**IGHT living is the basis of happiness, and one factor in right living is an obedience to the laws of health. A proper diet, in quantity and character, is undoubtedly the most important consideration in the preservation of health. Many volumes have been written on the subject, some elaborating on the fads and fancies of theorists and some setting forth facts the truth of which has been demonstrated by experience. When new and strange sensations or pains, known under the head of symptoms, drive us to the gentleman of the medical profession, after reference to their tubes meters, and tests, they will give us their diagnoses in terms of pressure and percentages of calorics, proteins, vitamins, and the like, plus or minus and vice versa. In the great majority of cases the suggested remedy will be a change or elimination of some foods in our diet. Translating the language of therapeutics into that of daily life, they will mean that our food is of the wrong kind or that we are eating too much. Food bears the same relation to the body as fuel to the engine. The use of a certain amount of fuel develops the maximum power of the engine. Added fuel does not proportionately increase power. In fact, the engine will be strained and parts more quickly wear out when the furnace are jammed. The fireman does not shovel more coal when



his gauges show satisfactory results. He does not fill the furnace when the boiler has sufficient steam for the work of the engine just because it is eight, twelve or six o'clock.

The seasoning of food and its flavor or richness bears no relation to its nutriment and the energy we gain from it. The efforts made to assimilate food of that character are quite likely to be later reflected in the "symptoms" before referred to. Let your food be simple and wholesome. Above all, remember that "enough is plenty".

Nature always gives her warnings. The person who blindly yields to his appetite, in the matter of an excessive or wrong diet, or who does not even wait for appetite just "because the food is good," or because it is a given hour of day, at some time will be told in various ways of "breakers ahead." The sensible person will change his course. There are inevitable penalties for the indifferent.

The foundation of health must be laid before its need is apparent. When health is gone or impaired, wishes will not undo the results of a failure to observe its laws.

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## BROADCASTING

### RADIO CENTRAL

**T**HE latest thing to be broadcasted concerns the Radio party down Rocky Point way. When Engineer-in-Charge Al-Ternator called on Shift Engineer Billi Condenser to arrange the function and to relay the messages at high speed to the rest of the staff the current of excitement ran high.

At last came the great day and Fil-Ament and Eddy Current drove the bus to Electri-City to collect the ladies. Ant-Enna who was to chaperone the party was picked up first. She meant to keep her eye on little Hete-Rodyne and detector in any gaps of propriety. Bobbed hair Milli-Henry came out dressed up like a new tuning coil, then Dy-Natron, who used her sleet melting smile to amplifier charms whenever Mo-Tors was about. Eddy Current now popularly known as the twin conductor was along to look after Dyna and Ana-Mometer. I almost forgot Mag-Netic who was clad in a fetching rain shield. She was just furious because Mic-Rofarad had promised to meter with his new tractor, and she would never forgive Fil-Ament for his interference. When peace was restored and the circuit completed the party assembled in the Community House. Soon Con-Denser and Eddy Current were tuning their instruments, and started up with "I never raised my voltage for an op," now enjoying a continuous wave of popularity, and the couples oscillated around in cycles.

Ant-Enna was so busy watching Hete-Rodyne that she failed to see Billi Condenser whisper to Milli-Henry and slip out of the side door with her. Al-Ternator soon missed the strays and traced the pair to the cooling pond where they sat within sparking distance. Old Al was wise and when he saw Billi tickler with his moustache he knew she would soon collector ring and they would be hooked up for better or worse. He switched right around and returned to the hall and Ant-Enna failed to pump a thing out of him. He gather that when Ant-Enna collected the strays she would radiate a few sparks. When at last the party broke up the close coupled pair had not been heard from.

### AN INVALID WRITES HIS APPRECIATION OF RADIO

"I am a bedfast shut-in whose life has been greatly brightened by the wireless. From the leading stations I am able to bring to my bedside the best of talent.

"My outfit consists of a three-tube set and a loud speaker. Often the sounds are so loud as to flood the room with music and voice.

"In a very short time I honestly believe that a wireless telephone will be as common in the home, and especially in any room where there is sickness, as the electric fan and other conveniences.

"Hospitals are installing radio to facilitate recovery among the sick. Having listened in to daily entertainments, I declare myself less susceptible to fatigue, more alive to everything, and a more contented person. Radio has done for me what medical science failed to do."

*Radio Broadcast.*

### RADIO OPERATOR DIED AT HIS POST

A. W. Hardwick of London, the senior wireless operator, who went down with the steamship *Egypt* on May 21st, died gallantly with his hand still on the Morse key, in the act of sending the dismal signal S. O. S.

Mr. Hardwick was not on duty at 7 P. M., when the collision occurred. He was having his dinner.

Directly he heard and felt the shock he rushed to the wireless room and there took the place of the third operator, who was on duty.

He told his assistant to go up to the boat deck and help the officers of the *Egypt*, adding, "I will look after the wireless myself."

When the last boat was about to leave the *Egypt* one of Mr. Hardwick's assistants spoke to him; but he refused to leave his post, saying that it was his duty to go on sending as long as the wireless instrument worked.

## TIMELY AID

S. S. "Steel Mariner",  
Hampton Roads.

Mr. Duffy,  
Radio Corp. of America,  
326 Broadway, New York.

Dear Sir:

I am taking this means of notifying you of an incident which occurred recently, in which the operator of the S. S. "Charles E. Harwood" (WID) rendered us a very valuable service. Our captain was taken sick with appendicitis while off St. Augustine, Fla., and it was necessary for me to secure medical advice from that station (NAP). The static and commercial traffic interference on this particular night was unusually heavy, making it almost impossible to receive the information which was so important to us at that time.

The operator on the ship named above, who is one of the RCA men, immediately offered his assistance and it was through him that I was able to obtain all of the instructions correctly. I would appreciate it if you would thank him for his assistance, as we are about to leave on the remainder of our voyage to Genoa and India, making it impossible for me to thank him personally.

Having followed the instructions, the Captain was greatly relieved from the pain and we headed for Hampton Roads, where we are now anchored awaiting for orders from New York. It is a pleasure to know that the RCA men can be relied on to help you all they can in a situation like this, and I hope that this will receive your

attention.

Respectfully yours,  
Edw. J. Stockheimer,  
Operator KUVK.

AN S. O. S. FROM THE SKIES

*By J. L. Bernard,  
of the Publicity Department*

**T**HE passing of an aeroplane in the wisps and fluffs of a midsummer's sky command only an upward glance on the part of our average citizen these days. More concern is given the other earthly sources of attraction.

Little did I realize until the spring of 1919, just what the flying game was all about. I soon learned, however, and when the early days of June came, I found myself flying for the Air Mail Service on the New York and Chicago route. If the story which is to follow contained only the every-day experiences of a pilot, I should not attempt to present it. but radio plays the part throughout and her role in this particular case is in the lead.

The Post Office department purchased a number of big ships for carrying mail from New York to San Francisco. For many good reasons they were all equipped with radio. A one-half K. W. air-driven spark transmitter and direction finding equipment with a seven-tube amplifier constituted the installation. I was assigned to all the installation work at the airplane plant at Cleveland and watched the construction of the radio installation as well as the ships, which required about six months. At the end of this time four twin-engined planes weighing over five tons each, with a carrying capacity of over a ton, were delivered. I made the trial flights and tested the radio outfit with the ground stations situated at Newark, Cleveland, Chicago and Omaha. It was during these first tests that I was introduced to some honest-to-goodness thrills.

My particular objective here is to set forth one experience, the memories of which are ever present and pop up before me on many occasions when flying or radio experiences are the subject of discussion.

My schedule called for two return flights between Cleveland and Chicago each week. With no mishaps, we usually covered about twelve hundred miles during this period. The country in this region is monotonously flat and uninteresting, but there was an ever-present supply of excellent landing fields beneath us—the heavens of an aviator. On June 10th

I jumped into the ship with an old standby, my Pilot Stevens, and a mechanic. In the early stages of the game I made every attempt to fly with the most conservative men, for I was engaged in making a series of antenna measurements while in flight, and the smoother the flying the smoother the curves I could plot for my galvanometer observations. This is not the only reason for my careful selection of cloud associates.

We left Cleveland field and started west at 3:55 P. M., so the log reads. We carried 950 pounds of first-class mail, and the usual supply of cigarettes which all hands smoked incessantly during every trip. Nothing disturbed a few casual chats with the Naval Station at Cleveland by radio until after an hour from Cleveland, the operator informed me by radio that thunderstorms were moving rapidly southward along the lower lake region. Enough said! I knew enough by this time to appreciate the significance of a Naval Station storm warning. Fifteen minutes later we were in the midst of storm clouds. The lightning was having quite a party, dancing promiscuously from one cloud to another, paying no attention whatever to our tiny ship, which by this time was altogether out of Stevens' control, bouncing around from cloud to cloud, just waiting for a chance to trick us into a dive or spin through a thick rain to dear Mother Earth. We passed through the storm and entered warm, dry air again near Bryan, Ohio, our emergency field. One motor had heated up during the storm, as it had been wide open for over half an hour in a driving rain, and usually on such occasions trouble develops. It did in this case, so we set her down at Bryan.

It was after six o'clock when we took off and headed west again. Extremely heavy winds followed in the wake of the storm and by the time we reached Lake Michigan it was growing dark. I don't know why Stevens persisted in driving on when he knew we would surely crash in an attempt to land at the Chicago Field in the darkness. But he pushed on until all that I could see was the dull red glow from the Gary Steel Mills about 35 miles south of our landing field. I was worried. I had never flown at night before but what could be done? If the field were illuminated we could land without trouble. How about an S. O. S. by radio from the sky? Better still, a Q. S. T.? I unreeled the antenna and pounded out the following message:

Q. S. T: Forward this message Air Mail Service,  
Chicago, ship 206 lost in dark. Flash searchlights,  
start flares on field.

We flew over Chicago for fifteen minutes awaiting the response to our message. The relief I experienced when I saw that searchlight waving upward toward us I well remember, but I am at a loss to know how to describe my feelings. To shorten the story, we landed without serious accident. Only swiped off a wheel on the landing gear—that's a very small matter. The important consideration was that I had my feet on ground again, only to be anchored there until daybreak the next morning when we shot east to New York.

On my return to Washington I visited the Postmaster General. He was highly pleased with the service our radio apparatus had rendered and prepared to release the story to the Associated Press newspapers.

This was not an unusual experience. It seems that each trip held new material for thrills, and sometimes thrills hardly described the sensation.

#### PERSONAL

Mr. Frank G. Siegel, Chief Operator of the Great Lakes division, who according to our record has rounded out his twelfth year in the radio business, the majority of which time covers service in the Great Lake division, has been promoted to the position of Assistant Superintendent of the Great Lakes division with headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio.

The Great Lakes division staff extends its hearty congratulations to him on his promotion.

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#### LONG DISTANCE WORK ON THE PACIFIC

*By A. A. Isbell*

KPH is still turning out extraordinary midsummer wireless records.

The early morning hours of July 23rd, KPH handled traffic *direct*, both directions, with the *Tahiti* 4,300 miles away, or in other words, while the vessel was off the South Sea island of Rarotonga.

Several years ago I had the pleasure of going ashore at Rarotonga and being driven around the island by a native, the total circumference of which being only 20 miles.

The *Tahiti* is now en route from San Francisco to Sidney. When she was bound for San Francisco, KPH picked her up 5000 miles away and handled traffic *direct* each night until she reached San Francisco.

I have heard of no C. W. transmitters of similar power accomplishing such great distances as the 5 K. W. spark set at Bolinas.

## LAKES-TO-COAST VOYAGE HAS THRILLS

*By Julian K. Henney*

ONE day I sauntered down by the docks at Cleveland to watch the busy tugs puffing laboriously around, and to listen to the waves of muddy Lake Erie swishing against the blue-gray hulls of two Shipping Board steamers tied to the wharf.

"Where are you bound?" I shouted at a greasy individual in faded blue jumper, evidently a member of the below-decks crew.

"Boston, I guess," was his disinterested answer.

Now Boston meant that the steamer would have to go out the St. Lawrence, a voyage I had always wanted to make. Perhaps, I thought, there are other Shipping Board steamers; some might even need wireless operators, so I hustled to the Radio Corporation Office, and applied to Superintendent Nicholas of the Great Lakes division for a ship.

Two weeks later he sent for me and assigned me to the *Lake Harminia*, a new vessel, which was to sail from Superior, Wisconsin, for the coast. Another pleasant surprise was in store for me at Cleveland. I was to have company on the trip to Duluth and Superior. Keuhni, an operator friend, was to take the *Lake Glaucus* from the Globe yards where the *Harminia* was being finished.

We were told to hurry to Duluth, but it took a long time to pump eighteen cars of heavy oil into the steamer through a one-inch hose with a wheezy engine that threatened to expire at each breath.

When the *Lake Harminia* had taken her last supplies, the skipper came aboard, and when the compass had been adjusted, paraded us over a good part of the west end of Lake Superior. Then we tied up at a grain elevator in the Duluth-Superior basin to have sixty thousand bushels of wheat shot into the hold. The next morning the rest of our ninety-odd thousand bushels came aboard, bringing us down to the maximum depth with which we could get past Cove Island into Georgian Bay.

The two days' trip across cold Lake Superior and down the winding St. Mary's River gave me ample time to test the radio equipment on board.

A wireless operator's life aboard such a steamer as the *Lake Harminia* is a pleasant one. The radio room was a large, well-lighted and ventilated cabin on the afterdeck across from the Chief Engineer's room. The panel and desk took up but a small part of the large cabin, which provided a cozy haunt for all the ship's officers. The bunk room was equipped with three bunks, but as I could use only one at a

time, I could shift around according to the weather and the movement of the vessel. Electric fans in both rooms, clothes closets, brass Seth Thomas clocks that actually keep time, curtains at the port holes—all this and more proved to me that a radio man's life was not so bad as I had sometimes found it. The motor generator was in the engine room with a push button near the receiving tuner to start it, so that the whine of this high-speed, 500-cycle generator did not bother the operator while receiving.

Late one afternoon we anchored off Cove Island at the entrance to that winglike projection of Lake Huron, Georgian Bay. A fog had come down on us as we attempted to steal past the sentinel-like island, forcing us to lay up until the next morning. The next day we tied up at a grain elevator at Port McNicoll, around the corner from Midland, VBC., and a fishing party was organized among the officers. By noon our party of Isaac Waltons had pulled nearly a hundred fish from the blue waters near the ship.

Early on the next morning the elevator men were ready to drop their long proboscis-like chutes into the hold to take out our wheat. The elevator gear got mixed up with the aerial in the process with the result that I made an impromptu trip up the mast. Forgetting that the aerial might be as heavy as myself, and not realizing that I could not snub a steel cable as I could a rope, I unloosened the wire rope. When the last turn was taken off, whist! I started up the mast; the wires started down. Had it not been for two sailors nearby I might have suffered more damage than a pair of bruised hands.

Coming out of Georgian Bay we passed Cove Island at midnight. The *South American* called shortly before asking about weather conditions in the Bay. She, too, had been running through fogs from one of the lakes to another. The evening of the next day we passed the many lights of Detroit. On account of the thick weather, the skipper anchored as soon as it grew dark. A message to the Marine Post Office at Detroit failed to get any results, but the music that came floating over the aerial a half hour later appeased the crew.

The short distance through the canal between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario proved to be like the old road to Rome—long and tedious. The steamer had been built as large as possible, and in the small canals and locks she was hard to manage. Even the eight hundred tons of coal were insufficient to keep our head up in the wind. The slightest breeze threw us around until the clank, clank, of the propeller on the stony bottom forced us to tie up. Messages went back to Cleveland, "Tied up in strong gale near St. Catharines."



After a long siege with the canal and its locks it was good to steam out into open water once more, and then to enter the beautiful island-dotted waters near Clayton and Alexandria Bay, which were passed in a cold drizzle, yet the magnificence of the far-famed Thousand Island district was not dimmed by the weather.

Taking a pilot at Ogdensburg, we entered the first of the St. Lawrence locks shortly after noon, passing around the Rapid Plat rapids that tumbled beside us or left us peacefully puffing along while they hurried in a welter of foam around the rocks and islands. At supper time we anchored in a small widening of the river called Garbage Lake by our uncomplimentary mate, an incongruity that I could not understand.

Just as we were clearing the last of the forty-eight locks, and mates, engineers and deck hands were eagerly looking forward to Montreal and the end of canals, and were congratulating ourselves on the progress, when, Bang! three distinct thuds reverberated through the ship. The last jar was so sudden and accompanied with such a decided list that I went out of my chair, up against the outer wall.

The captain was shouting; so was the mate and the pilot, and by the time I had the receivers off my ears a dozen of the crew were running wildly up and down the lock wall. A glance out the wireless room revealed the stern of the vessel high in the air, the after cabin more or less wrecked, and a disabled rudder post and quadrant hanging loosely like a broken arm. In some manner the rudder had caught on the cement base of the rear lock gate, so that when the water was let out, the steamer sat down on her foot, figuratively speaking.

Another Shipping Board steamer coming up behind us in the gathering dusk had heard the noise, had seen us list, and soon radioed asking if we needed assistance.

"A week in dry dock," was the consensus of opinion.

Two tugs came for us in the morning, towing us through the last of the Soulanges Canal, then through the Lachine Locks. Aided by a third blue, red and white stacked tug later in the day we were finally pulled into Montreal shortly afterward, thirteen hundred miles from the *Harminia's* home port, a city she would never visit again.

For the next ten days we sat around in intense heat, in an evil-smelling slip, watching repair men grapple with a job that was evidently too large for them.

Finally, I jumped on a Canadian Pacific train, traveled past Lake Nipissing, Algonquin Park, through the rocky wilderness of the north to the Soo from where I went by "bus" to Les Cheneaux Islands for a fishing trip to last until the rudder would be fixed.

After receiving word that the steamer would sail soon, I went back to Montreal to find that the boat had been in Quebec for nearly two weeks. Arriving in the city at night I found only French speaking people, and discovered too late that I should have worked a bit harder on my school languages. Over the phone I learned from an English-speaking operator—may her days be blessed!—where to find the steamer, across the river from Quebec, and three miles from there. Stumbling over the many labyrinth-like tracks of a dry dock and ship yards, I finally walked the plank of the *Harminia* to find the second engineer arguing with the mate that "Sparks" had jumped the ship.

We bid goodbye to drydock, finally, one month after being towed into Montreal with a wrecked rudder. The next day we made a trial trip around the harbor, had our compass adjusted again, and at 2 o'clock sailed past the Isle of Orleans bound for Chatham, New Brunswick, for a cargo of pulp wood.

The St. Lawrence began to show signs of its greatness as soon as we had passed the Falls of Montmorency, which are higher than Niagara, and beautiful in the afternoon sun. The river increased in width, and the shores became higher and more rugged, and soon the fresh water became salty. Toward evening we passed the mighty promontories that guard the entrance to the Saguenay River, and at four in the morning we dropped our pilot at Father Point, the spot where the great *Empress of Ireland* sank a few years ago.

During the night the receivers were bothered some by static, but signals of ocean-going vessels were not scarce. Once I heard one send a long string of supplies that some one would need for the long winter soon to fall on the inhabitants of that north country, and an hour later heard the same message being repeated along the river from point to point like a distant echo.

The evening of the next day we ran into a heavy north-east sea off Pluris Point that tumbled the *Lake Harminia* about like a cork. When the darkest of St. Lawrence nights came down on us, the captain slowed down and drifted and coasted slowly along the shore until daybreak should allow him to make sure of his position.

Late in the afternoon we dropped the hook in the mouth of the Mirimichi River, patiently waiting until the pilot should come up in his sail boat to take us up to Chatham, fifteen miles away. We rode at anchor off the village that night, and in the morning moved to the pulp-wood dock. Here I saw the tall masts of a Canadian high-power station at New-

*Weekly Broadcast*  
**STATION OONG-THE KN**

**Radio Phone Located**

**P. D. Q., ANN**

*Direction of* (

**MONDAY**

- 8:00 P. M.—Musical program by The Saw and Hammer Musical Five, composed of members of the Shipping department.
- 8:30 P. M.—Fashion Talk by W. P. S. Hawk, leading authority on Hawaiian costumes.
- 9:00 P. M.—Hour of well-known songs by Feline Glee Club.
- 9:30 P. M.—Mr. Roy A. Weagant, celebrated static baritone, will sing for the radio audience his well-known ballad—  
“When Lakewood was in flower.”
- 10:00 P. M.—Official Weather forecast for Labor day for the benefit of Capt. Winterbottom and the Clicks.

**TUESDAY**

- 8:00 P. M.—Flour song from Pillsbury—“Till we eat again,” by the Legal Tenders, Brown and Adams.
- 9:00 P. M.—Lecture by Prof. Sarnoff of Mt. Vernon on “Net sales billed” and “The future of Radio on Jupiter and Mars.”
- 9:30 P. M.—Health talk—“Should Jobbers be skinned before serving?” by Dr. Bucher.
- 10:00 P. M.—Official Daylight savings time for stenographers.

**WEDNESDAY**

- 8:00 P. M.—Fancy juggling by the accountants and bookkeepers.
- 8:30 P. M.—Song by Dr. Goldsmith of the University of Discords, “What are the ether waves saying?”
- 9:00 P. M.—Lecture by Alexander Reoch, Canadian geologist, on “Fuel oil” and “Purchased power.”
- 10:00 P. M.—Official time—plenty of it—for the caretakers at high power stations.

**SUN**

- 3:00 P. M.—Sacred music by t.
- 4:00 P. M.—Sermon by our R  
may come and sa  
forever.”

## *ing Program*

# IGHTS OF COLUMBUS

l at Arverne, L. I.

NOUNCER

*C. J. Ross*

### THURSDAY

- 8:00 P. M.—Operators' Insomnia songs by the world-renowned Radio quartette composed of Messrs. Rostron, Chadwick, Sandbach and Weaver.
- 8:30 P. M.—Paper on the Art of purchasing, by Van Wyck. Subject, "Christmas cigars."
- 9:00 P. M.—Lecture by Sullivan—Teaching multiplication by music—"I hate you, I hate you, I hate you." Correct answer is three hates are twenty-four.
- 9:30 P. M.—One moment, please. Station OONG, P. D. Q., Announcer. Owing to an accident to our antenna our light has gone out for the night.

### FRIDAY

- 7:00 P. M.—Bedtime story for children, by Dr. Alexanderson, "Alternators vs. Vacuum Tubes."
- 8:00 P. M.—Recitation—"I have to make twice as much as I'm worth in order to earn half enough to live on."—Anonymous.
- 9:00 P. M.—Duet sung by Messrs. Porter and Stevens—"Our coast stations are a credit to us, but who gets the credit?"
- 9:30 P. M. Bass solo by Major White—"Have you seen my picture yet today?" Good night!

### SATURDAY

- 8:00 P. M.—Fashion talk by Graham—"Are radio dots necessary to polka dot neckties?"
- 8:30 P. M.—Economy lecture by Messrs. Edwards and Rypinsky—"From manufacturer direct to ultimate profiteer."
- 9:00 P. M.—Song of insurance by DeSousa and Brent—"Love me and your insurance is mine." Composed by Landru.
- 9:30 P. M.—Instructive talk by Secretary Elwood, subject "Interior decorating."

### DAY

ne Static Club—Anvil chorus.  
everend President—Text, "Sales  
les may go but expenses go on

By C. J. R.

castle, VAL, I believe. We took a thousand cords of wood at this port while the chief and I went trout fishing in the wilds behind the town. While here I watched a German steamer under a British flag burn at the dock, and saw a four-masted hooker from Norway unfurl her sails and fly away like a huge white butterfly.

Clearing for Portland, we followed the southern coast out through the Gut of Canso to the Atlantic. In the evening the receivers were filled with a medley of notes ranging from the pure tone of the *Mauretania*, MGA, to the buzzsaw of a lonely Jap trying to get through the jam to WSE. Before Arlington time, 1HAA, 2JU, and 2NF came buzzing in with their low-toned, low-wave sets. It seemed like home to hear those 200-meter fellows pounding away, and when NHR at Cleveland came roaring in louder than NBD at Bar Harbor, the Lakes didn't seem so far away as I had thought.

The following day was spent blundering south in a fog that came down early in the morning. We were off Cape Sable, but because of some oversight the captain did not have a book dealing with the Canadian fog whistle characteristics. A message to VCU brought the captain the information he needed to proceed. During the morning we nearly ran down a lone fisherman who had anchored in the fog off the Nova Scotia coast. Once we scraped a black buoy that marked a reef, and once were too close to a white vessel that rushed at us out of the mists and then flitted past like a bat at night. At noon I worked PUH, the *Joaziero* of Rio, who was coming across from England with a cargo of chalk.

Several times I secured an answer to my QTE request from Bar Harbor, enabling the captain finally to clear the Cape and head across the Bay of Fundy for Portland. Here we anchored, and I decided that night as we watched the *Joaziero* drop anchor near us that radio life aboard such a steamer as the *Lake Harminia*, and on such a voyage as the Great Lakes to the Atlantic coast was a great life.

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### RADIO PHONES ON AUTOS

Wireless telephone installed on the automobiles of the anti-burglar motor fleet of the Pasadena Police Department recently enabled officers to communicate with headquarters while their machines are in motion. Every machine operated by the department has been so equipped, it was announced.

The appliance enables officers to telephone for reinforcements, if necessary, while pursuing motor bandits. Installation of the phones on regular beats to obviate the stringing of wires for enlargement of the old call box system also is contemplated.

SALES DEPARTMENT  
NEW YORK

**M**R. GOULDEN has returned from his vacation. We are glad to see the smile on his sunburned countenance. Wonder if he has found that little birdie and if it has roosted?

Mr. Gawler is back from his vacation, which he spent in the mountains of Virginia, and he has sure acquired a goodly stock of pep. Sales should hum from now on. He tells us that the people living in that part of the country make large quantities of moonshine whiskey of very inferior grade. How do you know this, Mr. G? The reason why it is called moonshine is because it is made only when the moon shines.

As Frank Brick, our wizard on RCA installations, is spending more time at his desk, we deduct that the average public is getting full satisfaction from our apparatus.

Mr. Terwilliger, our worthy Credit Manager, has recently returned from a short stay in the Catskill Mountains near the Ashokan Dam, and is much impressed by the quantity of water he saw. He delivers the message to us not to worry as there is a sufficient supply on hand to care for any vacuum created by the Volstead act. Mr. Terwilliger took an auto trip around the Ashokan Dam and was much impressed by the magnitude and beauty of construction of the works. An awe-inspiring sight is the aerating system whereby a column of water is continually shot into the air to a height of 80 feet or more, creating brilliant rainbows.

This talk about static lessening radio activities does not apply to this office. We are certainly busy and must hustle to keep up to date.

Would we could learn who "butted into" the air with that constant 1-2-3-4 during the broadcasting of the Leonard-Tendler fight; there are eight of us right here who would like to tell him a thing or two.

We would ask you all to become acquainted with some new additions: Mr. Melhuish, Mr. Power, Mr. Kelly, Miss Bowne, Miss Helen Hansen. Yes, Helen is Marion's sister.

We are gradually developing the scribe's sixth sense of hearing and seeing things. This is what we heard in crescendo tones sweeping throughout the office nearly every Monday morning during these hot days:

"Oh, Sunburn! Sunburn!

What joy in seeking you,

What woe in losing you."

We miss Mr. Sawyer. His jovial smiles and tales are

sure a good tonic. Even though he is accomplishing great things in the west, we would like him back in our midst again.

We notice Don Stoner has acquired a habit of making facial contortions of various kinds and after investigation we conclude that this condition will soon pass away as he is breaking in his first pipe.

Evidently the howling of that feline creature, the cat (or howling of vacuum tubes) has inspired Don Pierie, judging from his frequent use of the expressions—"cat's whiskers", "cat's meow", "cat's joy".

We are glad to have Lois Lord with us again, as she has passed through an extremely trying attack of appendicitis.

Julio Avandano has been parading around with a coat of sunburn as thick as that worn by a beach life-saver. We envied it and wanted to know how come? He has acquired his beautiful shade by means of X-Ray treatments. These treatments are guaranteed as painless.

As Julio says, *Muchas gracias. Adios.*

#### CHICAGO

Paul E. Atkinson has been taken on as accountant.

Margaret Winterfield has joined us as stenographer and Bernice Siefert has charge of our new telephone switchboard.

Walter Marszusch, who was formerly employed in the Marine division at New York City as radio operator on ship-board, has been assigned to our service bureau.

J. H. Histed has entered our service as stock report clerk at the warehouse.

One of our office boys reported recently with a very much bruised and blackened eye caused by slipping in the swimming pool on Sunday—at least that's what he said.

Harry Irish is a firm believer in the old adage:

"Blessed are they who sit on a pin

For they shall rise again."

We have just experienced a street-car and elevated railroad strike and are proud to announce that every one reported each day on time—or nearly so—in spite of having to walk about half-way.

The Pageant of Progress is well under way and is proving a huge success. The pageant is a general trade exposition. The RCA has a booth and is well represented by Mr. George Clark, of the New York office.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Sawyer are stopping at the Evanston Hotel. Evanston is one of the beauty spots of Chicago and is famed for its parks, fine homes and beach.

M. P. Parker has settled himself and family in a nice little home in Hinsdale. Oh, yes! it is quite handy to the Hinsdale Golf Club.

M. L. Bergin hunted all over Chicago for a house with enough ground around it to build a good antenna for his tube transmitter and finally located himself, Mrs. Bergin and the hound in a pretty bungalow home at North Austin.

### BROAD STREET NEW YORK

**T**WO days after Mr. Chadwick's return from vacation the cables were put out of commission, so naturally we are being put to the supreme test of proving the reliability of the radio service and without any hesitation we can say we are there.

By the pleasing countenance which our Traffic Manager, Mr. Winterbottom, has adopted, it is evident that everything is moving to the greatest satisfaction. The enormous amount of traffic which we are disposing of without any of the ordinary delay is proving that with the facilities we will be able at any time to meet all demands. It is the talk among the cable men, "Well, the radio must be jammed"; but we have the grease and plenty of it, so no jam.

Naturally all the staff are being taxed to the utmost. But what matter that if we show results; with everyone co-operating we will pull through with flying colors? The cable loss has been our gain and without a doubt our customers will greatly increase, as will be seen by several messages of a very gratifying nature that have been exchanged.

As Old Man Static is in his element this time of the year we are proud of our achievements.

With these facts in hand it is only necessary to point to one more conclusive proof of the assertion that the Radio Corporation is preparing to furnish adequate facilities to our expanding business. The added evidence is the establishment of our new branches.

For the success we have attained in the past, may we enjoy the endeavors extending over many years.

We are doing everything possible to stimulate interest in radio transmission and feel assured that business in the near future will greatly increase.

Mike Svendsen spent his vacation at Chestertown, New York, but the peculiar part about it is he sent postcards of Friends Lake, New York, which boasts of having trees only on one side. We will have to wait till Mike gets back to find out which side of the lake Chestertown is situated. It is understood that it was Mike's intention to take his bow and



arrow with him, so won't be surprised if he spends a few days apartment hunting before his resumes.

Little McClellan left Christiania on Saturday, July 29th, after having spent two weeks sightseeing there. A peculiar coincidence: A certain young lady operator returned to Stavanger from a two weeks' vacation at Christiania a day after the ship had left. By observations: Will not be surprised if we have to fix Mac up for special leave in the near future. The young lady in question is good looking and is anxious to get over here. We hear the young lady is some cook. Well, the best of luck to you, Mac.

Owen Deighen, of the Service department, had to undergo a slight operation at St. Luke's Hospital, which was successful. During his lay-up the boys sent him a basket of cheer.

Joe Lynch is acting Supervisor. We notice that his moustache is receiving more attention, as he is frequently seen at the water fountain which adjoins the official mirror.

Henderson has moved to the third tabulation for his income tax. A boy arrived on Saturday, July 29th. The following day he was singing "Someone has come to our house, someone has come to stay."

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### RADIO CENTRAL

**C**ONGRATULATIONS to Mr. and Mrs. Usselman are in order. Its name is Mabel Bournman Usselman, and tips 7½ ringside.

Wednesday evening, August 2nd, the Community House was the scene of the light fantastic sublime. The success of the party was largely due to the herculean decorating efforts put forth by W. A. R. Brown, Houseman, and Cook, who were right there with the trimmings, and purple punch, too. What with some forty sweet mamas to pick from, little wonder that the stag element of about twenty-five were sometimes quite lost in the forest of trees, with which the porch was decorated. Mrs. Kent serves admirably as hostess, and Special Deputy Sheriff Kent makes a good-looking master-at-arms. Rau is quite a snapp Thespian, and as master-of-ceremonies he is O. K., while the other half of our entertainment committee, F. C. Halsey, our new office manager, sure likes to step out among 'em. Our fire-eating Ford Wrecker Manca, likewise is quite stuck on the way he is able to mingle also.

We were all sorry to see our Matador, H. G. Ritz, pack his sea-bag and leave us to seek a nobler field for his activities.

Carl Appel, who was here for about seven weeks, has gone back to Allentown, and Ye Scribe is looking for another to go swimming with.

W. Tesch is a new arrival and is going to get on famously here, he being from Nebraska.

Likewise Joe Robbins, another new aspirant, has arrived on the field of activity; looks good to us.

We are pleased to announce at this writing that P. E. Slade is the proud (?) father of two bouncing babies, one a Chevrolet and the other, of course, a Ford. He has been doing some tall thinking of late. Shall he connect them in series or parallel? However, he has doped it out that while navigating the one, after having taken out all the bugs from each, of which about 75 more or less have already been taken care of, he will control the operation of the other by the simple means of Radio.

Rau doesn't think much of riding his gasoline broncho on oily roads evidently, any more. You see, one fair day, on trying to pass the Holiday-House (the place where the girls come from) he took a natural finale hopper slide and soiled his golf stockings too horribly for anything.

Harry Kohl is getting up in the world. He is now Captain of Cox's Army, and has them all busy just now painting our towers.

Sallman is engineer on the road scraper and tends dynamo during his spare moments.

G. W. Schaefer is home on account of sickness. The fellows sure miss him and hope that he will soon be able to be back in the service.

Our Machinist, A. A. Beeching, has acquired a submer on wheels, but needs considerable more practice on real deep diving in our puddles on the property.

We have had a short visit from Mr. Finch and Mr. Kroeger, and a long one from Mr. Cummings of Marion, who upheld the Bay State tradition, as far as apple pies go.

C. W. Hansell is hardly considered a visitor here any longer, his work seeming to require him to be here so steadily.

Our 80-foot iron pipe mast is about to be erected for our new Community House receiving set, due to arrive any day. The first attempt gave the appearance of a snake floundering in the air, while the second was more like a string of spaghetti; however, the third time never fails, therefore the next time the cook feeds us extra heavy for breakfast, up she goes.

Now we beg to state that Charlie Ray has absolutely nothing whatever on our Assistant Engineer when it comes to "the egg crate wallop". One early morn, on rounding the sandy bend at the foot of a hill on the road to the powerhouse, Kent's progress was really quite suddenly interrupted by a direct hit broadside by one of Henry's antiques rolling along way up around twenty-five miles an hour, with some

three crates of eggs aboard hitting the heavy seas on the way to market. Mr. Kent expects the next time he meets up with some of these Hicks caught in the same mad rush to get their wares so strictly fresh to market that the reflection from the new badge will back them completely off the road, directly into jail.

Now, as Ye Scribe is really quite modest, being a fair-haired vixen, it will be necessary that the typist add a little footnote\*

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\* Schou sure goes to the heart of anything when he gets interested. When he goes out, he first gets in soft with the chaperone herself, and then the stage is all set for the evening. He sure is a home wrecker.

The broadcast receiving set presented to the station by the General Electric Company has been installed in the staff quarters and is greatly enjoyed. We can hear everybody, the most remote being Austin, Texas.

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### MARION

**C**HATHAM came; they saw; they conq—— I mean they got a good walloping. Chatham was looking for an argument on the tennis courts. They got it! On the afternoon of the 31st of July, Chatham came down here to do unto us terrible things. Round one—Sabine received the decision over Strong of Chatham by the tune of 7-5, 6-2. Round two—Clifton and Sadler took on the Chatham Davis Cup pair, Cowden and Pfautz; Cowden and Pfautz succumbed 6-2, 6-0. Round three—Clifton and Sabine showed Cowden and Strong finer points of the game 6-0, 6-3. Round four—Battle of Bosses; Marion boss defeated Chatham boss 6-0. Round five—Pfautz and Strong were too "strong" for Sadler and Sabine and handed them the only setback of the afternoon tea party 6-3, 6-4.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Cumming and the little docs, together with Mr. and Mrs. White and son and Mrs. Higgins and her children spent their vacation camping at a place called White Island. Now to go back to ancient history. Shortly after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the White family taking a dislike to the brand of quohogs upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay, cranked up their five-ton White truck and shoved off and discovered this little island where they would be safe from attacks by Indians. So this is the spot three hundred years later where a descendant of the Whites makes his summer camp. No more gentle or prettier spot could be found anywhere. Perhaps some of the gentle readers will

wonder how the original Whites got their piano and furniture over to the island. Wait and I'll tell you,—they moved it over in White Birch canoes.

Doctor Cumming tried walking a la Indian fashion for a week. Fine! But Doc found his shoes several sizes too small when he went to put them on. The shoe dealer in Wareham says it would be a great idea if everybody would go barefooted for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Higgins returned to the station with a coat of tan that will be visible next Christmas.

White was the proud possessor of a universal costume. It served as underwear, pajamas, and last but not least, for its original purpose—a bathing suit.

The party all went out rowing. Oscar Sadler, who was visiting the camp, was elected. By accident or design they failed to lift the anchor. After about ten minutes of the hardest work Oscar had ever done in his life and during which time the boat had moved as much as forty feet, he sent out an S. O. S.

Doc went fishing! All of a sudden he hollered, "Hey, fellows, I've got a monster. Help me yank her in." And they did—the anchor.

Bill Beltz, our popular Assistant Engineer, has departed for the land of eternal sunshine and flowers. No, we don't mean dead, we mean Bolinas, California. Everyone was genuinely sorry to see him go and we all join in wishing him all the luck and happiness in the world.

Marcus Aurelius Strausburger has been appointed acting Assistant to take Beltz's place.

Wixon reports that he has now on hand 737,497 Line-man's Trouble Trip Report cards. Mr. Pillsbury, please note.

Carl Flory has been appointed Shift Engineer temporarily. He reports that he likes it fine, especially the midnight watch. Says it's the best job he ever had.

Fred Blanik, one of the riggers from New Brunswick, who in the last issue of WORLD WIDE WIRELESS was reported as sojourning with us for the summer, is at the present time sojourning in bed. Fred was piling brush out in the field and accidentally hit his knee against a tree stump with the result that he is now suffering from water on the knee.

Since the last issue the baseball team has added three more scalps and lost one when the burglar alarm failed to work. The Union Street Railway Company team of New Bedford came over with plenty of determination, rooters and street cars, but the combine could not offset the work of Toot Adams in the box for the radio wizards. The best the

nickel chasers could do was beat up the static. Result: 10 to 3.

The auto mechanics from the Cadillac garage in New Bedford were the next victims. They showed the inhabitants of Marion quite conclusively they knew more about carburetors than the national game. However, it proved an interesting game to watch. We won by the score of 5 to 4, and in this game looked ripe for the big leagues.

All automobile mechanics are not alike. The Velie repairmen, representing the Clinton Street garage of New Bedford, came down next. We lost by the score of 9 to 7, and in this game looked like very useful utensils for a well known oil company.

We took a trip up to Rochester the other night and handed the town team, that had been going great guns, a walloping by the score of 7 to 4. Of course, in justice to Rochester, we must admit they did not have Eddie Collins and Ty Cobb with them in this game. This now evens up the series at two all. The deciding game of the series will probably be played at the Polo Grounds next October. The game didn't get under way till very late, and the seventh and last inning was played by candle light. Adams, although wild, threw them up so fast their bats were blistered.

On August 10th, Marion fulfilled her social obligations and paid Chatham a call. Naturally the talk drifted to tennis. Chatham invited the Marion boys to try out their courts. The first match of the afternoon was between Clifton and Sabine of Marion and Strong and Pfautz of Chatham. The former were returned the victors by the score of 6-2, 6-4. Sadler and Hollis of MN then took on Bickford and Ray of CM and won 6-0, 6-3. Strong had a strong desire to play Clifton, but lost 6-1, 6-0. Sabine was being entertained by Pfautz on one court and had tucked away one game by the score of 8-6, but was behind 8-9, when Jupe Pluvius interfered. In the other match Sadler and Hollis had tucked one set away 8-6, and were leading 5-3 when they were forced to seek a dryer spot. Marion wishes to congratulate the Chatham boys on the showing they made and their fine sportsmanship throughout. We wish that Chatham were a little nearer so that we could have more athletic competition. At the present time our tiddle-dy-wink team is training hard, so be prepared.



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### QUITE A FEAT

"This 'ere government," said an English soapbox orator, "is like a hostrich rushin' blindly forward with 'is 'ead 'idden in the sand."

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### WEDDING BELLS

In Brooklyn, July 29, Paul C. Ringgold, of the Marine department, to Clare Eleanor Mooney, both of Brooklyn.

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### HEAD OFFICE NOTES

C. W. Latimer, Engineer, sailed from San Francisco, August 18, on the *Manoa* for Hawaii.

G. S. De Sousa, Treasurer, spent his vacation in the Adirondacks.

G. J. Eshleman, Engineer-in-Charge at Tuckerton, N. J., station, is receiving congratulations on the recent birth of a daughter.

George S. Hubbard has been appointed District Manager at Seattle, succeeding W. F. McAuliffe, who has been transferred to San Francisco as assistant to Arthur A. Isbell, General Superintendent.

Vacationists are returning. Ira. J. Adams, Patent Attorney, and Charles J. Ross, Comptroller, are back from the Adirondacks.

Lewis MacConnach, assistant Secretary, has returned from Belmar, N. J.

Alex. E. Reoch, assistant Chief Engineer, and family are rusticating at Belmar, and Major Charles P. Bruch at Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

Paul Ringgold, of the Marine department, was recently married to Miss Clare Eleanor Mooney, of Brooklyn.

Lee Lemon, Director of Traffic Production, has returned from a business trip to Chicago and Philadelphia.

The high power station at Saint Assise, France, was opened to traffic on August 5th and will handle all of the Franco-American traffic. Congratulatory radiograms were exchanged between the President of France and the President of the United States; also between Monsieur Emile Girardeau, Managing Director of the Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie Sans Fil, and President E. J. Nally, of the Radio Corporation of America.

W. A. Winterbottom, Traffic Manager, is spending his holidays cruising about Long Island Sound with his family on his motor-boat.

Mrs. R. McLaughlan, until recently matron at Chatham, Mass., has been transferred to the position of matron at the Head Office, New York, which employs ninety-four girls.

E. B. Pillsbury, General Superintendent, has returned from an inspection of the company's lines between New York and Marion.

H. H. Beverage, Engineer, recently arrived home from Brazil via England.

William H. Howard, Engineer, sailed for Buenos Aires August 24, per S. S. *Pan American*.

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#### EASTERN DIVISION NEW YORK

**T**HE news has just come to us that Herbert L. Crandall, the popular operator in charge on the *Caracas* and our traveling traffic supervisor for southern waters, is about to be married; in fact, by the time this issue is in print it will have taken place.

The date set is August 21 and he will immediately start housekeeping on Twenty-fourth Street, New York. Other than this we have no particulars, not even the bride's name. Mr. Crandall is now at sea and will not be back until a couple of days before the wedding.

We have also heard that he is so elated over the coming event that he walks the decks of the *Caracas* singing "My Rosary" and other sentimental songs.

Steffen F. Nielssen, one of the best known and highly competent operators of our system, was assigned to the *Porto Rico* and Lester O. Marholz went as his junior. The *Porto Rico* is now under service contract with this company.

Philip B. Kimball, a former operator in our service, was re-engaged during the month and sailed for overseas ports on the *Abron*.

Vincent J. Doyle is en route to West Coast ports on the *Steel Inventor*.

Royal Sterling is relieving J. N. Smith for two trips on the Boston district's ship *City of Atlanta*.

Otto Krause, a new man in the service, took out the *Fordonian*, which after a pleasant trip through the St. Lawrence River, will run on the Lakes until the close of navigation there.

Marcel de Valez is now on the *Santa Veronica* en route to the West Coast.

Benjamin G. Tempest sailed for England on the *Eastern King*.

Robert B. Mosher is making a voyage to South America, via Gulf ports, on the *Clearwater*.

Andrew R. Hamilton was transferred from the *Jonancy* to the *Satartia*.

Raymond S. Henery, who has been running for some time on the *Josiah Macy*, is now in charge on the Red D liner *Philadelphia*. James E. Ward continues as junior.

Through the death of his youngest child, Stephen Hidalgo was forced to remain ashore for a trip, but has now rejoined the *M. F. Elliott*, on which he has been running for almost a year. Joseph McConnell made the relief trip.

Meyer Grossfield is now on the *Jonancy*; Louis Weintraub is on the *Gulf of Mexico*; George Schmatzinetz is on the *W. G. Warden*; M. G. B. Rabbitts is on the *Munwood*; and George P. Turiga is on the *Steel Worker*.

Our office is enlivened and back to normal since the return of Miss Florence Levy from her vacation.

The following interesting letter was recently received from Joseph B. Milkewitz of the *Santa Isabel*:

"Of all the voyages I have made this is proving the most eventful. We ran aground off Miami, Florida, and conditions were such that we had little hopes of reaching our destination. It happened while we were at breakfast about 8 o'clock. A general conversation was in progress then, without a word of warning the ship's bow rose high in the air and with a dull, scraping sound came to a dead stop.

"The men were exceptionally calm and collected and there was no excitement. Every order was carried out with careful precision. The engine was immediately reversed to full speed astern in an effort to pull the vessel off the beach, and various ways and means were employed to attain that end, all of which, unfortunately, were failures. The ship had firmly wedged herself in the hard, sandy bottom.

"The captain, realizing the futility of his various disappointing attempts to release the vessel from the beach, stopped the engine and sent a radiogram to the Coast Guard, giving the necessary information and requesting assistance.

"Communication with the naval station at Key West was constantly maintained.

"About 2:30 that afternoon the ship lurched and calmly slid off the beach, stern first, into deeper water. Soundings of the bilges were taken to determine the nature of the damage to the ship's hull.

"With no evidence of a leak present, we proceeded on our way to Galveston."

Mr. J. A. Pohl, Superintendent of the Gulf division, was a visitor at our offices during the month. Everybody was delighted with Mr. Pohl's presence for the few days and all were sorry to see him leave.



## BOSTON

**M**R. WINTERBOTTOM and Mr. Stevens, accompanied by Master Arthur Winterbottom, visited Boston recently. Arthur found little of interest in our spare parts section, but the boat ride to Maine was great.

George A. Chute spent a week at home and then relieved L. Veader on the *Swiftscout*. George has nice control over his mail. Several letters were received from Newark for him daily up to the day before he sailed, and none since.

B. L. Cook has taken over Stanley Wade's duties on the *City of Rockland*. Wade has moved over to the *Bristol*.

Emery Neff has obtained an electrical engineering diploma but has not yet found a use for it. Meanwhile, he has located on the *Swifteagle*.

Walter E. McLeod is touring southern Massachusetts in his Buick. His courage in sticking to the *Middlesex* while aground has won him commendation from Mr. Nally and the ship's owners.

---

BALTIMORE DISTRICT

**A**FTER being laid up at this port for nearly two years the steamer *Lydia* has been re-commissioned with Operator E. J. Olson in charge.

Ralph G. Freeman was relieved on the *Cubore* by Robert S. Howard. Freeman recently received serious injuries while in swimming, but is now on the road to quick recovery.

M. Karl McBride is back with us again after an absence of nearly three years. Mac has been tuning pianos in Cambridge, Maryland, but as he has fixed everybody up down on the Sho he is taking a trip on the *Conehatta* to England.

John T. Hovan, ex-third officer of a Shipping Board vessel, was recently placed on the *Steel Scientist* as operator.

The *Cowboy*, a recent addition to the Matson fleet, sailed for the Pacific coast with M. J. Magill in charge.

J. C. Shaw is on the *Santore*.

After two trips to the Orient on the *Tuscaloosa City*, our old friend J. Hubbard McCauley writes us from Frisco that he is now bound for England.

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NORFOLK DISTRICT

**D**URING the past month a number of vessels in the Shipping Board laid-up fleet at Camp Eustis have been purchased by private concerns and have sailed for either the Great Lakes or the West Coast. One of the vessels was the *Elabeto*, to which T. W. Bean, late of the *Winding Gulf*, was assigned as operator.

William H. Sparks, a new man with the company, was assigned to the *Elcedro*.

David W. Fowler, the Virginia mountaineer, has been assigned to the *West Hembrie* for a trip to England.

D. A. Larsen, an old man in the game but a recruit with our company, has been assigned to the *West Imboden*.

Carl T. Ulven, late of the *Opelika*, is still enjoying a vacation at the various nearby beaches.

### GULF DIVISION

#### NEW ORLEANS

**J**AMES M. HEILEGENTHAL has relieved Harold G. W. Peters on the *Norman Bridge*. Peters has subsequently been assigned to the *Samuel L. Fuller*.

We have as a new entrant into the service Earle L. Thomas, on the *Lake Florian*.

Fritz B. Von Ohlen, after a short period on the *Rajah*, has been assigned to the *Mexicano* through Texas City.

William W. Ehmer, late of the *Huguenot*, is now in charge on the *W. C. Teagle*, vice Rex G. Bettis, granted leave of absence.

With the laying-up of the *Cecil County* at Mobile, Julian C. Shannon has been assigned to the *Santa Rosalia*.

George L. Hayes, a new man in our service, has relieved Hugh S. Knowles on the Shipping Board steamer *Elkhorn*.

Robert M. Watson has re-entered the service on the *Munista*, relieving Harry Backman, who has been granted sick leave.

William M. Cline has relieved Ernest B. Smith on the *Afel* at Galveston.

### GREAT LAKES DIVISION

#### CLEVELAND

**T**HE installation of one of the 200-watt combination telegraph telephone sets in our Cleveland shop puts us in the 100 percent radio class.

The set was recently installed for experimental purposes and results obtained will be broadcasted in our next issue.

Shipboard radio is certainly proving its worth during the present fuel shortage, and there isn't a question of a doubt but that ships so equipped are not only getting the fuel but are beating the less fortunate ships in securing dispatch.

By way of commendation, vessel masters of equipped ships apparently are highly elated with, to them, the new wrinkle or aid to navigation in the form of bearings which they receive from the naval communication service compass stations located at White Fish Point and Detour Point, Michi-

gan. The early fall with its fog and the late fall with its snowstorms will certainly impress every one with the importance of these stations.

Garrold E. Flower, while endeavoring to make time between a suburban district and Detroit, where he was to join the steamer *Huron*, drove his tin can head-first into an out-bound interurban car. Flower passed out of the picture temporarily while the can adds to the quantity of scrap tin now on the market. The exact details of the mishap are not to be had but we are glad to write that Garrold is with us again, having been in the hospital for but a short period. Two scars which he will carry as mementos of the incident for the remainder of his earthly existence will prove good identifying marks for his identification certificate.

H. M. Case, of Benzonia, Michigan (whether this refers to Standard Oil or not is a question), has been doing vacation relief duty on the car ferries of the Ann Arbor fleet.

Charles E. Zimmer, a new man in the service, is now on the *Fayette Brown*, a one-man cargo vessel.

Percy C. Reynolds recently joined the *Carolina* as junior.

The *City of Detroit II* and the *City of St. Ignace* were recently tied up, releasing A. M. Fenton and Robert Morris for a short vacation.

Fergus M. Sloan is now attached to the *Westland*, vice Guy Harden, on relief.

William Mockler is temporarily relieving D. S. Peckham on the *Huron*. Peckham is on a short leave attending as best man our old friend Irving Wallace's severance of diplomatic relations from single blessedness to that of wedded happiness. This change of Wallace's personal status has loomed over the horizon for some time, but now that it is a reality we all combine in extending to him our 73's and a *bon voyage*.

The Halberg brothers, George and Carl, have been relieved as senior and junior from the *Manitou* by Edward Stanko and Fred Crentsburg.

Another new man has been added to our service, Lyndell Duell by name, who recently replaced Raymond Eversole on the *Puritan*.

The Clemens A. Reiss equipment is now in charge of Glenn H. Picckett, a new man in this region.

Robert J. Ritchie, Jr., acted as junior Marthens temporary relief on the *South American* while the latter secured a license renewal.

Carl Jones is now holding down the *W. H. McGean* billet, vice William W. Anderson on leave.

Constructors Weide and Covey completed re-installations on the *Chas. O. Jenkins* and *John P. Reiss* during the past two weeks.

Superintendent Nicholas consummated the closing of two new contracts on the passenger ships *City of Holland* and *City of Saugatuck*. These vessels come under Lake Michigan district control and installations were made by District Manager Thomas.

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PACIFIC DIVISION  
SAN FRANCISCO

THE combination telephone and telegraph sets have been given a thorough tryout on the S. S. *Matsonia* and *H. F. Alexander* with results which fully meet our expectations. A few problems remain to be solved before they will come to be universally accepted and in the same favor as the spark sets, but the engineers who designed and developed the equipment are to be congratulated on the thorough manner in which they anticipated all the functions. One of the problems in connection with operation is to find a way to signal the desired station. The emitted wave is so sharp that it is very difficult to get the attention of a station which is not expecting a call. Telephone tests during two voyages of the *Matsonia* and one voyage of the *Alexander* to Honolulu have proven that this method of communication as far as distance is concerned is equal if not superior to the 2 K. W. spark sets. No trouble is experienced carrying on voice communication between the *Matsonia* at Honolulu and our KPH station using the spark, during the early morning hours, a distance of 2,080 miles. Daylight communication has not had a thorough tryout, but it has demonstrated that 500 miles is a certainty and on one occasion the signals received with perfect modulation over 750 miles.

The ICW finds favor next to the phone on account of the clear, sharp note, and compares with the phone for distance. The CW has not come into its own on account of the peculiar note and the difficulty of tuning through the arc mush interference.

The vacation fever has approached the form of an epidemic in San Francisco and Installer King was the first of the local force to succumb for a two week period. The rest of us are sure to follow and are keeping a keen eye on the calendar.

W. S. Freund and Earl W. Shippe, both graduates of the Radio Institute, were assigned this month, Freund to *Barge 93* and Shippe to the *Admiral Goodrich*.

Milton Holbert, of the *El Dorado*, is enjoying a two month vacation but we doubt if he will return, knowing of his intention to enter some other line of business. Sorry to see you

go, Milton, but whenever you want to stage a come-back drop us a line. Percy Vettel has taken Holbert's place aboard the *El Dorado*.

E. F. Wilmhurst has temporarily been assigned to the *Montebello*, relieving Albert Lusey, who is making a trip to the Orient on the *Algonquin*, relieving G. L. Van Auken, on sick leave.

C. M. Morenus and George Renish were relieved by J. W. Morrow and J. C. Franklin when the *Santa Cruz* sailed for South America. Morenus is on a vacation awaiting the sailing of the *Nile* some time in August. Renish has been transferred to the high power circuit at Marshall, but has been operating on the KPH circuit, so we understand.

B. C. McDonald is now senior on the *Nanking*, relieving H. D. Hancock. A. D. Mair made a flying jump from the shop force in order to sail as junior on the *Nanking*.

George O. Last has been temporarily assigned to the *H. F. Alexander* in order to obtain first-hand experience with the new combination sets.

Ordinarily our best marine work records are made in the winter months, but on June 15th KPH station worked with the S. S. *Tahiti* 5,000 miles, or 19 days from San Francisco. KPH is equipped with a 5 K. W. non-synchronous rotary gap set, and the *Tahiti* with a 2 K. W. rotary spark set.

One June 23rd, KPH copied eight messages from this vessel when she was 3,295 miles from San Francisco. The vessel reported having heard the KPH spark while in Sydney Harbor, New South Wales.

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#### SEATTLE

Oscar Anderson, first on the *Admiral Evans*, was transferred to the same position on the *Admiral Schley*, relieving M. Newton, who is now freight clerk on this vessel.

Charles Laird is now on the *Spokane*, T. Haire relieving him on the *Stewart Dollar*.

Elmer Thureson is making another trip to the Kuskokwim River, this time on the *Admiral Nicholson*.

All rental vessels in this district have now been equipped with vacuum tube receiving installations.

Mr. George Hubbard relieved W. F. McAuliffe as District Manager, effective July 31st. Mr. McAuliffe has been transferred to the San Francisco Office.

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#### PORT OF LOS ANGELES

In a recent letter from Editor Holmes, of the *Daily Shipping Guide*, we were asked to explain the terrific speed made by the S. S. *Sandon Hall*, as given by positon experts.

Mr. Holmes, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, could not but question a speed of 153 1-3 miles per hour, sustained for a period of twenty-four hours, and he immediately sent his office boy for a two-cent stamp to ascertain the details by mail.

In order to cover the subject fully, the writer enriched Uncle Sam to the extent of two cents by replying as follows:

"The report covering the position of the *Sandon Hall* really does seem to be somewhat exaggerated, or if true, would give this vessel a speed of 153 1-3 miles per hour at a sustained run of twenty-four consecutive hours.

"We can hardly believe it possible for a boat to plow through the briny deep at such a terrific speed, but as radio development is traveling at such a break-neck pace, the writer did not at first question the *Sandon Hall's* movement, and thought possibly it was radio-propelled—in which case 153 1-3 miles per hours is as a turtle's gait.

"Radio waves, as you know, travel at the rate of 186,500 miles per second, and with the new equipment that the Radio Corporation of America is installing on *most* of the vessels afloat, when we 'step on it' and go in 'high', we encircle the globe with etheric waves—and who knows, but at some not far distant day a vessel may actually travel by radio propulsion, radio-captained, an' everything radioized to such a degree of perfection that human intelligence, so far as the ship is concerned, will be eliminated, and operated in the office of the owner by a freckle-faced kid who needs only to touch a button—and radio does the rest.

"We are glad to receive your letter on the subject, and for the present will ask that boats carrying our equipment reduce their speed to at least equal to the imagination of present-day intelligence."

The *Los Angeles Commercial News* recently published an article on bugs and animals as "radioites".

Not having a copy of the article, we cannot quote correctly, but the story ascribed to the lower animals the power of transmitting and receiving ether waves, using their tails, whiskers and feelers as the antennae. While at first thought it might seem ridiculous, but as the article in part, as quoted from an eminent authority on the subject, we cannot question the truth which might be contained therein.

Perhaps it might be well for us to pause before taking the life of our dumb animals—we might be killing a fellow workman.

The fellow who believes in transmigration of souls won't kill a monkey—he's afraid he might be killing his great grandfather or aunt.

# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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AT  
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BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



*David Sarnoff*



# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA  
222 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK**

**HOWARD J. HALLY  
PRESIDENT**

**EXECUTIVE ORDER**

**September 8, 1922.**

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Radio Corporation of America, held today, Mr. David Sarnoff was elected Vice-President and General Manager, effective today.

As such he will supervise and control the operation of the corporation's plant and the conduct of its business, subject to the direction and approval of the Board of Directors; the Executive Committee or the Chairman of the Board, through the President.

He will have authority to employ, remove and discharge subordinate officials, agents and employees; and will be responsible for the proper discipline of employees.

He will have general charge of the corporation's high power, low power and ship stations, and their operation; will be generally responsible for their upkeep and the maintenance of the service, and will exercise all powers necessary to insure these results.

He will be charged with the responsibility of all matters in connection with the business-getting end of the corporation's transoceanic communication system; the sale and rental of apparatus and the solicitation and negotiation of contracts therefor and during the absence of the President, (subject to the direction of the Chairman of the Board) perform the duties of the President;

Effective this day, department heads will report direct to him.

Very truly yours,

 President

## MY FIRST DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES

*By W. H. Howard*

**I**T was a day on the ocean such as the Ancient Mariner told about in his story. The sun came up out of the east and shone down brightly upon a glassy sea, smooth and unbroken except for the ripples from the bow of the steamer or when an occasional flying fish suddenly left the water and plunged in again an hundred yards beyond. The sun not only shone brightly but positively glared down until the seams of the deck grew sticky beneath one's feet. The heat rebounding from the well-scoured white deck planks seemed, as one fellow passenger put it, to bounce back and hit him in the eye. The glare made one's eyes heavy and passengers leaned back in their deck chairs and dozed.

The chief officer of the steamer in his immaculate white uniform and gold braid passed along the promenade deck. Midway he paused, said two words in a laconic manner, grinned and disappeared up the stairway leading to the bridge. "Luzon ahead!" Sleepy eyes opened with a snap and deck chairs stood in an empty row as the rail became crowded with the travelers, most of whom took their first look at the largest of the Philippine Archipelago.

That first glimpse of our destination did not cause any awe-inspired gasps applauding the stupendousness of nature nor were there any murmurs of appreciation for wondrous colors blended in a fashion to be the despair of artists. It was a silent collection of passengers who strained their eyes at a low smudge on the horizon, unattractive, almost forbidding, but you who know can almost picture the thoughts of the voyagers who thirty-four days before and eight thousand miles of journey between had watched the shores of their home land grow dim in the distance. Through thirty-four days of storm and calm, of accident and uneventfulness, of sickness and boredom we had come, and now before us lay our destination of "the land of beyond," full of Oriental mystery and adventure, where, it was written, a few of us would die, some of us fail in our object and return unsuccessful and where we all would part, each to follow his own pathway. It had been eleven thousand miles of continuous journey for me and as I looked at my destination unfolding through the shimmering heat, I wondered what my own experiences would be and how many years would pass by before I would watch that smudge fade away in the distance instead of unfold.

As the day grew older we passed the northern cape and soon the strip of land became green and reached from one horizon to the other, a darker green near the water's edge

and growing lighter in color as the hills and background of mountains rose majestically to make the skyline. But there was never a sign of life, no ships, no habitations, not even any smoke, nothing but forest. Such was the last view of Luzon as night fell with the remarkable suddenness of the tropics.

At daybreak the steamer entered Manila Bay. Corregidor, Uncle Sam's Gibraltar in the Far East, was passed on our left. On our right was an island named Caballo, and soon we passed another named Carabao. Caballo being Spanish for horse while Carabao is the name given to a water buffalo, it might appear that the Filipinos desired to advise visitors of their two chief means of transportation and so prepare them for what was to come.

To the left in the distance three peaks pierced the blue sky. The word "Mariveles" went around. Who or what Miraveles might be nobody seemed to know. The three were just Mariveles. About an hour after passing Corregidor my eyes were gladdened by the sight of something that looked familiar—nothing Oriental about it, just good old, plain, he, United States—the three wireless towers of Cavite, where Uncle Sam has his principle naval base in the Philippines.

It took about two hours to cover the twenty-seven miles from Corregidor at the entrance of Manila Bay to the breakwater of the city itself. My first view of the city from the deck of the steamer did not leave a very good impression. Beyond the breakwater were three fairly healthy looking wooden docks. In back of the docks was an immense wall of masonry rising to a height of thirty or forty feet with sentry boxes at intervals all the way along. Around the wall there appeared to be a wide moat, but later I found that the moat had been filled in and in the days to come I watched many a golf ball sail over that wall into oblivion and others carom off its solid sides into more oblivion as I endeavored to put it to its present use, that is a golf course.

However, from the ship, the gables and tops of red tiled roofs, harmoniously patched with clusters of green grass and moss growing on the tile, it looked more like an immense prison than a place in which to live. Nevertheless, many were the days spent on the inside of that wall. To the right three modern looking concrete buildings stood apart from the walled city, or, as it is called, Intramuras, in rather splendid isolation. I afterward knew them to be the Manila Hotel, the Army and Navy Club, and the Elks' Club. There was a great stretch of green grass between these three buildings which was used as a park and called the Lunetta. If I had known that one of those buildings was a hotel I might have

been more comfortable the first night, but the experience was useful.

Why describe here medical and passport inspections or going through the customs in the tropics, where a little brown brother casts an appraising eye over all one's worldly possessions, even what one wears? From the look in the eye of the little brown brother, who messed up the few things in my scant collection of baggage as he asked, "No got any more?", it seemed to me that he wondered how I managed about laundry for somewhat over a month, and while I didn't understand his answer to my "No", I expect it was the native for "I wonder how he got away with it."

But finally I viewed the world through the square of light which marked the exit from the pier and stepped forth figuratively speaking from a frying pan into a fire. I had disembarked and set foot on a red-hot land that rocked with a sidewise motion, then pitched a little up and down. It also seemed to wiggle with the heat beside the other motions. Thirty-five days on a boat makes any kind of land wiggle even without heat.

There were numerous curious looking two-wheeled vehicles gathered around the exit. Each one looked somewhat as follows: A black body the size of a large packing case set upon two wheels, with a pair of shafts extending out the front, ending in a fish-hook curve about the ears of the wickedest looking dwarf horse that ever waved a pair of heels over a whiffletree. The driver of this vehicle, afterward found to be called a carromata, sat literally and actually upon the tail of this little Man o' War. When the tail became too frisky the driver calmly placed it under him and sat upon it

One of these drivers managed to outstrip the rest in reaching my whereabouts as I emerged from the dock and actually commandeered me. He had a whip in one hand and, seizing my arm with the other, dragged me to his little cheese-box on wheels, meanwhile delivering a stream of vocal noises that made absolutely no impression upon my intellect. He did not seem to expect any answer, so he received none. He appeared to know where I was going and started off by making an odd noise with his lips as he sat aft of the rear deck of the horse. A few blocks up the road he decided that the horse must go faster, so he took careful aim and wrapped the lash neatly around the ears of the horse. Bang! Two cute little hoofs put a dent in the underneath side of the packing case. Once more the whip curled and another dent was beside the first. The horse meanwhile had stopped but now

he commenced to back vigorously and backed almost down to the pier when, just as suddenly, he started forward at a gallop that pretty near tumbled me out of the back end.

The heat soon tired him, however, and we rode along respectably for some distance, which gave me an opportunity to observe my coachman. He appeared as follows: A floppy straw hat all brim and no crown, a brown neck, a shirt embroidered with large red flowers of the genus hibiscus and worn outside of his trousers, if a popular brand of underwear can be styled as such. The rest of him consisted of brown legs and feet, mostly all toes. The original of the above description turned soon in his seat and said something that sounded to me like "Dondy, dondy", so I aired my complete Spanish vocabulary and answered "Siggy, siggy." We finally came to a place that looked prepossessing and emerging from the packing box I entered its portals. It wasn't a hotel as I had hoped, but it was the Ayunimient Government, I think, but anyhow it contained the offices of all the principal Philippine executives.

I thought it was as good a time as any to present my credentials, for I had scant hope of ever finding the place again, so delivered them to the Governor General. He passed them along to his Secretary, who passed them along to the Assistant Secretary. From him they went to the Secretary of Commerce and Communications, etc., etc., until they finally reached the Director of the Bureau of Posts, with me in tow. The route I traveled can be traced by consulting any good treatise upon the form of the government assigned to the Philippine Islands.

The Director of the Bureau of Posts was a native Filipino and during the several years I constructed wireless stations for his Bureau I never found him otherwise than a gentleman and appreciative of the difficulties which had to be overcome. He assigned a desk for my use, introduced me to the various officials and then told me to make use of all the facilities at his command.

However, before starting to construct a wireless system I thought it would be advisable for me to obtain living quarters. I consulted my newly appointed assistant in regard to a hotel and he supplied the information. Outside the building I looked in vain for my coachman. Either I did not recognize him or he had disappeared. In the meantime, however, another one dragged me into his vehicle. Several months later the former driver had me arrested for non-payment of fare, but the court proceedings, held in the street rather noisily, with a native policeman for a judge, resulted in my acquittal upon payment of twenty-five cents U. S. currency

to the driver and one U. S. cigar for the native policeman.

By the time I reached the "best hotel for American families" I was so hot that I didn't care what happened provided that there was no more traveling to be done, so acquired a room from a native clerk. There were numerous Americans about, so although it did not appear much like a hotel I concluded it must be. A dove cement wall raised itself directly from the edge of a three-foot sidewalk for a scant two stories. The entrance was a square hole like a barn door and passing inside to a floor level with the outside walk, one navigated over large flagstones. A desk with a railing around it constituted the clerk's office, while along the walls of the room were large wicker chairs, which made it into a lobby as far as could be discerned.

I seated myself in one of the wicker chairs and said, "Whew!" The fellow in the next chair said, "Warm, isn't it?" I was contemplating murdering him when the thought struck me that he might be useful, so, leaning over, I asked him where one could purchase some white suits similar to those everyone seemed to be wearing. I explained very quietly that I did not want everyone to know that I just arrived. He said that there was a tailor just around the corner and that everyone would know it anyway. "About how many suits is the usual number for the first purchase?" "Oh, about a dozen or fifteen." "Whew!" I said. "Warm, isn't it?" he answered.

That evening, being tired, I went to my room early. I had never met a hotel room just like that one before, and hope I never do again. The room had a flagstone floor, three dove cement walls devoid of ornament, ceiling of the same material and decorated in the same way, a tin wash-basin on a box in one corner, a straight-backed, hard chair, in which I was sitting while looking the room over, an iron army cot with a mosquito net draped over it and a single electric bulb suspended by a cord from the center of the ceiling. The fourth side of the room was composed of a doorway and the rest window. There was no door and there was no glass in the barn-door-size window, but by pulling a piece of cotton drill across the window the room was quite private up as far as one's neck. That is a complete description of the room.

As I sat there ruminating upon the events of the day and the possibilities of sleep during such a hot night and on that iron cot, something that seemed like an old apple whizzed by my head and hit up against the wall with a whack, then fell to the floor. I rushed to the window to see who was throwing things inside, but no one was in sight. I turned

to inspect the missile where it lay on the floor partly stunned and kicking its legs. It was fully three inches long and built like a cockroach. It looked big enough to be called a flying locomotive, but I lassoed the thing with a piece of string and dropped it out of the window.

Sitting in the chair again I was startled by a chorus of chr-r-r-r-rr's and discovered the source to be about a dozen lizards which now decorated the walls and had noiselessly appeared out of the gathering darkness. The next few moments were devoted to throwing a shoe (which I removed from my suitcase) at them until the fellow in the next room called out, "Hey, you in there, cut out that noise." I explained to him that my room was full of lizards and after a good laugh he explained that they were the common house variety and harmless and that his room had a number of them also. He explained further that instead of harming them, people hoped that they would thrive, as they were the best bug and mosquito destroyers ever invented. He also predicted that before long I would be glad they were there. Later on when I saw the myriads clouding around the electric light and was lulled to sleep by the continuous hum of countless mosquitoes trying to break into the sanctuary enclosed by my mosquito net, I wished my lizard companions the best of luck and a good dinner.

And so ended my first day in the Philippines.

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### SPEED UP THE TELEPHONE

You will quicken your own service and also that of others if you will cut out every superfluous word when calling for a connection. When your operator asks, "Number, please", say "John 2360" or "Mr. Peters at Hanover 7177", etc. Do not waste her time and your own, besides tying up the line, by saying, "Anna, please give me", "I want", "Get me", "Call", "Will you call", etc. Superfluous words are omitted instinctively in using the telegraph. Why not, also, in using the telephone?

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### MAILING NOTICE

All correspondence pertaining to the Pacific division should be addressed to 433 California Street, San Francisco, Calif.

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### A REVISION

The American youth's three Rs are now: Readin', 'ritin' and radio.



**ATTENTION, PHILATELISTS!**

There has recently been formed at the main wireless station in Berlin the Telefunken Postage Stamp Collectors' Club, the membership of which consists of members of the staff, the aim being to give the members who are interested in collecting stamps an opportunity of enlarging their collections. The club will appreciate receiving American stamps of unusual denominations and foreign stamps received through the mails, and they will be equally glad to receive frequent duplicates, as they are valuable in making exchanges. The Editor of **WORLD WIDE WIRELESS** will be glad to receive contributions of stamps and will forward them to the club. Perforated stamps should not be sent. The Editor invites correspondence with those interested with a view of distributing in America stamps which may be reciprocally received from the Telefunken Club.

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**"LAST POST" BY WIRELESS****MARCONI HOUSE CEREMONY HEARD BY SHIPS AT SEA**

**A**T Marconi House in London, on the occasion of the dedication of a roll of honor, Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs, Managing Director of the British Marconi Company, spoke as follows:

We have met here to-day to unveil and to dedicate a Roll of Honor which will perpetuate the memory of those members of the Marconi staffs who gave their lives in the service of their country during the Great War. Within a few minutes when the Union Jack is drawn aside, it will be seen that no less than 348 persons, members of the Head Office, Chelmsford Works, and Depot staffs; of the sea-going telegraphists drawn from Headquarters and the Italian Agency; also members of the Relay Automatic Telephone Company made the supreme sacrifice, and whilst we to-day salute with reverence the roll of those who gave their lives in the performance of their duty it is not inappropriate to recall the fact that, of nearly 6,000 sea-going operators under the control of this company when the Armistice was declared no less than 1,202 had been the subject of enemy attack and were rescued from vessels sunk by enemy submarines. Some of these were torpedoed on three or four different occasions.

I have in mind at this moment the manuscript of a great book written by an eminent author which will never be published for official reasons. This book is rich in narratives of deeds of valor performed by men of the Marconi companies in many seas and in many lands, and it is considered to be in the national interest that the works upon which these men were engaged should not be known to the

world at large. The chapters dealing with wireless at sea abound in instances where Marconi operators upheld the high traditions of British seamanship and there are cases where Marconi men refused to leave their ships when the legitimate moment had arrived for abandonment, and I hope we all of us remember the classic instance of Gardiner of the S. S. *Benledi* who, when under shell fire from a German submarine off the Spanish coast, refused to leave his post even when instructed to do so by the captain of the ship, as he had just established communication with an American cruiser that he believed to be capable of reaching the vessel. Gardiner's action resulted in the saving of 45 lives, but when the officers next visited the wireless room they saw Gardiner's headless body sitting in his chair and before it the completed message of acknowledgment from the vessel whose assistance Gardiner had stayed to seek.

We are proud of these great deeds performed as they were by young Marconi men acting upon their own initiative in the face of death, and we are certain that no records of the war show deeds which reflect greater credit upon the nation or any individual organization.

This Roll of Honor, as already indicated, contains the names of a number of persons who, as members of the Head Office, Works and other administrative staffs, were well known to many present here to-day. The majority of these, together with their surviving colleagues, served in the army, and endured the hardships inseparable from a long campaign in land warfare. They, too, upheld British traditions and by their deaths have similarly contributed, we hope, to a permanent disposal of the idea that Might is Right. The numbers from the office staffs who died for their country are smaller than those amongst sea-going telegraphists, but proportionately, in relation to the men serving from the offices they are large, and it has to be remembered that the very important national work upon which this company was engaged made it imperative that many men who otherwise would have been serving in the face of the enemy should be retained at home.

It is gratifying to note that amongst the surviving members of the office and sea-going staffs are several recipients of honors, decorations and awards. These also bear witness to work well done in the cause of civilization and humanity.

In exposing to your view the names of your late colleagues I feel sure that this memorial will be an incentive to each one of us to follow the high standard of national and personal duty which was established by those whose memory we here perpetuate.

## HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Mr. E. J. Nally, President, sailed for Europe, per S. S. *Homeric*, September 9. Mrs. Nally accompanied him.

Mr. David Sarnoff, Vice-President and General Manager, has returned from an outing spent on Nantucket Island.

Mr. E. E. Bucher, Sales Manager, was recently in Chicago on a business trip.

Mr. C. J. Ross, Comptroller, has recovered from a severe attack of la grippe.

Mr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, Chief Engineer, returned from Europe per S. S. *Stockholm*, after a three months' absence, having visited England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board, has the sincere sympathy of the entire staff in the loss of his young son John, who died suddenly at Hood River, Ore., August 21.

Dr. Eccles, of England, was recently entertained by President Nally and the engineering staff at the Lawyers' Club, New York.

Captain Powhatan Page, of Buenos Aires, South American representative of the R. C. A., arrived in New York September 4, per S. S. *Southern Cross*, accompanied by his family.

Mr. E. B. Pillsbury, General Superintendent of the Transoceanic division, has returned from an outing in Maine, his native state.



Our new trade-mark RCA bids fair to rank as an internationally known emblem, such as our WORLD WIDE WIRELESS, both of which were designed by Mr. R. C. Edwards in competition with a large number of professional designers. This insignia has already been nationally advertised and will appear on all radio apparatus and parts manufactured for and sold by the Radio Corporation of America.

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TRANSOCEANIC DIVISION

NEW YORK

**V**INCENT SQUAZZO, of the Delivery department, and Miss Helen Correale, of New York, who is employed by the New York Telephone Company as Supervisor, were married on Sunday, September 10th, at St. Peter's Catholic Church, Barclay Street. Quite a number of the boys

attended the ceremony and then followed the crowd for the eats. A very suitable token of goodwill was sent by the Broad Street Office. The list of married men is increasing and also the papers in which the home-made sandwiches are wrapped. We have not noticed any of the newly-weds eating any home-made biscuits.

Mr. Anderson had a month's vacation, probably at the seashore, it being nearer the three-mile limit.

George Gallagher had a month's vacation and did not lose any time, as we hear he surrendered to a very charming young lady whose name we have not been permitted to divulge.

The ice has been broken and Little Mack has confessed; says he is going over to Norway very soon to be married. Says he won't feel so nervous when the ceremony is taking place because he doesn't understand Norwegian and won't have to pay more than \$2 for a bottle.

Messrs. V. H. Brown and Tucker returned feeling fit.

Miss Hayden and Mr. Griswold were also on the lusk list. We understand Miss Hayden still contemplates changing her name.

Mr. Weaver required two weeks to recuperate after the strenuous duties of Acting Superintendent during Mr. Chadwick's vacation. It has been rumored that he is building a boat with a false bottom.

The week-end over Labor Day Mr. Barsby was the guest of Mr. Winterbottom on his motor yacht. We do not know if friendly greetings were exchanged with any vessels anchored ten miles out.

George Shea has been on the sick list and we are hoping for his speedy recovery and return to duty.

Mr. Moore had the opportunity during his vacation and attended the championship tennis matches and was sorry he was not allowed to give Patterson a few pointers.

Mr. Coughlan says he spent his vacation visiting the scenic spots in Brooklyn—Sands Street, Flatbush Avenue, etc.

New island discovered in the Indian Ocean. HF made enquiries for rate to Jamaica and insisted it was in the Indian Ocean.

A roof has been discovered in Mount Vernon without a radio apparatus.

Our sincerest sympathy to Mr. Reeder, of the Delivery department, whose sister died. The boys at Broad Street sent a beautiful floral wreath as a mark of respect.

Miss Collins returned from her vacation wearing blue eyeglasses. Evidently found difficulty in picking out the hard and soft lumber. Says the porch where she lived was as dark as a prohibition agent's past.

Miss Christensen spent her vacation at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. Says she prefers canoes for comfort and the fact that they only hold two. Having seen the picture of the gentleman who might be taken for a Greek god with his immaculately shaved neck and his passionate purple socks, etc., we are wondering.

Miss Sinnot mentions that she had quite a wild time on her vacation. That accounts for why she had to buy a new hair net every morning.

Miss Hannon return from a long rest at Durham, not of tobacco fame. We understand cattle are not raised in the Catskill Mountains.

Miss Henderson made herself acquainted at Hackettstown and says the boys there are some steppers, but has not come to any decision to step up with any particular one yet.

Miss Miller says she is teaching her fiance to make fudge. We do not imagine he gets more than one lesson a week; it's rather a sticky pastime, but we think he will stick it out.

Miss Blankford located on a farm at East Durham and we hear she has become quite an adept at milking cows; says she knows the difference between a cow and a mosquito, because a mosquito has wings.

Mr. Hills was off for a week's rest, but we have our doubts if he rested all the time. When we rest our heads we don't always rest them *on pillows*.

Otto Stenger spent his vacation in Hog Wallow. (We think it's up in Connecticut, connecting trolleys.) We hear he spent most of his evenings in the front room, the blinds down and the lamp behind the sofa turned down lower than the Barbary Coast in the good old days.

Eckstein visited his old haunts at Indian Lake and sent a daily bulletin to Edythe Polnicke.

Leo Weill has reported at Urlton, N. Y., which place we have not discovered in the Nom. Says he was compelled to return on account of the women having made an awful hole in his pocket, although he says a girl with a kalsomined smile has the same effect on him that a Whitehead torpedo would have on a toy launch.

Jack Rice is very strong on having vacations twice a year.

James Kenny and Peter Olsen have returned to college, having been with us during the summer season. As they have not decided to go to work we conclude they are leaving heartfree.

Douglas McCully has been granted a month's leave of absence. We welcome his return.

Helen Toor is wearing a pin with the number 24 designed in pearls. We cannot say if it has a special meaning. Hardly think it is her age.

Miss Yelland, according to rumors, intended to do some extensive traveling during her vacation. As Niagara Falls were to be taken in, it sounds like a honeymoon trip; but not being in the inner circle we are unable to say anything definite.

Raymond Blanqui, of course, moved to Jersey for a month to save carfare.

Schiavi, we think, is going into light housekeeping, as it is rumored he spent most of his vacation in the residential sections in and around the country.

We heard from Wallace at Vermont. Evidently went back to the farm.

Platt, Nunn, Wells and Gold were also on the vacation list.

Miss Miles is in the country trying to regain her nice color.

The Misses Mullins and Connolly returned from their vacations with no grievances but lots of romances.

Miss Curley has returned from a vacation following a nervous breakdown, from which we hope she has fully recovered.

Miss Grady returned from her vacation with her hair bobbed. She did not intend the sun to miss her neck.

Now we know why Misses Christensen and Flodquist are full of college yells. They are frequently seen at Grantville, College Point, where we understand the censorship of abbreviations has not gone into effect which is clearly shown by sunburn.

The old adage proved true when Miss Collins hesitated under a step-ladder and the carpenter dropped a hammer on her head, necessitating hospital treatment. There have been instances of people recovering from ailments after such occurrences. This may have caused a heart flutter. Who is he, Dorothy?

Harry Heisohn is spending his time with the infantry at Fisher's Island. He took his golf outfit (African) with him and is no doubt having a good time.

Leo, the Billing department mascot, has had quite a lot of bad luck with his straw hat this season, having been caught in the rain several times. He vows he won't buy one next year till the season is nearly over.

Quite a new flivver calls for Bob Smith and three young ladies every Saturday afternoon. Bob evidently believes there's safety in numbers.

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A clock is different from a man—

You never catch it shirking.

It does its best, and even when

It strikes, it keeps on working.



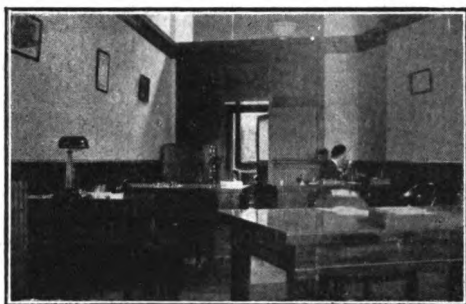
## WASHINGTON

**W**ELL, here we are. The Washington office of the Radio Corporation of America, and the first of those ambitious offspring to find its way so far from the maternal roof at 64 Broad Street. We are rather proud of that unique position, but must in all candor confess that while at first our knees were very wobbly they are daily becoming firmer and more self-supporting. And don't think it has been easy. With heedless courage we threw ourselves directly into the mouths of the guns and pulled up at 1110 Connecticut Avenue, territory hitherto sacred to submarine cables and untroubled by alien upstarts who chatter through the air. On one side of us ranges the Western Union menace, and on the other the sly cunning of the Commercial. It's no laughing matter to have such dangers ever lurking at each elbow, and never to know at what minute they may feed us a large overdose of TNT. You ask why all the harping on the danger stuff? Because we deliberately came onto the scene and snatched many of their best gilt-edged customers.

Temporarily casting aside all levity, our reception by the Washington cable using public has been splendid and so wholehearted as to inspire us to our best service efforts. As a result of these same efforts there is practically unanimous commendation of our service by our clients.

We opened our humble doors in an ex-real estate office on March 1st. Shortly thereafter a team of decorators got to us and we were transformed into the best public-service office in Washington. The pictures speak for themselves, but you would have to sit in our chairs and feel the cool, calm, message-inspiring atmosphere to get the full effect.

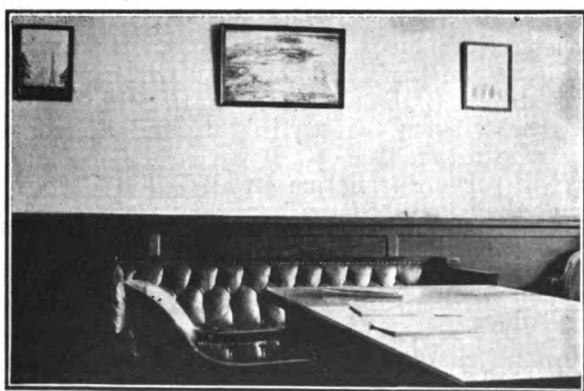
Our family at present consists of John J. Simpson and H. I. Moscow, senior and junior operators, respectively—they work a leased Postal wire which terminates in the operating room at 64 Broad Street, New York; Agnes M. Callen, a most competent bookkeeper and stenographer; Robert Hale, Frank De Mint, and Jack Crown, three fine boys and splendid



CORNER OF OPERATING ROOM

messengers; Samuel Cropper, our faithful janitor and man-of-all-work, and the cheerful but constantly harassed manager.

We are now six months old in Washington and feel that with our age we have become a mature and vital element of its governmental, diplomatic and commercial life. Our growth both in traffic handled and customers added to our list has been healthy and substantial. We reached the peak in June, four months after our inception, and then during July and August, when the population of Washington is literally cut in half, and the excessive heat minimizes what little business still remains to function, we showed a proportional decrease. August, however, brought a material gain over July and we expect to travel back to our high-point of June and then to scale new heights.



RECEIVING DEPARTMENT

There are a large number of customers on our list who file with some degree of regularity—some, of course, in much



greater volume than others. Among our filers are the State, Commerce, War, Treasury, Labor, Agriculture and Justice Departments of the Government; the Italian, Norwegian, Polish, Belgian, Serbian, Rumanian, Swiss, German, Czechoslovakian, Finnish and Lithuanian Embassies and Legations, and numerous individuals, firms of lawyers, and business houses which have foreign correspondents.

We will keep you advised from time to time, Mr. Editor, of our activities and indiscretions, and in that way ward off the depressing, orphan-like feeling that sometimes comes over us.

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### TUCKERTON

**J**OY to the World. Unto the House of Eshleman hath been born a daughter, Elvira Elizabeth by name, eight pounds by weight.

Raffy Mott appears with a light step and a broad smile. The reason: A ten-pound boy just arrived.

Shift Engineer Hanks seems to be giving the farmers of Tuckerton some pointers; plants corn and pole lima beans in the same hill to save bean poles. We wonder if he is trying to grow succotash.

"Read the Book." This is the motto set for us by our Engineer-in-Charge. By the book is meant the loose-leaf volume of instructions. We find this a very sure path to knowledge when we are stuck.

"Well, I'll be darn." We want to congratulate old friend Doc Usselman.

Irish Larkin rejoices when the Irish seize the English cables. Keeps him busy now on watch, you know, and we believe he is wondering when the Irish will capture Bermuda.

The Umbrella Club is livening up the old place. A dance in the barracks every Friday night, and a good time for everybody who attends.

This will serve due notice on all Radio Corporation employees that they may become honorary members of the Umbrella Club by simply mailing us a one dollar bill to cover membership fees for one full calendar year, or fraction thereof. W. S. Hanks is the Secretary and will acknowledge the receipt of all dues.

Everybody tells how many fish they caught but Joe Parker, and he just goes along to scare the fish over to the other fellow's hook. Joe hasn't caught a fish this year. The prize party of the season seems to be Messrs. Eshleman, Blanding, Larkin and Breckenridge, and they didn't get home till four in the morning.

Vacations are about over and most everybody back with a big grin and a willingness to dig in for another year; so you may expect to hear big things from Tuckerton.

Good chauffeurs and clerks are hard to find around Tuckerton so everybody please bear this in mind when the next one quits.

Talk about freaks of nature. You have probably heard Kent's experience in catching fish in the alternator pit in January when the snow had knocked out the aerial; but you haven't heard Mott's story of how he caught a rabbit in the dance hall. Anyway, we found Mott giving him a lively chase over the waxed floor; and the rabbit with a bloody nose.

We haven't heard a word of how they are running the Navy since Kent left us. We'd be glad to hear.

Well, we must be to work now; enough gossip for a month. Look out for our next issue.

### MARION

**A**TENNIS tournament is under way for the Clay Court Championship of Southeastern Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Fall River Country Club. We are pleased to announce to the world that our boss, Mr. Clifton, advanced very easily to the second round, winning 6-0; 6-0; 6-0. His opponent failed to show up.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Strausburger, parents of Marcus Aurelius, our Assistant Engineer, were recent visitors over the holidays.

Samuel Sadler has left us for a short while and is acting as Shift Engineer during the vacation period at New Brunswick.

And by the way, if Sadler don't hurry up back to Marion he is in danger of losing his crown as the Champion Chow Scoffer. A new aspirant for the honors has loomed upon the horizon. George Wixon, the other night, entered the International Pie Eating Contest at Bournehurst-on-the-Canal and wrested the honors easily over 432 opponents. His time was 16 3-5 seconds.

Jim Rossi has got so many working for him now that he has started to dress up. His old white sailor hat has been benched in favor of a straw hat of the vintage of 1902.

S. W. Dean, formerly Assistant Engineer at Bolinas, was a recent visitor to the station.

The radio set received from the General Electric Company has been installed in the living quarters and is enjoyed by all. As soon as the loud speaker arrives we intend to run a radio dance.

Albert Kennedy has just returned from a two weeks' vacation spent at Jalappe.

The baseball team finished the season in a blaze of glory. Labor Day afternoon the radio gang trimmed the Wareham All Stars by the score of 11 to 8.

Sam Campbell has started on his vacation, just where we don't know, but we noticed when he left he was heavily loaded down with poles not of the clothes line variety.

Mark Strausburger walked into an ice cream parlor in Wareham the other night. Directly or indirectly he was the cause of a young riot. Right off the reel two young ladies started a hair-pulling match. Just then a patrolman happened to be going by and he stepped in and stopped the combatants. After peace had once more been restored he learned that one had declared that Mark was Rudolph Valentino and the other had been equally insistent that he was none other than Wallie Reed.

Some fellows go out and buy elaborate fishing polies and couldn't catch a salmon in the Columbia River. Our friend, Leon Robinson, emulating the feat of Huckleberry Finn, with a shoe-string and a bent pin for a hook, caught a four-pound bass that was a humdinger.

Anyone heard from Beltz?

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### NEW BRUNSWICK

**O**NE of our D. T.'s, who happens to be an inventive genius, has been observing the actions of the firefly and frog. He has, after careful study, prophesied that very soon radio will be extinct. Why, we have been unable to ascertain, but assume he has a few fireflies trained to light up at the croak of the frog. In this manner he expects to relay messages anywhere. This is, indeed, possible, considering the millions of fireflies and frogs idle each year.

There may be situations within our observation where it seems that enjoyment of life is received without an adherence to those rules. But, depend upon it, nature is an absolute accurate bookkeeper and remorseless in demanding an ultimate settlement. Sometimes she is years in presenting her statement of account, but the day of reckoning is inevitable.

In our younger years we are growing—acquiring added strength and new tissues. In the period of this growth our forces of resistance are greater. We more easily throw off, or even overcome, the natural effects of ignorance, mistakes or indulgence. Nature, too, is always working to aid us. Her processes are those of cure and remedy. The new blade of glass comes back more quickly when trampled upon. The cut in the bark of the young tree is more easily healed. But there comes a day when our bodies are finished. No new tissues of the proper kind are added. Even nature is slower

in her assistance. From that day we live on what we have acquired. The accumulation of physical capital is ended.

There are years yet ahead of the average man or woman. Will they be few or many? Will they be periods of comfort or distress? Will they be those of cheerfulness or discouragement? Nothing will have a more important bearing on the answers to these questions than the possession or lack of health.

Anyone interested in a few good cars at good prices—try New Brunswick. Have some very good machines to try and get around in at exceptionally high prices, just right for the beginner who is desirous of learning the do or don'ts of a car from the bottom.

The station anglers, Messrs. Aird, Lown and Bertram, went fishing a few weeks ago, and while purchasing supplies preparatory to camping out overnight, Bertram suggested getting a can of beans. This didn't meet with Lown's approval at all, he suggesting that salmon would be better. He evidently was not in the mood for fishing. They finally landed at the camping grounds, and selected sleeping quarters. Aird and Bertram in the tent, Lown preparing to rest peacefully in the back seat of the car. Suddenly a terrific roar was heard to disturb the calmness of the night, which slowly died down to a laboring buzz. Thus, Bertram proclaimed his challenge to the mosquitoes perched on Lown's feet projecting outside the car. The anglers tried their luck on Sunday, caught a few pickerel, and decided it wasn't the worst trip they had.

A few night ago the hotel was in an uproar. There was a good reason as the Agony Orchestra was at it again from 8 to 12 midnight. Sometimes music hath charms.

Our esteemed friend and Chief Rigger Bill Dunn is sojourning at Cape May. We understand that he is trying to make crooked towers look straight, and that in his spare time he is making an intensive study of beach lizards.

It's a sure thing that winter must be coming, for Belanus has been busy every evening building a nest for his much loved but expensive pet, the Overland. The dear thing has developed a diseased collar bone and Matt has kept the telephone busy hunting a new one for it, but much to his disgust, has discovered that this is a very rare disease and that this particular bone cannot be bought for any money. In the end, he consulted a bone specialist and with good results, for he promised that pet would be running around *almost as good as ever* in a very few days.

Our Assistant E. C. also has an animal of this same breed and has been watching the case with anxious eyes.

# TOPICS OF

AS DISCUSSED BY A COUPLE OF

1st Opr. Hello, Bill; how's things?

2nd Opr. Howdy, Eddie; when did your old tanker drift in?

1st Opr. Last week. She's up in the sticks for repairs; had a blow-out off Hatteras. Musta hit a whale or sumpin.

2nd Opr. How's yer Aeriola Junior working?

1st Opr. O. K. How's 'at set you got rigged up in your house com'n' through? Gettin' anything?

2nd Opr. I'll say I am. Getting 'em all—single and in bunches.

1st Opr. Did'ja hear that bird over at WJZ last night? Some baby, what!

2nd Opr. I'll tell the world. When she gargled that "Aria from Airshaft" the people upstairs over me blew a police whistle out the winder; thought a murder was being pulled off or sumpin. I never knew there was so many of 'em grand opera birds in the world till WJZ started up. Ha! ha!

1st Opr. You said it, sweet daddy. No wonder my old woman can't get no maids no more; they're all cuckoos now.

• 2nd Opr. Did'ja see about Sarnoff getting Vice-President?

1st Opr. I'll tell the world I did. Some guy, 'at feller. I knew him when he was an op. Bulleve me he could shoot the stuff in so fast it 'ud knock the head phones clear off your dome. O. K. O. K.

2nd Opr. He's going some, I'll say; mus' have a pull or sumpin down there.

1st Opr. Pull nothin'; the only pull 'at guy's got is pullin' a lot of other guys along with him. He treats 'em ruff but bulleve me, every guy's gotta chanct with 'at bird. Weagant, did'ja know him? He done sumpin for hisself, all right, all right. He's workin' the old static all the time now; knows just where to find it, too. Picks out the places where it's most, all the time.

2nd Opr. Yes, I seen 'at. Mus' be thickest down South in the winter and up North in the summer. Eh, what? I was up to a Static Club feed onct. Did'ja ever get a bid to one of 'em blow-outs?

1st Opr. Yeh. Did'ja head 'at quartette they got up there? Some yodelers, I'll tell the world. Kaminsky Bros. and Edwards and Mac. Oh, boy; community songs. I'll say it's pretty tough on the community. There's a lotta guys floating round loose oughta be in jail, if you ast me.

2nd Opr. 'At there Doc Goldsmith's gotta lotta good stuff while yer listening. He deals it off what you call "impro.nptu"—kinda right off the bat.

1st Opr. You said it. Vaudeville missed sumpin when 'at guy started writin' books and tellin' stories. Pretty good bunch, that Static Club. Wisht I was a member to it.

2nd Opr. Yeh, me too. The company's gotta place out in Chi now. Did'ja know old Sawyer?

1st Opr. I'll say I did. I worked in the M. R. & I. a coupla months for that bird. Had to cut it out 'cause he musta went to night school; had us workin' nights all the time. He's travelin' some now, though. 'At guy's got sumpin under his hat beside the lining. O. K. O. K.

# THE DAY

## ACTORS AWAITING ASSIGNMENT

- 2nd Opr. Tell me he's gotta mahogany office also a secretary out there now what 'ud knock this here Marion Davies clean out the pictures. When the jobbers drop in and lamp her they all start hollerin' camera. She can register anythin' from, casual indifferences to heavy static and so forth.
- 1st Opr. 'At's so, all right. I hear Beyer, Bergin, Parker and 'at bunch out there nearly lost their eyesight till old J. M. put blinders on 'em. Pretty tough on the blind men nowadays, I'll tell the world.
- 2nd Opr. Well, it's a great life if yeh don't weaken. Hel'va way they got the air waves all used up and the time all passed round to the manufacturers and department stores. What? Then we guys gotta sit round and listen to the highbrows tell us how to keep our feet right and so forth.
- 1st Opr. 'At's right. But one thing, O. K., O. K. -The concerts don't cost nothin'. S'all free, ain't it?
- 2nd Opr. Sure s'all free. I hadda coupla cases grippe and so forth and that didn't cost nothin', neither. Lotta free stuff floating round, 'cept it comes in bottles nowadays.
- 1st Opr. 'At'a so. What's become a 'at guy what used to sell you the stuff, Eddie?
- 2nd Opr. Oh! he's around, but he ain't sellin' no stuff no more. He's gotta new line now; bigger dough and not so much chanct to take.
- 1st Opr. S'at so? Well, I see we got another fight on Saturday night. Did'ja get the last one?
- 2nd Opr. I'll say so, I did. They gotta feller named Major Sumpin' up there dishin' it out. The way he handed it to us last time, he had Leonard out in front all the way.
- 1st Opr. Yeh, I thought they'd have to call in the coroner for old man Britten eny minute, but the next A. M. the papers said it was a draw and Britten was still alive O. K., O. K.
- 2nd Opr. 'At's right. Wonder what 'at guy was ever major of?
- 1st Opr. Junior American Guard, I guess. He fought all his battles up in the armory. He comes through strong, though O. K., O. K.
- 2nd Opr. Well, old man, I gotta beat it uptown. Drop round the house tonight an' I'll show you a new stunt I'm working out with W. E. tubes.
- 1st Opr. I didn't know the W. E. were selling eny tubes yet.
- 2nd Opr. They ain't. I'm gettin' 'em from 'at guy what used to sell me the stuff.
- 1st Opr. O. K., O. K. Yeh never know what's gonna happen in this game. Well, so long, old man. "73".

C. J. R.

## RIVERHEAD

**T**O relieve the minds of those who have any doubt as to whether this station still exists, we have decided to pull some more of our usual hocus for this issue. Yes, the station is still very much alive and all hands accounted for, even though the vicious type of Long Island lightning picks off assorted and sundry portions of the station.

Dreher announces that if the big guns of the army and navy make any more noise than a direct hit of lightning ten feet away, he is going to apply for berth as operator on a Siamese fishing smack during the next war. In fact, it was necessary for him to retire to the Catskill Mountains for recuperation.

We were all very pleased to receive a visit from our old friend Bev after his sojourn in the land of the hook-worm. He certainly looks healthy after his long trip, even though, as he claims, the chief article of food in the South American wilds is antiquated meat fried in crude oil. Welcome home, Bev, and park your flivver by the town pump long and often.

Once again we have failed in our attempt to get pictures of our notorious staff for publication, but as anticipation is greater than the realization, we will let the readers anticipate a little longer. We can assure you that great is the treat that is in store for you.

This station is now graced with two ministers' sons, the ever faithful Bourne and the new Student Engineer, John Moore. Needless to say, both live up to the titles accorded them. They went to a beach party not long ago and neither of them have been the same since. By the way, on this same party our receiving engineer extraordinary, Dreher, swallowed so much of Long Island Sound that he lowered the level two feet and grounded two mud scows off Point Judith. He corrodes that he does not mind wrecking the ships, but regrets that this great quantity of salt water made him ill and he could not enjoy Bourne's hot dogs served with wood ashes. However, he recuperated sufficiently to participate in the throwing of small-sized boulders at all present, which broke up the party with a few minor casualties.

The town board has asked Williams to share half the expense of laying a new sidewalk on East Main street, claiming that he has worn it out in his hourly walks in that direction. If we remember correctly, this illustrious owner of the under-sized moustache stated for the benefit of the press that he would have nothing to do with the local belles.

We cannot attempt to compete with the transmitting stations in the biggest eater contest, but we do claim, however, that we have the strongest man in the company. Our handy

man, Jack Barnes, is the talk of three counties, having heroically picked up an overturned Hudson roadster in a motor accident and righted it single handed. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we wish to warn all persons of Bolshevistic attitude, not to approach the station with anything but a peaceful frame of mind as Barney was champion of the U. S. Navy for seven years and even now we have reasons to believe he packs a mean punch.

Ty and his ever-present Dodge still patrol the Long Island roads and is on speaking terms with all the town sheriffs. Recently he purchased two new tires in order that he might take a tour when he gets his vacation, but at the present writing he is getting quotations on tire chains for winter touring.

Before closing, we wish to thank Broad Street in discrediting the statement that there are no operators at Riverhead and wish to announce that we challenge any transmitting station to a speed contest, the winner to receive a hand-carved, hammered glass monkey wrench.

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### BOLINAS

**S**INCE we were last heard from, the most important social event of the year has occurred. The fellows all got together and resurrected the Hermit's Club, and immediately proceeded to celebrate by giving a dance. It was the first time for many moons that this station had seen such gaiety. A three-piece orchestra was secured from Oakland, and they certainly made everybody sit up and take notice. The poor old piano had forgotten it could give forth such jazz, until that young fellow from Oakland touched it.

Oakland must be a lively little town. This last conclusion from acquaintance with a few fellows from there. Take our friends Hersam: The last time we reported to the magazine we were extending him a welcome. Now we have to say a sad farewell—sad, because we all hate to see him go. He was promoted to Shift Engineer and sent to explore the wilds of Kahuku. Last heard from, 700 miles out, sick but having a glorious time. Larsen, also from Oakland, has been promoted to Shift Engineer. A third one, George French, from the Bay City, hardly gave us time to welcome him until he was gone. He came out and stayed with us a few weeks, but there wasn't enough excitement, so he hurried back to the city. By the way, Pat came from Oakland, too, didn't he?

Recently two ex-operators, Messrs. Lee and Harlan, came to join our force. We always knew this was the most interesting side of the game. Ray Camp also belonged to this class



but he left us before he had time to see how interesting it was. Sherman Smith is the last newcomer. He came to relieve Pepper, who was temporarily raised to Shift Engineer.

Chief Rigger Nidros has moved his family out from the village to occupy one of the cottages on the station grounds. We are glad of this, for we like to keep our family close together.

Kraft, our Machinist, came back from Kahuku where he has spent a few weeks warming up. We missed the dry humor from the head of the table while he was gone. He brings a good word for the Kahuku gang, all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Feathers are spending a few weeks with us now. Mr. Feathers is dolling up our alternators, while Mrs. Feathers is scouting about the country and regaining her pep, she says. We're mighty glad to have them with us, for we feel that Mr. Feathers is a man we can all look up to he is 6 feet 3 inches high.

A while ago somebody hinted that KPH was sounding a little feeble. We couldn't stand for that, so Scotty and the gang got together one Sunday and hoisted her up in the air several feet higher. And now what do you think of our record—5,000 miles in midsummer! A brand-new marine set has been received. We haven't been allowed to examine it yet, but are all anxiously awaiting the time for prying open those big packing cases.

I think you remarked one time, Kahuku, that our friend Elmer was a sketch when attired for swimming. Bolinas authorities claim that for a god laugh, Walter in a bathing suit runs a close second. And we surely don't mean the thin Walter.

Rumor has it that several former Hermits expect to hibernate with us next winter. Strange how they prefer wind and fog to perpetual sunshine, isn't it?

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### BOLINAS

DEAR EDITOR:—

Us boys at Bolinas got together and we decided that I had about the most literary talent of any one here and I was to write to you telling you a few facts that would do for our paper.

Voting day in Dawg Town and Bolinas was a busy day. Candidate-for-Constable Slattery hitched Jiggs and Maggie to the spring wagon and was rustling votes fit to kill. He did a right smart to make the election a success and it's too bad he didn't get nominated. Invitations were sent out to McGah and the other democrats in this county, saying they could

vote this year and would have the full protection of the law. Ordinarily they don't invite the democrats to an election of no kind but this year there is an uncommon lot of grasshoppers and some of the citizens are blaming it on republican administration and had a caucus and roused the whole county by reviving the democrat party.

Also I read where a Swedish man named Nedros (same name as our head rigger) argued for himself before some judge. The judge had all the law and most of the evidence on his side and because Nedros don't pronounce his "h" and his "j" very well it only cost him ten dollars. I don't think this was our Nedros, though, because he says he knows everybody in Olema and they're his friends.

Nobody can kid anybody like one kid can kid another kid. Wehrle and Cross, given in the order of their seniority as alternator nurses, razz each other something outlandish. Cross thinks that whenever the sky gets pink that it's morning, no matter whether the pink is in the East or the West, so out he piles at 8 P. M. and pans the boys out for not waking him at midnight so's he could go on watch and not sleep till morning the way he did. Well, Friend Wehrle thought this was a good joke and laughed, but the next evening Wehrle hears a funny sound like a steamboat whistle and right away figures there's a scow on the rocks and was for sending out a general alarm when Myers turned over in bed and changed the tone of his snoring and Wehrle's chance to be a hero was all shot.

Taking it by and large, I reckon this station has about the most athletes of any station its size, bar none. For wind and endurance the boys are re-markable. In mess formation I put this gang, man for man against all comers. We got no individual stars but every one does his share nobly. Without any doubts Handsome Alexis Larsen can talk more and miss less chow while doing it than any one around these parts. A sure-fire point winner for us is Kraft—his big event is the long-distance sit. He had six weeks' practice to and from and at the Islands, and he's in fine form. A few nights ago he sat from 5:45 P. M. till 10:15 the same evening and I figure he would have made a house record but the fire got too hot and he had to get up and move. We're thinking of holding an elimination contest to find the best Mexican athlete around here but it's most impossible to find any judges because everybody will be in the contest.

Our Engineer-in-Charge, Mr. Philbrick, is building nine miles of antenna for the boys at Marshall. They must use their aerials an awful lot because this is the second or third they've had and our first one is still as good as new.

We had advance word that Mr. and Mrs. Beltz were coming out to live in the house that Miss Frances Dean had occupied with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dean. Well, sir, Mr. Dean got all set to go East and return to school and was wondering when the new assistant and his wife were coming in and by and by out comes Riddle with the new assistant but he didn't have no helper with him. Nobody has figured it out and I guess he hasn't either. He comes from Cape Cod and always talks about Mattapoisett and Sippican and Quohogs and the rest of them small towns up there.

Also we have heard from reliable sources that a man named Patrick Michael Flanigan was coming to this station from the Honolulu Islands. We already have two Swedes here now and another one more or less won't make no difference to our League of Nations.

This station is awfully afflicted with a runt variety of Ford automobiles, but I figure the rainy spell will rid us of most all that haven't got webbed feet attachments.

Another thing that has caused lots of comment among the boys is the deer-hunting season being in blast. The woods is full of 'em. Pepper and Harlan chased one with Pepper's French Ford for about half a mile and finally she got in and rode to town with the boys.

Well, sir, I guess I have told you most of the importantest things so I'll clothes. Hoping this finds you the same,

Very respectfully,

No Sig.

## HONOLULU

### CANNING THE OPERATOR

**W**E sometimes hear of operators being pickled, but ours are just merely canned.

On the night of June 2nd, an army of flying ants were attracted by the office lights in such swarms that it was almost impossible to clear the night traffic. Operator Hatch, on duty, got busy and used his ingenuity and soon found a Chinese tailoring shop open from whom he purchased a few yards of mosquito netting and had them sew it in a sort of square, boxed shape so the netting covered himself and the typewriter as a means of self-defense, and then told the impatient sending operator at Kokohead to shoot. Hatch in that way sort of canned himself, so to speak.

The incoming customers at the counter got considerable of a kick out of this make-shift ant defense. The customers, however, also found it necessary to work fast and furious to avoid as much of the attack as possible from this army of late flyers. Next morning the early force swept up half a

dozen dust-pans full of wings that fell in battle in their mad flight. It's to be hoped the next batch of hatching will pick on someone else.

The messenger boys finally located the source of these small birds, emerging in regular platoons from a grating in the sidewalk under the Matson Navigation Company building nearby, and proceeded to form a bucket brigade and soon quelled the mad rush for air and liberty. Apparently the swarm had just hatched out, and being of a wavy nature, decided to try boardcasting first, isasmuch as that is the most popular feature nowadays, also because they found our wireless offices so handy to their incubator. These ants are anything but harmless. After they shed their wings they become what is known as borers.

The woodwork of this office has no doubt fostered many of their ancestors, as the window frames, door frames and other woodwork is honey-combed. They have also devoured one end of the projection of an oak office desk. The harder the wood the better they like it. Operator Hatch has carefully placed his defense net in the vault with the other valuables, and is also obtaining the cost figures on an aircraft portable gun for further protection from these pests and the self-same canning.

#### SALES DEPARTMENT NEW YORK

**T**HERE are rumblings of great doings beginning to show up, and it looks to us that we should expand much more. Visitors talking real business are coming in increasing numbers. Extensive re-arrangement of the office and that sure is some job. Mr. Brunet will be responsible for improve the workings of this department considerably. The functions of this department have been definitely allocated to various men. Mr. Edwards, in addition to his many other duties, has been given charge of the traveling representatives, and that sure is some job. Mr. Brunet will be responsible for factory production, and will have to hustle to keep the warehouse stocked at all times. Mr. Gawler is now in a man-sized job. He is our sales excitor. His slogan is "Oh! we will get rid of them this week." Mr. Adams has been given charge of all order allocations and shipments from the warehouse. Mr. Boucheron has all his people segregated in one place.

Orders have been coming in such gratifying quantities that we are no longer impressed with them. Especially when one morning a goodly batch came in for the Export division, Mr. Pieri exclaimed with much hauteur, "Oh! give 'em to Nelson. I have no time for them."

We welcome to our midst Messrs. Scull. Blount, Lee, Berg, Wanslow and Cole. These men are to be our traveling representatives and in a very short time will be sent out to instill the spirit and the wonderful qualities of RCA apparatus and to spread the gospel of our policies. They have recently been on a tour of inspection to the Springfield works of the Westinghouse Company, and the Schenectady works of the General Electric Company. The information they obtain will be used in their work. We must compliment Mr. Edwards on obtaining such a fine body of men.

We also welcome to our midst Miss Wankel, who is assistant to Mrs. Belanger. Mr. E. S. Pearl is back again into the fold after his short stay with the DeForest people. He will assist Mr. Adams in his work. Mr. Flynn was taken on to replace Mr. Chadeayne in the Advertising department, who is leaving us to return to college. We regret Mr. Chadeayne's leaving, as he started a much-needed work and carried it on in the most efficient manner. Rose McDevitt has been transferred out of this department to assist on the telephone switchboard. We regret this loss. However, what is one department's loss is another's gain. Miss Rose made an impression amongst us, and her presence will be missed.

Our curiosity had arisen as to where Mr. Edwards has been going several evenings each week accompanied by Eddie Kaminsky, who always carries a black bag, which he guards very zealously. After some very clever detective work we learned they were attending rehearsals of the Static Four, who will soon appear in public. However, we must admit defeat in not learning what the heavy black bag had to do with rehearsals; but in the days of old I have heard of whiskey tenors.

The adage, "Where there's a will there's a way" is well illustrated in this department. Until the new office arrangements were made by Mr. Edwards, we had seventy-two people and everybody said this was over the limit for the space; but we now have eighty-two, and there is room for a few more. Of course some of us are crowded, but satisfied.

Greetings from Press Agent Lee Galvin. He reports heavy casualties during a gas attack which took place in his office. Those unable to put their gas masks on in time were as follows:

General Debility	Sargent Hardware
General Nuisance	Corporal Punishment
Major Cement	Private Business

Apropos J. L. Bernard's nightly wanderings—as Shirley says, "No, he has got a wife to keep him *in the stable*."

We do not know the attraction in golf, but we feel sure

there must be considerable, as Al Genet has fallen for it. He sure must look very cute in a golfing costume, especially with the long stockings. We now have enough golfers in this department that we feel Walter Hagan should look to his laurels.

Van Ness Philip has recently returned from a several weeks' journey, during which time he visited many of our distributors.

Mr. Melhuish is still on the road, and evidently doing a great work.

Alan Stevenson has gone on an extensive business trip to Pittsburgh and vicinity.

Mr. Bucher has been to Chicago where he spent a few days. We know the Chicago Office was proud to show the great work they are doing.

Mr. Pierre Boucheron recently acquired a Nash car in which he and his family toured extensively the state of Connecticut and vicinity. Outside of a few punctures and being stranded ten miles from nowhere at 2 A. M. without gasoline, he says an elegant time was had by all.

Mr. Berger has returned from his vacation, during which he toured New Jersey state in search of retail radio dealers, and says that the most wonderful scenery can be seen in the Orange Reservation, without interruption by retail dealers' stores.

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#### CHICAGO

**M**R. BUCHER paid us a visit during the past month and told us many new and interesting things. The boys at the Chicago warehouse were disappointed because Mr. Bucher did not have the time to look over their place. It is hoped that he may be able to come out again soon and spend a little more time with us. We promise cooler weather.

J. M. Sawyer returned to New York with Mr. Bucher for a short business trip. Kind of rough on the other New York boys who had to stay behind.

H. T. Melhuish and J. D. Cole were assigned to this office from New York as salesmen and Mr. Melhuish is already on the road. Mr. Cole will leave in a few days.

The entire office and warehouse forces had their pictures taken in small groups as well as one large group of the office personnel and one of the warehouse crew. Comments on the results were many but they all seemed to boil down to the following:

Mr. Sawyer looked like "The boss." How could it be otherwise?

Mr. Beyer could substitute for Rudolph Valentino. Slick as they make 'em.

Mr. Bergin looked like a railroad magnate. He says that's O. K. with him as long as it isn't an electro-magnet.

Mr. Parker was so darn brown he looked—— Well, the rest of us were white, and we don't play golf so much—that's all.

Mr. Chapelle, our cashier, looks like he was trying to find a ten-dollar bill. So are we.

The group picture has been said to represent Doctor Sawyer and his Sunday School class.

Miss Florence Carney left us to be married and go on a honeymoon. Miss Marguerite Kilgallen has taken her place.

John Krahenbuhl resigned and is succeeded in the Billing department by A. G. Pickle.

Miss Helen Marjoribanks has joined us as typist.

Miss Signe Johnson has been transferred to bookkeeper and Miss Betty Graham is on the files.

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## MARINE DIVISION

### NEW YORK

**M**R. STEVENS has returned from an enjoyable vacation during the course of which he visited old friends in Louisiana and Texas.

Grace D. Leonard has been assigned to the office of the Assistant Traffic Manager (Marine), Miss Rines having resigned.

Following a strenuous summer, vacations have commenced for the staff at Siasconset, Mr. Baer being the first to leave. Mr. Holden and his staff deserve great credit for the efficient manner in which the station has been operated. Mr. Perreault, who has been at Siasconset all summer, has reported at the Head Office for further detail.

In our efforts to improve the service in every way possible, we will welcome suggestions from ship operators and others, all of which will be given full consideration and adopted, if found practicable, due credit of course being given.

Chatham has ably supported all our publicity efforts and furnished superior service consistently and at long range. Incidentally, our reputation for long range work is producing material results and is another instance of the willingness of the general public to adopt and accept modern achievements as a matter of course. We recently received a vigorous complaint from a gentleman who filed a message for transmission from this side. The complainant stated, "The ship was three

hours from Cherbourg and message should have been delivered." In a sense, we consider this a compliment to our service.

Ship operators can assist the coast stations materially by quoting full references in service messages. The original can thus be located and answered promptly and the necessity of sending additional services for needed information is eliminated.

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### LONG DISTANCE MARINE WORK

KPH continues to turn out extraordinary records for summer-time. It held communication with the steamer *Maun-ganui* every night direct from the time it left San Francisco until the vessel was 4,980 miles away, on August 21st, en route to Australia.

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### EASTERN DIVISION

#### NEW YORK

UPON arrival in port of the tug *Wellington*, it was learned that the radio man, Lester J. Clink, was found missing from the vessel at 10 p. m., on September 9, while at sea off the Jersey coast. The news brought sorrow around our offices, especially among those who knew the operator. Clink made a large number of friends who admired his many good qualities. It is with deep regret that we record his sudden passing from our ranks.

Louis G. Ainley, a well-known radio man who was in our service almost ten years, recently serving on the *Porto Rico*, the *Old North State*, and other large vessels, but more recently in the service of another radio company, also met sudden death during the month. He was instantly killed by three revolver shots alleged to have been fired by the landlady of his home, on the eve of his expected sailing on a Clyde Line steamer. His wife was a witness to the shooting. At the present writing the woman is still in jail awaiting trial.

Seymour H. Wheeler is now on the *Japan Arrow*, after having made a trip on the *Munamar*.

H. L. Estberg, who attained fame through the exceptional records he made with the CW telegraph and telephone sets on the *America*, has transferred to the High Power division and is now one of the staff at WNY.

William Friedman, after completing several voyages to Constantinople on the *Acropolis*, is now on the Boston district's vessel *Hampden*.



H. R. Wolfe took out the tug *Wellington* left vacant through the death of L. J. Clink, and James F. Forsyth took Wolfe's place on the *Haiti*.

Fred Salim is on the *Marore* in place of A. D. Bernstein, who is on sick leave. Salim recently returned from Naples, where he and Frank Reb were stranded when the *Philadelphia* of the New York and Naples Steamship Company, got into difficulties there.

Willard Sulley sailed on the *Bethore* in place of R. H. Redlin.

John H. Harfield is now on the *Norlina*. Good news awaits his return to New York. On the afternoon of the day he sailed, August 19, the Evening World announced that he won a prize of \$15 in a contest being run by that paper.

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### BOSTON

**M**R. NICHOLLS is spending his leisure hours in the sticks, communting since his return from vacation. Although railroad tickets cost money he enjoys it.

We welcome Mr. Kennedy, who will be commercial representative for RCA at the new Boston transoceanic office.

Just for fun, if you meet him, ask Bud Sloane of the *Camden* if his C-W set is working, and why not.

George Robinson is on an unwelcome vacation while the *Suffolk* is tied up.

Addison Eldredge has gone over to the transoceanic division as dynamo tender.

Although he has managed to keep out of the limelight for three issues we've got to mention Jerry Travis for local color. Jerry has done nothing unusual that we know of but we like to trot him out occasionally.

Harold Kelley was almost glad to get back to Boston. He thinks New York is also a nice place. Kelley has Fred-eric Hue as second op.

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### BALTIMORE

**C**ONSTRUCTOR GRANTLIN is at present installing a 2 KW P-8-A set on the steamer *Pacific* of the Argonaut Steamship Company.

Vacuum tube installations have been effected on the steamers *Tuscan*, *Dorchester*, *Mangore*, *Santa Clara* and *Caloria* by Inspector Sterling.

Operator John E. McMillan, ex steamer *Cerro Azul*, has been transferred to the *West Quechee* as senior operator. Junior Operator Mathers of the *West Quechee* relieved McMillan.

Ralph A. Smith, a new man in our service, was recently assigned to the *Clement Smith* when she was re-commissioned.

The *West Islay*, recently purchased by the Garland Line, has been placed in commission with John B. King in charge.

James Schultz, formerly of the ill-fated *Charles Braley*, is now holding forth on the *Sucrosa* of the same line.

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## GULF DIVISION

### NEW ORLEANS

**F**OLLOWING are some of the ship-station personnel changes made since our last appearance in our little magazine:

S. R. King, from the *Ophis* to out of service; Harry Backman, from Gulf division sick leave to the *Ophis*; L. H. Boizelle, from the *City of Fairbury* to out of service; Charles L. Oliver and Arthur L. Brown, to the *Cuba* of the Key West district, as senior and junior respectively; Harold O. Zahn, from the *Lorraine Cross* to junior on the *Jalisco*; George A. Englebrecht, junior of the *Jalisco* to the *Lorraine Cross*; Stanley C. Reed to the *Pioneer*, relieving John W. Henderson, resigned on account of ill-health; Robert N. White, to the *Harry Farnum*; Harold C. Ely, from the *Cuba* to leave of absence; David F. Fisher, from the *Braddock* to the *Pioneer*; Willard D. Ryen, from the *Kenowis* to the *De Bardeleben*; Vincent Fertitta, from leave of absence to out of service; C. C. Moseley, to the *Kenowis*.

The Gulf division staff was recently honored with a visit from our old friend Tom Stevens, Assistant Traffic Manager (Marine) of the 64 Broad Street office.

At the present moment we are busily engaged removing the Gulf division office from 1001-03 Canal-Commercial Building, to our new and enlarged quarters at 709 Carondelet Building (corner of Carondelet and Gravier Streets).

Our Chief Inspector, W. P. Elkins, has just returned from his vacation; he has been followed by Inspector W. L. Rothenberger, who is now roaming the backwoods of Pennsylvania.

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## GREAT LAKES DIVISION

### CLEVELAND

**B**Y the time we go to press, practically seventy-five per cent of our Class A boats will have laid up for this season of navigation. It has been a good season, as passenger traffic exceeded that of 1921. In addition to the regular commercial equipment, most all of the larger Class A

vessels were equipped, during the summer schedule, with broadcast receiver units. A new wrinkle for the traveling public, but one that was put across in great style.

Superintendent E. A. Nicholas, accompanied by U. S. Radio Inspector Edwards, recently completed the semi-annual inspection of upper lake ships.

Mr. Nicholas has just closed contract to equip the *Pere Marquette No. 8* and the *John A. Kling*. Mr. Thomas, Jr., Chicago District Manager, supervised the *Pere Marquette No. 8* installation, while Constructor Frank Weide of Cleveland, completed the P-5 installation on the *Kling*.

The largest side-wheel passenger vessel in the world, the *Seeandbee*, recently wound up her summer schedule with a special five-day trip to Sault Ste. Marie, having a full list of pleasure seeking Clevelanders on board. Our equipment on the *Seeandbee* was in charge of S. Edward Leonard, formerly one of our constructors, while the junior's work was taken care of by R. E. Mathes.

Guy Harden is now on the *Eastern States* vice Charles F. Steinhoff. Charles has been given a combination, purser-operator, position and may be found any day on the car-ferry *Ashtabula*.

Howard C. Looney, who was with us for but a short while, has been loaned to the Limestone Company for assignment to the *Calcite*, on which vessel he will carry out a dual role as operator-clerk.

John Aitkenhead recently relieved Albert T. Miller on the *A. M. Bradley*. Miller returns to his school work.

Arthur H. Freitag is now on the *J. J. Sullivan*, having taken over the duties of Irving Lindow, returned to school.

Ralph E. Jacks, a new man in the service, is at present attached to the *Cleveland III*, as junior operator. Senior Carroll has had several juniors during the past month, but feels assured that Jacks is with him to stay.

F. Arthur McPhillips is now attached to the *Croft* vice C. J. Taylor, who has returned to school.

Henry R. Grossman is again filling the air with his typical snappy sending, having been assigned to the *City of Erie* vice Ralph C. Folkman. Ralph has succeeded in securing a likely shore position. Success be with him.

After spending two months in the Ecorse Shipyard, the *Samuel Mitchell* was again placed in commission. Howard C. Gronberg, an Eastern division man, is in charge of her equipment.

Donald S. Booth has left the *John P. Reiss* to return to his college work. Ralph F. Cole, an ex-navy man, has taken over Donald's berth.

Fred R. Schreiber, a new man in the service, has taken over the duties of Leonard Bailey, who recently resigned from the *Amazon*. It is Bailey's desire to secure employment on the West Coast. Bailey's work, while in this division, was entirely to everybody's liking and we will miss his ever-present smile.

Harry I. Marks was relieved from further duty on the *Harold B. Nye*, by Julius Katona, a Connecticut product.

During the month of September, Edgar W. Steinike, a first year man, was kept on the jump, shifting every trip or two, from the *J. T. Hutchinson* to the *Polynesia*. Fuel shortage, etc. It takes a good man to hold down two jobs successfully. However, Edgar did it.

Pleasant surprises were the order of the month, frin-  
stance:

Norman S. Walker, a veteran of Great Lakes fame, waved a *bon voyage* to the life of a benedick. Miss Frances Inghram of Buffalo was the lucky girl. Announcement that Miss Eleanor Marie Wittasek was to wed John H. Mitchell, was the second surprise. Walker and Mitchell have both been with us since the opening of navigation this year and have expressed a keen desire to complete the sailing season, regardless of honeymoons and all the other frills that go hand in hand with the plunge into the unknown. The entire Great Lakes staff extend to both couples, generous wishes for a life-long happiness marred only by added sunshine as each day rolls by.

LOST—Miss Margaret Siegman, Cleveland office book-keeper! For two years and six months Miss Siegman, her smile, willingness and conscientiousness, had graced our outer office, answering questions, helping all who needed help, etc., etc., but—it was too good to last. Ability to accomplish things and get results has won her a position with a large local coal industry. We miss her, will miss her, but you can't hold a good (what should it be) man? down. May greater success and the best our earth can offer, be hers.

Miss Earla Rebele has assumed the bookkeeping duties and there is no question in our minds, after watching her wade through the maze of detail, but that she will be returned a victor in a very short time.

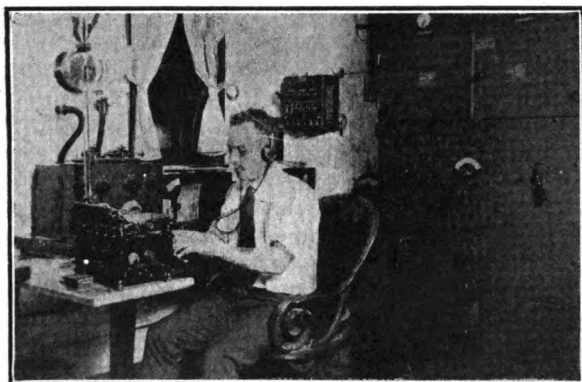
Miss Gertrude Simon, stenographer, has been added to our clerical force. Though she doesn't claim a middle initial, everybody agrees it should be *P*, as she sure is full of **PEP**.

PACIFIC DIVISION  
SAN FRANCISCO

**I**T has been disclosed that we have a sleuth in the S. F. shop. During the fire chiefs' convention at the civic auditorium here District Manager Dorchester installed a 200-watt combination telephone and telegraph set for use by the fire chiefs. A fire truck was also equipped with a signal corps 'phone set for communication with headquarters at the Auditorium while the truck was in the parade. Tests were made with the signal corps equipment on the truck and proved satisfactory. However, while the truck was moving about the city their set went on the fritz and consequently the whereabouts of the truck remained an unknown quantity for quite awhile. It was necessary to locate them before the parade started and we were all at sea until Installer Radio Nose King loomed up at the Auditorium. Now for the benefit of those who don't know King we will say he is the champion oscillation smeller of the Pacific Coast, bar none. Radio Nose offered to locate the truck gratis, so Mr. Malarin, our Marine Superintendent, told him to go to it. King spun around a few times then stopped suddenly with his nose pointing in a southwesterly direction. He said the truck lay in that direction but almost immediately contradicted his statement by saying, "No, that was only Mr. Graff's Essex starting up over in Kahuku." With that King left the station and in 15 minutes telephoned that he was on the truck, having located it at North Beach. We can offer no explanation and hope some of the eminent scientists of the RCA can explain this uncanny sixth sense of Radio Nose. King installed the Auditorium set under the direction of District Manager Dorchester while J. L. Slater, formerly operator on the *Matsonia*, operated the set during the 10 days of the convention.

On the first trip of the Matson liner *Matsonia* carrying our 1,000-watt combination telephone and telegraph set a new wrinkle in radio was tried out when the *Matsonia* telephoned paid traffic to the liner *Mau*i in mid-ocean. This, we believe, is an innovation in radio circles out here. Operator J. L. Slater and B. W. LaFetra were in charge of the *Matsonia* while Eddie Smith, senior of the *Mau*i, did the speed work on the receiving end. The telephone sets are giving excellent results and frequent conversations are held by the captains, pursers and passengers of the *Matsonia* and *Mau*i.

The 1,000-watt tube transmitted on the Admiral liner *H. F. Alexander* is shown in the accompanying photograph with Operator H. M. Hassel in charge. There are still a few bugs left in the set which prevent Hassel from making a reputation for himself, but we have a remedy in mind which



will clear up the situation and vindicate the clever design. The set was not damaged in the slightest degree in the recent collision of the vessel with Cake Rock on the rocky shore line of the Washington coast. This is remarkable when it is considered that the vessel was under full headway at 22 knots when she struck and the shock was tremendous.

Three new Matson ships were added to our fleet during the past month and will ply in the triangle run from San Francisco to Seattle and Honolulu. They are the lake type vessels *Coverun*, *Cowee* and *Cowboy* purchased from the U. S. S. B. by the Matson Navigation Company and renamed *Mahukona*, *Makaweli* and *Makena*.

Another of the lake type boats, the *Lakeshore*, owned by the E. K. Wood Lumber Company, has been secured under service contract and will soon be placed in the coast run.

The China mail steamer *Nile* sailed on August 24th for the Orient with Operators C. M. Morenus and M. Hulderman as senior and junior respectively.

Howard K. Peckham was recently assigned to the *Broad Arrow* en route to the Orient.

Harry Kelly is now on the *Richmond* and we hope and believe he is well satisfied.

George L. Van Auken recently relieved Phil Thorne as senior on the *China*. Phil had been on the *China* 14 months, and didn't like to leave as he will miss his usual visit to Kowloon over in the Orient.

J. L. Slater, of the *Matsonia*, was relieved by Phil Thorne and is getting along nicely with the combination 1,000-watt telephone and telegraph set.

Chief Operator Johnstone has just returned from a much-needed rest, having spent a two weeks vacation on short trips

through the state, including a trip to Lake Tahoe with Instructor Fassett of the Radio Institute of America, and Eddie Smith, senior operator of the *Maui*, his former partner in the good old galena days. Camping, especially on the banks of the Truckee River, in the early morning hours does not agree with Eddie, and unable to sleep, he stood at the foot of our bed from midnight until daylight, hat and coat on, 50 miles from the nearest railroad. Oh, boy, was he mad! We admit it was cold, frost on the ground in the morning, but it was a change and good experience.

Ralph Gerber, of the S. F. shop, and Rudolph Jenson, junior on the *Maui*, took care of Fassett's students while he was on the trip. We have to hand it to Fassett for his driving ability, having covered over 470 miles, mostly mountain roads, using about 26 gallons of gas.

#### SEATTLE

**T**HE Seattle division office force (all two of 'em) welcome the advent of WORLD WIDE WIRELESS each month and read with interest and amusement the doings of the other districts and the humorous anecdotes.

In reviewing the last edition, it occurred to us that our little paragraph at the tail-end of things looked kind of dry and uninteresting and sort of gave the impression that nothing interesting ever happens in this upper left-hand corner of the map. Ah, but such is not the case!

We sincerely believe we can surpass all other districts in several accomplishments; in fact, we are willing to compete with all comers in one of these. We, indeed, will go further. We challenge any district in the United States to bring forth a member who can produce, in a given time, as luxuriant and abundant growth of whiskers as can our Construction Engineer, Henry W. Barker. We stand ready to meet all comers, regardless of age, color, sex or nationality.

Another advantage to be had in our district. Did you ever notice on the map how close we are to the Canadian border? So close we can occasionally spend a week-end, and a few bucks, in Victoria, where one's cup of life is filled to overflowing and—— Well, ask Miss Cayo. She planned a little trip up that way over Labor Day. The bracing Canadian atmosphere benefited her great!

A young lady of our acquaintance recently suggested that the caption of one of our display ads, "When Marconi Heard the Aeriola Grand," might be successfully used as the title of a new radio song hit.

Edwin Kraft, who has been attending summer school at the University of Washington, has re-entered our service. He

left on the *H. F. Alexander*, as junior.

Lee Dawson, a new man, is on the *Spokane*, as junior.

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### STATIC CLUB

**T**HE sixth stated meeting and dinner of the Static Club was held at the Hotel Astor, New York City, Thursday evening, September 14, 1922. In the absence of the President, Mr. G. Harold Porter, who was unable to attend through illness; and on account of the sudden indisposition of the Vice-President, Mr. Alexander E. Reoch, the chair was taken by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, who officiated in his usual inimitable manner.

After a short address Dr. Goldsmith introduced Colonel Nance, who delivered a highly interesting and humorous talk on some of his many experiences in the Philippine Islands, during the period in which he was an officer in the United States Army.

Following Colonel Nance the Chairman called upon Mr. David Sarnoff, Vice-President and General Manager, who was present. Mr. Sarnoff responded with a short address, which met with the spontaneous appreciation of all present.

The Club Quartette, composed of Messrs. MacConnach, Edwards and Kaminsky brothers, accompanied at the piano by Mr. W. J. Schmidt, entertained the members by singing many of the latest song hits of the day.

There were fifty-two members in attendance and from the expressions ye Editor noted they indicated a good time was enjoyed by everyone.

The next meeting of the Club will be held on Thursday evening, November 2, 1922, of which due notice will be sent by the Secretary. Every member is requested to attend as the annual election of officers will take place at this meeting.

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### TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

The annual fall dance of the Radio Provident Club will be held at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, on Friday evening, November 3. Tickets \$1.00.

The St. George is conveniently located in Brooklyn, the Clark Street station of the Seventh Avenue subway having an entrance to the hotel.

All members of the staff of the Radio Corporation and their friends are cordially invited to attend.



# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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<b>C. G. TERWILLIGER, Credits and Collections (Sales)</b>	<b>J. V. HENRY, Cashier</b>

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<b>A. NICOL, Auditor of Receipts</b>	<b>L. G. HILLS, Auditor Transoceanic Dept.</b>
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M. Berger  
F. J. Brick, Jr.  
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S. W. Goulden  
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J. G. MacKenty  
C. H. Nance  
V. N. Phillip**

**Donald Pierl  
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J. M. Sawyer  
D. Stoner  
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A. R. Beyer  
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**P. G. Parker**

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**John B. Rostron,  
Asst. Traffic Mgr. (Trans-Oceanic)**

**T. M. Stevens,  
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Superintendent, Chatham, Mass.**

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**W. H. Barsby,  
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Assistant Supt.**

**H. A. Oxenham,  
Superintendent, Koko Head, T. H.**

**L. A. Briggs,  
Chief Office Electrician**

**W. P. S. Hawk,  
Superintendent, Honolulu**

# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

PUBLISHED BY  
**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**

NOVEMBER, 1922

VOLUME 3

AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



MARCONI OFFICERS OF THE S. S. MAJESTIC  
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP

# RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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68 Broad St., N. Y.

## RADIO OPERATORS OF TODAY

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE RADIO MEN OF THE S. S. MAJESTIC

By J. L. Bernard, Publicity department

**A** MESSAGE every minute for five hours without an error is only part of a day's work for the men in the radio cabin of the White Star liner *Majestic*, the world's greatest steamship. If you are interested in real traffic yarns, step aboard the *Majestic* and have a chat with Chief Radio Officer Garwood or his assistants, Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Brunt. They'll extend a warm welcome. (See front cover.)

All these operators are veterans at the game, each having rounded out over twelve years of sea service. Mr. Garwood first went to sea in 1910 after serving as a railroad telegrapher for seven years. Mr. Jacobs, the second officer of the radio staff, sailed the seven seas before entering the English Marconi service in 1902. Egypt, South Africa, India and Australia are familiar haunts to Mr. Jacobs and to the many budding operators of the Marconi Company in the early days he is known as a master instructor. Our friend, Mr. Brunt, made a personal visit to the trenches in France during the war but he was later inspired to continue in his calling atop the briny breakers. Mr. Brunt tells us that he served with the Fifth Battle Squadron of Mystery Ships, having ducked a mass of shells and submarine bullets while engaged as a radio operator sailing the waters in the vicinity of the British Isles during the war.

Consider for a moment, the vast amount of traffic the *Majestic's* radio staff handles with our Chatham station. On her last voyage thousands of words were received and transmitted in but five days, representing many hundreds of messages, and in addition scores of relay messages passed through their hands.

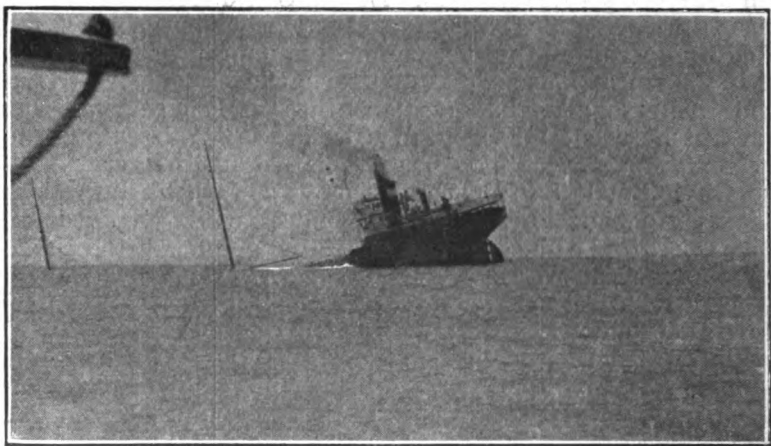
Obviously, the bookkeeping incident to the systematic recording of these incoming and outgoing messages and the necessary requirement of furnishing rate and routing data to passengers, must occupy considerable time. In fact, nearly all of this clerical work is performed after the *Majestic* arrives in port.

In marked contrast to the first radio equipped vessel, the S. S. *Philadelphia*, is the *Majestic's* installation. The transmitter is composed of three independent sets, a 1½ KW tube set, a quenched spark and an emergency outfit. Commenting on this apparatus, Chief Office Garwood said: "We handle too much traffic to invite jamming by using our spark transmitter, so the tube set is hardly ever idle. Because of the highly efficient transmitting and receiving apparatus at your

Chatham station and the speedy and accurate operating personnel stationed there, we are able to give the passengers of the *Majestic* a remarkable service."

### HER LAST PLUNGE

**O**N the 25th of July the S. S. *Charles Bradley* was abandoned and sank 75 miles northeast of Tampico as the result of an internal explosion. All hands took to the small boats and reached shore in safety. Radio Officer James Schultz received the highest praise from his captain, who reported that he remained at his post until ordered to his boat. Schultz received a letter of commendation from General Superintendent Porter of the Marine department, R. C. A., and in acknowledging it remarked that he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for the experience and wouldn't give a nickel for another like it. Of such stuff are heroes made.



### OUR LAMENT

Publishing a magazine is no picnic. If we print jokes folks says we are silly; if we don't they say we have no sense of humor. If we publish original matter they say we lack variety; if we publish things from other papers they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens; if we do we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office we ought to be out getting news; if we are out getting news we are not attending to our business at the office. If we wear old clothes we are insolvent; if we wear new clothes they are not paid for. What is a poor editor to do, any how? Like as not some reader will say we clipped this—We did.

—*From Canadian Wireless.*

## POLAND

The following message explains itself:

<h1>RADIOGRAM</h1>			
WORLD WIDE WIRELESS			
TIME FROM 1 2 DATE	CONTINENT TO CONTINENT	SHORE TO SHIP	SHIP TO SHIP
<b>RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA</b>			
233 BROADWAY NEW YORK			
"Via RCA"		"Via RCA"	

FORMS NO. 500-1006

Send the following Radiogram "VIA RCA" subject to terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

New York, October 5, 1922

Jan Mossosynski  
Minister of Posts and Telegraphs  
Warsaw, Poland.

Just received advice through Berne Bureau of your appointment as Minister of Posts and Telegraphs. I take this opportunity to express to you my good wishes and the sincere hope that the cordial relations existing between the Radio Corporation and your Department may be further cemented at an early date by inauguration of direct radio communication between Poland and the United States to continue for many years to the mutual benefit of the peoples of our countries.

David Sarnoff, Vice President and General Manager  
Radio Corporation of America

## A LAND-LINE CONNECTION

**A** NNOUNCEMENT has been made by Edward J. Nally, President of the Radio Corporation of America, that an agreement has been signed with the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company whereby every office of the Postal Company in the United States becomes an agency of the Radio Corporation for the acceptance of radiograms for transmission across the Atlantic Ocean and for the delivery of radiograms received from overseas for points in the United States.

This important linking up of radio and wire line services reflects the rapid growth of the Radio Corporation's overseas telegraph traffic since the return of its high power stations by the Government after the close of the World War.

These stations transmit and receive radiograms directly to and from England, France, Norway and Germany, and through connecting stations abroad, to and from all countries in Europe, Asia and Africa.

The Radio Corporation now maintains the only direct line of telegraph communication with Germany and Scandinavia; and additional direct service is planned for the near future with Belgium, Holland, Italy, Poland and Sweden, giving to those peoples the opportunity to communicate directly with

their scattered brethren and nationals in all sections of the country.

Prior to the arrangement made by the Radio Corporation whereby it is enabled to use the extensive land line service of the Postal Company, practically all of the radiograms transmitted to transatlantic countries originated in New York City and Washington, D. C. The contract just signed gives to the inland commercial centers and the thousands of small points reached by the Postal system equal facilities with those now enjoyed by the eastern cities mentioned, the Postal Company performing the same service for radiograms of the Radio Corporation as it does for cablegrams to be transmitted by submarine cable.

Mr. Nally pointed out that although heretofore radiograms received from Europe, destined to points inland in the United States, had been forwarded over telegraph land lines, the complimentary service established by the agreement with the Postal Company insures prompt organized collection as well as distribution of radiograms at all points in the United States and gives to every section of the country the benefits of the phenomenal advances made in recent years in the radio art.

With the coming development of high speed wireless telegraphy the new arrangement will permit the Radio Corporation of America to carry out its plans for the inauguration of a low rate plain language Radio Letter service to and from all points in the United States and Europe, thus contributing largely to the establishment of closer and more friendly relations between the peoples of both lands.

The Radio Corporation's present offices in New York, Washington and San Francisco for the reception and delivery of radiograms will be continued, and its plans for the opening of additional offices of its own in the more important centers from time to time will go forward as the growth of business warrants.

It will be remembered that the Radio Corporation is the outgrowth of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, and was formed after the close of the war in response to the appeal of Government representatives and to the National desire for an American owned, controlled and operated radio communication company on a scale equal to the task of developing the new art and making it of the greatest possible service to the American people and the American Government.

Radiograms coming over the land wires of the Postal system from all sections of the country will be received at the Central Radio office at 64 Broad Street, New York City, where

all the Eastern radio stations of the Corporation are controlled. So far has automatism been carried in this new art that a bit of perforated paper tape in Broad Street sends a message to Europe without the aid of human hands, and, at the other end, another bit of tape likewise without prompting by human operators takes the message out of the air and visualizes it for the operator with a wavering line of blue ink.

### A RADIOGRAM—1950

No more we have to stop for tires  
Or smelly gasoline,  
No more in trains forever late  
We crawl across the scene,  
No more we suffer *mal de mer*  
When overseas we go,  
For everybody travels now  
By radio.

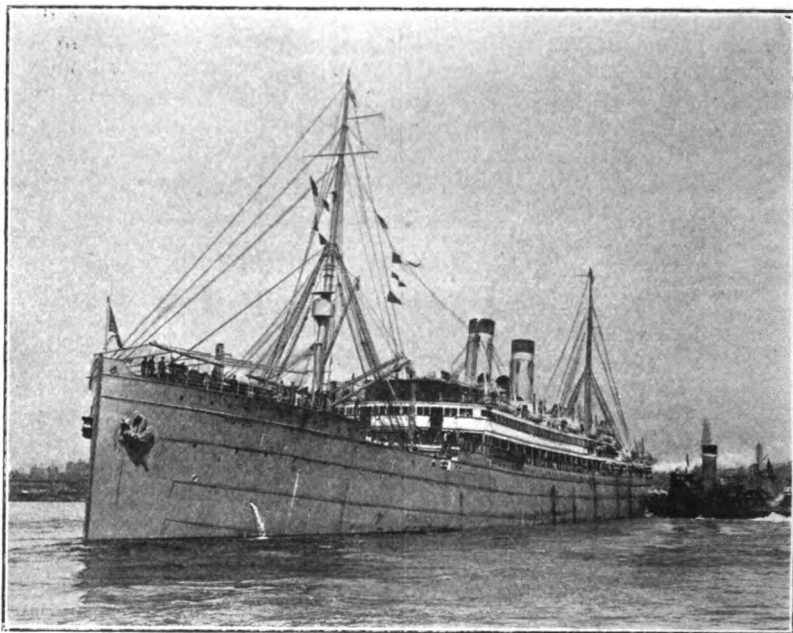
The housing problem's also solved—  
No longer do we seek  
A kitchenette and bathtub at  
A hundred plunks a week.  
On Mars I own a sleeping porch  
And handsome bungalow—  
I bought them for a trifling sum  
By radio.

We get the latest stock reports,  
The doings of the day,  
A lecture and an opera,  
A poem and a play,  
A doctor's diagnosis too  
Of all the ills we know,  
And his prescriptions curing each  
By radio.

That tired feeling is unknown  
Because we never talk  
Or think or read or write or eat  
Or work or ride or walk  
Or love or hate or dance or sing  
As once we did, for lo!  
We've tuned ourselves to do it all  
By radio.

—Minna Irving.





CITY OF HONOLULU

## RADIO SAVES TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE LIVES

**A** SPLENDID example of stern courage and faithfulness which is characteristic of RCA operators is exemplified in the case of Chief Operator W. H. Bell and his assistants Messrs H. D. Hancock and H. C. Cumler of the steamer *City of Honolulu* which on October 12th, when 670 miles off San Pedro, California, burst into flames, forcing passengers and crew numbering 261, to abandon ship and take to the life boats.

Operator Bell reported a fire in the first class cabin at about 5:30 the morning of the disaster. Shortly afterward he flashed an S. O. S. for immediate assistance and the message that the flames had overwhelmed the fire-fighting forces of the ship and was spreading rapidly.

Bell was able to get in touch with the steamship *West Faralan* and was informed that she was hastening to the rescue of the passengers who, by this time, had sought safety in the life boats. Remaining fearlessly at their posts with no thoughts for their personal safety, the radio men were exposed to the scorching heat of the flaming hulk, eager to learn of the latest position of the rescue ship. When the

limit of human physical endurance had been reached and fully satisfied that all in their power had been done to summon the necessary assistance, Bell flashed the final radiogram, "Captain and gang leaving now; good-by to you all."

It was after ten A. M. when the radio men and officers put over side; thanks to the calmness of the sea, all were safe in the small boats until they were taken aboard the *West Faralan* which arrived about 2:30 in the afternoon. Later the passengers were transferred to the United States Transport *Thomas*, homeward bound.

Immediately upon learning of the heroic efforts of the *City of Honolulu's* radio staff and their success in effecting the rescue, Mr. Sarnoff wired to Mr. Isbell as follows:

RADIOGRAM																	
WORLD WIDE WIRELESS																	
TIME FILED  DATE	CONTINENT TO CONTINENT	SHORE TO SHIP	SHIP TO SHIP	<table border="1" style="width: 100%; font-size: 0.8em;"> <tr><td colspan="2">CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</td></tr> <tr><td><input type="checkbox"/></td><td>Full Rate Radiogram</td></tr> <tr><td><input type="checkbox"/></td><td>Deferred Radiogram</td></tr> <tr><td><input type="checkbox"/></td><td>Letter Radiogram</td></tr> <tr><td><input type="checkbox"/></td><td>Telegram Radiogram</td></tr> <tr><td><input type="checkbox"/></td><td>Wireless Radiogram</td></tr> </table>		CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED		<input type="checkbox"/>	Full Rate Radiogram	<input type="checkbox"/>	Deferred Radiogram	<input type="checkbox"/>	Letter Radiogram	<input type="checkbox"/>	Telegram Radiogram	<input type="checkbox"/>	Wireless Radiogram
CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED																	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Full Rate Radiogram																
<input type="checkbox"/>	Deferred Radiogram																
<input type="checkbox"/>	Letter Radiogram																
<input type="checkbox"/>	Telegram Radiogram																
<input type="checkbox"/>	Wireless Radiogram																
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA 233 BROADWAY NEW YORK																	
"Via RCA"																	

FORM NO. 100-100

Send the following Radiogram "VIA RCA" subject to terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

New York, October 13, 1922.

A. A. Isbell  
General Superintendent Pacific Division  
San Francisco

Please convey to radio operator W. P. Bell of the ill-fated steamer *City of Honolulu* the thanks of the Radio Corporation of America for his brave conduct during the emergency which resulted in the saving of life at sea and upholding the traditions of the many heroic radio operators who have always thought of themselves last and who have even sacrificed their lives that others might be saved during such emergencies. The Radio Corporation of America is proud of Bell and I would ask you to extend to him my personal congratulations as well as to his assistant operators W. D. Hancock and H. C. Kurler who stood by during the trying period.

David Sarnoff

Vice President and General Manager  
Radio Corporation of America

## RADIO ESTABLISHES PERMANENT HOME

It has been announced by officials of the Radio Corporation of America that it has entered into a contract to purchase the White Oil Building at 64-68 Broad Street, New York, from the White Oil Realty Company, at a cost of approximately \$1,000,000.

The announcement stated that during the last two years the Corporation has centralized at 64 Broad Street, the handling of its transoceanic message traffic and it was the feeling of the officers of the company that the use of wireless for

international communication had not only conclusively demonstrated its reliability, practicability and accuracy, but had also demonstrated that it was not only desirable but necessary that the facilities for handling this kind of traffic should be permanently located.

64 Broad Street has come to be known in the radio world as the heart of the world wide wireless, as from here there are more circuits handled than in any other place or country in the world, and the building itself is ideally located for the purposes of the company, because it is in the center of the financial and commercial district of New York, from which a large percentage of the traffic handled originates.

The building is also within two blocks of the principal cable and telegraph forwarding offices and particularly near the Postal Telegraph Company, with which the Radio Corporation has recently entered into a traffic arrangement whereby the Postal Company collects and distributes transatlantic radiograms from and to all points in the United States.

The building which is 10 stories high and contains 43,000 square feet was known as the White Oil Building, but the name in all probability will be changed at a later date to Radio House. It will be remodeled at a later date to meet the needs of the Corporation and to house the executive, sales and engineering departments which are now located in the Woolworth Building.

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#### THE MEDICAL CENTER COMMENDED

The following article which appeared in *Neptune Log* is reprinted at the request of Dr. Broadman for the information of our readers. The doctor recently addressed the students at Radio Institute of America and his remarks were endorsed by General Superintendent Porter.

"The Medical Center for treatment and prevention of disease, inaugurated in May last at 231 West 51st Street, New York, is worthy of emphatic commendation. Under the immediate direction of Dr. Joseph Boardman, 132 West 58th Street, a corps of efficient physicians are conducting the institution practically free.

"Dr. Broadman is well known through the numerous lectures he has delivered on the 'Prevention of Disease.' Having promised his audiences during his lecture the establishing of an institution such as the above, it is now a pleasure to see his ideal accomplished. The institution is entirely a philanthropic enterprise, does not seek financial contributions from anyone, but aims to reach and to serve as many as possible who need special treatment, but who cannot afford to pay the usual high specialist fees.

"The scientific equipment and the quality of the service rendered at the Medical Center is of a very high order. At present the treatment of the following diseases are being specialized in and, whenever an opportunity presents itself, prevented: Skin diseases, of every nature and description; kidney diseases, bladder diseases, blood diseases, recent and old; diseases of the urine, genito-urinary diseases in general, whether of recent occurrence or of long duration. As the institution grows, other specialties will be added. Patients are received in the institution at any time during the day from 9 in the morning until 8:30 in the evening. Specialists are in attendance at various times of the day.

"We trust that, for their own advantage, the members of the staff will take full advantage of the benefits and service offered by the Medical Center which is now in full operation. The same offer extends to their families—women and children—their friends and co-workers in the seafaring industry, many of whom do not earn enough to be able to afford the service of a specialist. In short, the service is meant for the benefit of as many men, women and children, as wish to take advantage of it. In taking this advantage, it need not be doubted that the proper and most modern treatment will be accorded as the physicians in charge are fully capable and equipped to administer any required treatment. In the same way, patients need not worry about their recovery or whether their ailments are diagnosed properly. The philanthropic nature of the institution assures patients that the treatment of their ailments will not be prolonged unnecessarily.

"Though the service rendered is of a very high order, the charges are, nevertheless, nominal—just enough to pay for the expense of maintenance and for educational work. These charges are so arranged, that when more than one treatment a day is of benefit to the patient, it involves no extra expense whatever to the patient. Whenever a patient is suffering from a newly-contracted disease, and repeated daily treatments would be of benefit, the total charges made are the same whether that patient comes for treatment once a week or three times each day. That being the case, the patient naturally comes more often, and gets better much quicker, without paying extra for the frequent visits he makes. The purpose of this is to convince the patient that the oftener he goes for treatment, the sooner he will get better and that proper treatment usually will get him well. It would be well to keep the name and address of this institution for possible future use or in order to be able to refer it to others.

"It is The Medical Center for Treatment and Prevention

of Disease, 231 West 51st Street, New York City."

Superintendent J. B. Duffy has made personal investigation and endorses the work of Medical Center.

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### HEAVY WEATHER

**T**HIS will serve to explain about the cyclonic storm encountered on passage from Honolulu to the Panama Canal.

The *Bessemer City* left Honolulu August 29th, bound for Boston and New York. Smooth seas and gentle breezes were enjoyed, until September 9th; this date the ship was approximately half way between the Panama Canal and the Hawaiian Islands, in the region so widely spoken of as the peaceful South Pacific.

About three A. M. a fresh breeze came up and we began shipping spray and light seas over the port bow. Shortly after breakfast, the breeze became a gale, and the barometer kept dropping steadily, all this coming on without any warning whatsoever, practically out of a clear sky. Noting the worried look of the Master, it could be seen that we were in for it. Going into the Wireless room, which is abaft the Pilot house, on the port side, I listened in awhile and sent out a few calls to see whether there was any other vessel in the vicinity, so as to compare notes on the freak weather we were experiencing, but would of heard just as much by listening through a doughnut, instead of the receiver. Up to this date we had not sighted or been in communication with any ships bound for or from the Canal on this sailing track, the only sigs heard were those of ships and shore stations on the west coast, and these only heard in the evening. (The boys with two and three steps of A. F. might say, "Some ham" but we've only got the old reliable 106 tuner on board, and get away with it at that.)

By noon, the gale became a hurricane, blowing over 100 miles per hour. Heavy green seas came clean over the bows, and broke with terrible force against the bridge and Pilot house, and over the boat deck, sweeping it clean of all life buoys, ladders, vegetable lockers, although they were securely lashed. The heavy barrel of the Lyle Gun was washed overboard, ripping the iron ring bolts to which it was lashed out of the deck. About a foot of water came into the Wireless room, through the door and seems along the deck, and around the window frames.

My troubles began about dinner time. While below in the saloon, the second officer came in and reported that my wireless aerial had carried away, and was blown overboard.

Looking out of the saloon port, sure enough, where my aerial formerly was, remained only a few ropes. On the mainmast still hung the yard, with two wires attached to it, and streaming astern of the ship, sky high. The aerial lead-in was fouled around the funnel, and had to be cut away, as it almost tore the insulator out of the deck. The hurricane blew so hard, that the force of the wind against the whistle cord kept the whistle blowing continuously and the steam to the whistle had to be shut off.

About this time a sea came over the boat deck, taking the heavy steel life-boats clean out of their chocks, denting and damaging them as though they were mere egg shells. The main funnel was dented at its base.

At 2:30 P. M. I tried to get into the radio room, but the wind, now blowing over 120 miles per hour, was still on our port side, and directly against the door was too much for me and had enough to do, keeping myself from being washed overboard, so going into the wheel house I helped bail water which was coming in through doors and deck. Green seas were still coming over the bridge, and finally one hit the side of the house with such force that it smashed the window in the wireless room, wrecking and flooding the apparatus. We tried hard to rig some sort of emergency covering over the window, but they were carried away as fast as put up. I always wanted a radio room with large windows, but just then a port hole would have been large enough for us. One hundred and twenty miles of wind, accompanied with salt water, being sprayed over your 106 and P8A, for hours, is enough to break anyone's spirit. Log sheets, papers, books and calendars floating around in the water (to me it looked fathoms deep).

Storm oil was being pumped overboard, as well as many tons of fuel oil from the engine room, to break the seas and save the vessel from further destruction. She was now unmanageable. About this time, the barometer reached its lowest point, 27.96 a reading so low rarely heard of.

Some of the hands were about the boat deck, making things fast, and an incident happened, which might give an idea, regarding the force of the wind. The gale took the coat off one of the sailor's back, and while he was trying to save it, his trousers were stripped from him, leaving him standing on the boat deck in his shoes, hanging on to a boat fall, with a look on his face that might have been fright or mere embarrassment.

Around four P. M. the gale moderated, and everything looked gay again. All hands were on deck, clearing away

and making things fast, and everybody's spirits were going up, and so was the barometer. But this joy lasted only for an hour or so. It was found that this sudden break in the storm was due to a very simple reason. We were in the center of the storm.

In about one hour, the fireworks were on again, maybe just a little bit worse. Needless to say, that evening no supper was served at the table, as the vessel was heaving and pitching badly, and some of us weren't very hungry anyway. It sure was great sport, juggling a plate in one hand and trying to eat with the other, and keep your feet at the same time.

Forgot to mention the mere fact, that when the fuel oil was being pumped overboard, most of it was brought back on board by the seas, giving all the white paint work an artistic finish. Especially in the wireless room, it made the white painted bulkheads and top deck take the appearance of a camouflaged allied ship in 1918.

However, all the hard luck wasn't in the radio department or in the forward house. The steering engine house aft was flooded by seas, and in order to take soundings of the water in the crew's quarters you had to use a deep sea lead. Bunks, clothing, and mattresses were sailing around No'r by East. The seamen who owned the lower bunks were out of luck, because they were submerged.

The heavy gale continued throughout the night. The canvas covering we put over the broken window was adrift once more. No sleep that night, for in order to stay put in your bunk, you had to wrap one foot around the bed spring, and make fast to your life preserver rack with both hands, and that's rather hard work, and not exactly rest. Every hour or so, I'd make my way up to the radio room and get sick from what I would see. When you see your pet being punished like that, you cannot easily forget it. Everything has an ending, so had the storm.

The following day it cleared up, and nothing remained but a following sea and a disgusted crew.

We talked things over, whether life was worth while or not. Captain Murphy still says: "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?" The good old ship sure looked a wreck. Before the storm, no yacht in the world could hold a candle up to her for good looks. And then they still write beautiful poetry about the peaceful Pacific.

That day, all hands (the Skipper included) turned to, and we re-rigged a new fancy two-wire aerial, one that would have easily won the first prize at a radio show. (Upon our arrival at New York, they thought so much of it, that they immediately took it down and installed a new 4-wire one.)

Then came days of washing paint work, scraping, chipping, taking apparatus adrift, etc. I'm sure I never thought there were so many parts to a P8A. Now everything is again shipshape, and the past is only a memory, but a good memory at that.

Still after all, the wireless man's position is a snap, when you compare it with that of the Master's, who has to remain on the ship's bridge as long as the weather is bad, wet to the skin, and growl at the third mate and the wireless man.

Practically all the officers who have been here since the *Bessemer City's* maiden voyage agree that it was quite a nasty blow.

On our maiden voyage, which was from New Orleans, February, 1921, up to the present date, the *Bessemer City* has encountered every possible kind of weather. The next storm, if it differs from the rest, won't have a name. Since her first voyage, we went through the southwest monsoon of the Indian Ocean, the northeast monsoon's of the China Sea, a cyclone in the South Pacific, and a Bora in the Adriatic. Christmas dinner 1921, was eaten to the tune of hailstones and a gale off Gibraltar, and the only weather that we haven't so far experienced, would be, fine and clear, gentle breezes, smooth sea and a fair ten knot current; and probably if we will be good, old Santa Claus might give it to us for a present on our next voyage.

John Michaels

*(After a special inspection was made of the Bessemer City by the M. R. I. Department, Mr. Manley reported the room and apparatus in perfect condition in every respect. Appreciating the energy displayed and the ambition which prompted it, I have especially commended operator Michaels. He has since sailed on the same vessel.*

J. B. Duffy, Superintendent

### STRAYS

**W**HEN no other reason is apparent for any undesired phenomenon encountered in the practise of radio telegraphy, it is the custom to place the blame on Strays. It is the purpose of this article to give as much information as has been accumulated regarding the strays which visit our trans-Atlantic transmitting stations. Strays may be broadly divided, like Gaul, into three parts: Class A, or official strays, foreign strays, and common or garden strays.

Class A strays visit our stations frequently, causing considerable disturbance. Their approach can usually be detected by the lustre which appears on all brass parts. Dynamo



Tenders try to rub this off at times but it has been found better to let this effect run its course. After the stray has completed its circuit of the station the lustre will gradually disappear and, contrary to the opinion of some, it has no bad effect on the eyes. Some Class A strays visit the stations more or less periodically, like comets—others come with very little warning and are known as shooting stars. The effect of this class of strays on station operation is profound. They also have effects on the personnel of the stations, which may be beneficial or detrimental. In this respect they are like X-rays. A great many of our young and earnest scientists are working on this problem and some of them have discovered very interesting phenomena. A number of papers have been published on this and allied sciences. They are known as circulars and should be carefully studied by all beginners so as to avoid the disastrous mistakes of some of the early workers in the field. It should be noted at this point, that an audibility meter or an alibi meter is of no use, but a large-scale ability is practically all that is required.

Strays of all classes are more prevalent in summer than in winter. A certain stray of the comet type was almost prevented from re-visiting Radio Central by the lack of heat in the Community House there last winter, but began to make its periodic appearances with the return of warm weather.

Foreign strays generally occur as satellites of the class A strays. The author of this paper has observed as many as six foreign strays revolving around one class A stray. At infrequent intervals, however, a foreign stray of the first magnitude appears and it will have from three to one dozen class A strays revolving around it. These strays originate mostly in Europe, but some come from Japan or China.

Common or garden strays are so called because they are very common. They are local in origin and as a rule are easily disposed of. Two appeared at Radio Central recently, however, and it required the exposure of a Deputy Sheriff's badge to prevent their entry.

There is a wide field for research work before us in the investigation of these strays. The beauty of it is that, under correct methods of station operation, their influence is beneficent. At any rate, the results of investigation will be instructive, if not amusing, as Senatore Marconi remarked when speaking to the author (and several hundred other persons) about radio telegraphy in general.

K. N. C.

## DON'T WASTE

## R. C. A. ASKS FOR A MORE GUARDED USE OF SUPPLIES

**I**N these days when overhead expenses have become a problem with which our executives wrestle early and late, it has been decided to ask the co-operation of employees in a supply saving campaign.

Such campaigns are being carried on in all big concerns throughout the country. In many of them "Stop Waste" clubs have been voluntarily organized by the employees.

One big way in which employees can help keep down the overhead is to economize on the use of supplies. Employees do not realize, because they do not see the sum total of all the supplies ordered each week, what a large item of expense is thus created.

Here's a statement from the Pennsylvania Railroad: "It has been said that a European family, in many instances, could live on the scraps from an American family's table. On the other hand, some of the small European railroads could operate on the money the Pennsylvania Railroad saves by salvaging worn out and used material from its scrap heaps and waste paper baskets. After sorting this material and keeping all which could be made usable again, the remainder is sold as junk. Last year \$6,449,000 was realized on such sales; in the offices pins, paper clips and used paper are salvaged; contents of waste paper baskets are collected at night, the paper is sorted according to quality, baled and sold for scrap. Over \$60,000 was realized from scrap paper last year. Pencil stubs are placed in holders and used to the last bit; pins and paper fasteners are returned to the supply bins."

R. C. A. does not want to stint you, but if each department can shave its orders from the supply room each week, and get along on less, the saving will be enormous in a year's time.

Before you put in your orders, stop and think that printed forms are expensive both in paper and labor.

Do not use any of the printed forms for scrap pads. There are small pads of convenient size made of waste paper for you to use in this way.

Be careful of carbon paper, of writing paper and envelopes, of wrapping paper and string, of pencils, pens, erasers, pins, fasteners, etc.

Remember that money saved for the firm is money saved for you.

**DON'T WASTE!**



TWO BELMAR BEAUTIES—VINCENT MacILVAN, 15 MONTHS (LEFT) AND BARBARA ANNE COFFMAN, 8 MONTHS.

### THE SMYRNA HORROR

**T**HE following is a description by Daniel J. Ford, radio operator, Eastern division, assigned to the S. S. *Winona* on July 19th, on what turned out to be a horrifying and never-to-be-forgotten trip for him. The *Winona* sailed on July 25th and stopped at Portland for grain, and from there sailed for Alexandria, Constantinople, Smyrna and Grecian ports. Everything went fine until the ship arrived at Smyrna on September 29th. The city then was under Greek control, very orderly, and seemed prosperous and busy, although there were rumors throughout the city that the Greek Army, which was fighting the Turks 50 or 60 miles outside Smyrna, were being beaten by the Turks and starting to retreat. The ship left next day, however, and went to Calamata, Greece, to load



THE BURNING OF SMYRNA

fruits, and after seven days at that port returned to Smyrna to finish taking cargo. What a difference in a week's time; most of the stores and businesses shut down, streets filled with retreating Greek soldiers straggling through the city to a place 20 miles outside, where transports were waiting to take them back to Greece. Many refugees were also arriving from interior after their homes had been burned by the retreating Greeks. There was no disorder or trouble, however, except that steamship offices were swarmed by an endless line of refugees for passage away from the city, as the Turkish troops were expected to arrive next day.

We were ordered out of inner harbor at 7 o'clock that night by a U. S. Navy destroyer as a precautionary measure in case of trouble, when Turk troops would enter, and anchored about a mile offshore. Next day we saw Turkish troops arrive and their flag hoisted over all public buildings. Troops came in very orderly and appeared well disciplined. The first night of their occupation, there were occasional shootings in various places throughout Greek and Armenian quarters, and for about three hours that night we heard loud moaning and crying by women and children. This was awful. A few hours later an Armenian swam out to us and was taken aboard. He told us a horrifying tale of what the Turk civilians were doing—killing and mistreating the women and children and looting. Next day another Armenian swam out to us to escape the Turks, and said the Turk soldiers were going through the city and taking many Greek and Armenian men to army headquarters to be court-martialed and shot. We were looking through field glasses all day and saw some



SAILORS FEEDING REFUGEES AT SEA

men killed by Turkish soldiers and civilians. On a street that went straight up the hillside and which we could see very plainly, we saw a band of Turks gather around a house and saw someone enter; then the occupants began running out in the street and were shot down, after which the Turks went up and seemed to be stabbing them. I counted eight bodies in the street afterwards. The Turks then looted this house, taking everything to their various homes. Some of these looters were women. The eight bodies were still lying



TURKISH ARMY TRAIN

in the street three days later, and we could see other bands going around the streets and suppose they were looting and killing, as there were plenty of shots fired during the day

That night was a little quieter with occasional shooting, and next day things seemed to be normal again.

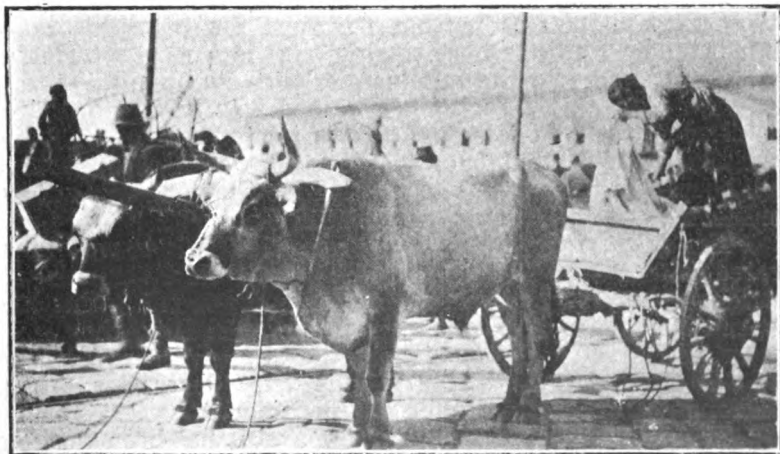
On September 13th we went into the inner harbor again to start loading, as Turk soldiers had everything under control and the city was peaceful again. The quay was crowded with refugees and there were many patrols of Turk soldiers marching to and fro, keeping things orderly, and occasionally a patrol would come along with 20 or 30 Armenians and Greeks, apparently taking them to be tried by court-martial. I saw one Turk soldier who was on horseback take his rifle and smash it on the head of one of his prisoners and made a big gash in his head. The prisoner must have said something to him. The soldier fell off his horse while doing this and was raging mad. They marched out of sight, however, before I could see more.

Many camel trains and bullock carts with food for Turkish soldiers were arriving continuously. Late that afternoon the Christian quarter was set afire by Turkish soldiers and it spread so far before 10 o'clock we had to leave the inner harbor and anchor outside. The fire destroyed all but the Turkish section and made over 200,000 homeless besides the thousands of refugees from outside the city.

There was plenty of shooting this night and next day we could see the Turk troops driving the people from place to place. It seemed as though they were driving them towards the fire. Every once in a while we would see some Turk soldier chase three or four men, firing at them until they would get into a crowd of refugees. Sometimes some one would jump overboard in an attempt to swim to a ship and the Turk soldiers would shoot at them and kill them. Dozens of bodies were floating around, some were women, one with her head off.

We started taking refugees aboard and, oh! what a sad sight. The first to come aboard were about 100 Armenian girl orphans whose homes had been burned, and they were saved by the U. S. Navy sailors, who did great work.

The staff of the Y. W. C. A. and American College and pupils also came aboard with about 1,000 others. Total of 1,243, all we could get aboard up to the time we sailed. Many of these refugees were women with small babies, and some children who had lost their parents and were left all alone, crying and could not be stopped. Some came aboard almost naked and many were scantily clad. One young girl had to be carried aboard in a blanket after being mistreated by the



REFUGEES FROM INTERIOR

Turkish soldiers. We had one birth aboard. Another refugee was an old blind man, who said he had been pushed overboard and swam around until rescued by American Navy sailors. Sailors from our ship who went ashore in one of the ship's lifeboats to take back refugees said there were many bodies floating along the shore.

Some of the refugees said we saw nothing to what went on inside of the city and away from the waterfront, and a Y. W. C. A. worker told me she saw Turk soldiers enter various buildings with cans in their hands and come out later and afterwards the houses would burst out in flames.

We left Smyrna at 5 P. M., September 14th, and took the refugees to Piraeus, Greece, where they were taken ashore, and on leaving gave us a great hurrah and many said they would never forget the Americans.

A final word in justice to the S. S. *Hog Island*, another R. C. A. ship, which is accused of leaving during the trouble. When she left there was not a sign of trouble or fire, and I do believe they knew nothing about it until they arrived at Alexandria, their next port.

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#### SALES DEPARTMENT NEW YORK

**T**HE season for exhibiting is on us and the RCA is taking part in all large shows of national scope. This gives us a good opportunity to get close to the dealer and consumer, allowing heart to heart talks, thus smoothing out many misunderstandings, and enables us to spread the gospel of RCA spirit and good will.

The radio business is assuming many aspects similar to other large industries in that we must get out and create the demand. Radio is here to stay as it is a most wonderful institution, and like the automobile, once its advantages are known, a permanent rooter is obtained. In buying an automobile we are from Missouri, and want to be shown. Some statistics have it that over \$50,000,000 worth of apparatus will be sold in the coming year. So help the good work along and let's get a big slice of this business.

The old saying "Appearances are deceitful" is well illustrated in our GE line and goes to show that beneath the surface much beauty and reliability can be found. This line doesn't have a regular piano finish but Oh! Boy, they have an extremely finely designed circuit, and are very reliable, as all GE apparatus is. This is one fine illustration where efficiency of operation stands out paramount.

The new system for returned apparatus has been working for about one month and we believe it is the right thing.

When you realize that we are doing a volume business, meaning that thousands of pieces of mechanism are being moved weekly, the need for systematic action becomes apparent.

The activities of our Export division are beginning to show great results as indicated by a single shipment of a large consignment of receiving equipment. This shipment was made to Buenos Aires, and is the first and beginning of great activities. In the near future, we expect to ship about the same amount in transmitters, showing that the natives of South America are becoming alive to the advantage of radio, and further, this department is not losing any sleep towards getting a big share of this business.

Messrs. Wanselow, Lee, Blount, Hardy, Brick, Stoner and Schmidt are scattered over the Eastern territory spreading RCA good will, and in between times manage to obtain orders. Mr. Stoner and Mr. Hardy especially, are making a very nice showing.

We extend a hearty greeting of welcome to Mr. George Clark, Mr. L. H. Cullman, Mr. Anderson and Miss Nixon, recent additions to this department.

Colonel Nance and his experience with stubborn mules especially that fellow "Guts," reminds us of some sets we have fooled with. After you have just about exhausted your stock of endearing terms which you are applying to your set, you find the right spot, and "Presto" the set works. (These are not RCA sets.)

Wonder why Don Stoner becomes stranded so often, especially what the attraction is in Philadelphia?

Mr. Sawyer recently paid us a visit, and we were all very happy to give him the glad hand. Chicago must be treating him great, for he certainly appears to have put on weight. He justly takes great pride in the Chicago organization, and gives you the feeling that this office must hustle to maintain its reputation.

The girl's rest room on the eighteenth floor is proving its value, and is a much-needed blessing. We in the Sales department know it right well. As is known, woman talks, "O! How she can talk," but the rest room on the eighteenth floor is a safety valve, which the girls use right well to let off some surplus talk steam, (or most of it). The demure and happy countenances as they file through the door on the twentieth floor at one o'clock are a real treat.

A suggestion has been made that a similar room be provided for the men folks, but instead of pianos, easy chairs and carpets, the room should be equipped with benches and an unlimited supply of radio parts be on hand all the time. We give it as it was given us, and do not care to make any comments.



Mr. Galvin recently paid his first visit to the Schenectady works of the General Electric and, as happens with everyone, was greatly impressed with the magnitude of the plant.

Mr. Gawler has recently returned from a visit to some of our distributors in Baltimore and Pittsburgh, and as per usual, raised the steam pressure considerably in that locality.

The old adage "A penny saved is a penny earned" is well illustrated by Gus Heisel, as after much laborious calculating he discovered that we were undercharging a half cent on our Grid Leaks. From last reports we understand Gus is trying to determine the number of Grid Leaks that must be sold in order to make up our million dollar months.

We notice Mr. MacKenty has gone in for tennis very strongly, and since going in for this game has accumulated a very heavy brush on his upper lip. It is beyond us to understand the relation between this brush and a tennis racket.

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#### NEW YORK BROAD STREET

**T**HE fully-equipped school which has been opened on the tenth floor, judging by the number of students and applicants, is going to be quite a success. On the opening day there were ninety-one registrations. It is a splendid inducement and no doubt will help to develop a number of highly efficient operators. As the course is free and open to all employees of the Radio Corporation we expect the school will be quite an important factor in the Traffic Department. Mr. Jose Seron is in charge.

Among the many visitors during the month were some members of the Bankers Convention.

Doc Bryan (Lowry) is keeping his hair cut short; says he does not want to be taken for a flapper.

Last month Mr. Higginbotham led Miss Hazel Nason of Bar Harbor to the altar. This month things are different. Someone saw her leading him into a millinery store on Washington Heights.

Golder spent part of his vacation at Atlantic City and registered at the Strand Hotel and brought home enough stationery to write to all his friends so they'll know where he stayed.

Among the latest to join the Broad Street Staff are Messrs Snow and White, and both have auburn hair.

Mr. Barsby complained one morning that the mosquitos had been unceasingly attacking his ankle all night, notwithstanding the fact that someone had left a paper package of sandwiches in his waste paper basket; does not speak well

for the sandwiches. One of the staff suggested that the night staff be provided with spats.

Dan Murphy spent his vacation at Suters Still upon the Hudson 3.0 miles outside the city limits, and brought back a gallon of Special Stilled Specific Soothing Syrup.

Herbie Meldrum is back after three months special leave, refuses to say whether it was a honeymoon trip or not.

Henderson spent his vacation in and around Philadelphia.

Rigby spent all of his vacation at Chatham; made good use of Rosies Green Essex. We hear he made quite an impression on the Chatham folks with Rosie by his side. He only uses one hand to drive but uses all his feet. Like old times eh Frank? oyster stews n'everything.

Mr. Wood was off for a month, so was Mr. Kay.

Some of the boys were talking of agitation for a restaurant in the building; nice to be able to listen to the liquid tone of a beef stewophone for a change. The ex-Chathamites say they had quite enough soup yodling when McElroy was up at Chatham.

We hear Mrs. Wood has gained twenty pounds since coming to New York (pardon Brooklyn). Guess she misses her hikes over the Cape Cod sand dunes.

All the circuits are now designated by large white signs with black letters. When they were first put up someone in a humorous state of mind attached a piece of paper on which was written "Nothing on this counter over ten cents."

The escalators are now running merrily from all countries.

Bob Smith spent his vacation in the jungles on the Delaware River; brought back several pieces of soap; says that was the only thing that was not nailed down in the boarding house.

Leo Weill says all restaurants where they serve spaghetti and macaroni are owned by Italians. He went into one and saw Charlotte Russe on the bill of fare and thought it was the name of one of the waitresses.

Miss Curley is deserting the desk and has visions of a bungalow, a gas range, sunflowers in the front yard and three square per diem gratis.

Krause is back in harness again after nearly six month sick leave.

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## CHATHAM

### WEDDING BELLS

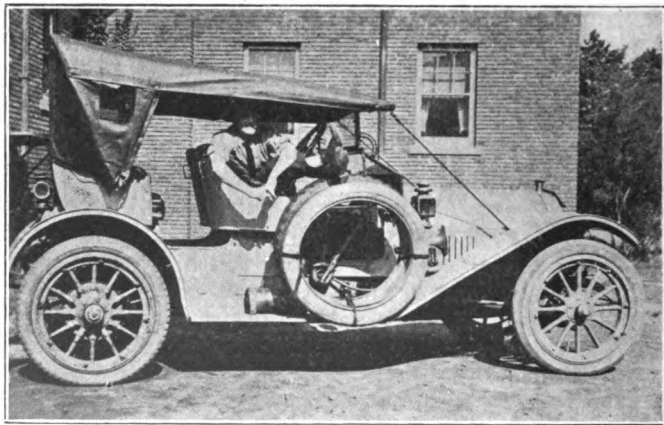
**O**UR esteemed and worthy ex-Mess President has taken the fatal leap, and a royal send-off for Doc Flood was given, before he left on a trip to Niagara.

'Twas thuswise. Having spent many days in preparation, making the hotel look like a ball room (not a bar room), with all due respect to those responsible for the decorations, the evening arrived, and so did the guests.

With ice cream, cake, club sandwiches, music and con-fetti, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. At the close of the evening the Radio Quartette ably assisted by Larry Sherwood and his saxophone, entertained us, after which a presentation and short speech by Mr. Bickford, with hopes that Mr. Flood would long remember that memorable evening (which we believe he will).

One of our members of gasoline alley a short time ago tried to run into the Cape Cod Canal, but the car preferring other means of dying, ran into a pile of rocks and a couple of trees. Robinson has hopes of being an acrobat some day, and tried a header through the windshield. Pfautz having ambition as a football player, tried to tackle the back of the front seat, and seemed to get the worst of the argument. However, they have almost forgotten it now, with the exception of Sherwood, and we mourn with him the loss of his Chevrolet.

Leason has invested in an Oakland Six, and even though he met defeat at the hands of Strong with his "Fierce Spar-row," claims it is the better car.



But Short is king of 'em all. We submit herewith a photograph, as we really could not attempt to describe it, other than the fact that we wonder if he is going into the trucking business, or perhaps a museum for ancient relics.

We bid adieu to Messrs. Moulton and Callahan, and welcome to our midst Operators Short, Hovelsrud and Campbell.

## RADIO CENTRAL

**G**EO. W. Schaefer, reported to be still on the mend, and soon able to go to a better climate for his health.

Doc. Usselman still saying "Gee Whiz" and "so and so ought to be shot" indicates that the eternal vicissitudes of life are ever with us.

Gun toting Assistant Kent (Dep.) takes to field telephone maintenance of late like a duck to water. He says he would just like to see a young flock of clay pigeons fly over, and he'd furnish us a nice little mess (?) for supper. However, the game season will soon tell us whether he is as good at chipmunks, squirrels, rabbits, etcetera as he is at spot shots on the long green table. Perhaps the Mrs. knows his success at this shooting business in the line of Cupid's darts.

The invincible and incorrigible Brown, none other than our Mr. W. A. R. Brown, has returned from his sea-going vacation. It is believed, however, that his best navigation shines forth on the high seas of love. By the way, one day recently it was thought that he had purchased a new blue worsted suit, but on handling him in order to determine the quality of the goods, it was discovered that the worsted red thread part was detachable. Rumor has it that he has since presented her with a nice new sweater, making sure that this time it is not bright red in color but of his own favorite shade of blue.

We hereby recommend none other than our Mr. Franz Sallman, rigger and paperhanger by trade, as traffic cop around our new ten car garage, the building of which has been gracefully supervised by E. D. Sabine, the pioneer of civil engineering, and star Finale Hopper of Radio Central at the present time.

Chauffeur Stockmeyer got a smell of the bay rum bottle down at the barber shop one night, and thought that there was about twice as many people around here for about three days.

Mr. Hansell's gang has gone back to the farm house, where they can go to bed with the chickens, and get up with the sunrise.

Broadcasting receiving outfit is constantly being enlarged and better results are constantly being gotten out of it. Soon music will resound out the full length of our Community House.

Harry Kohl still goes down to procure his quota of ice cream in Port Jeff, even though the weather is getting rather cool of late.

Bill Forrest the newest Rigger has retired from his position for a short space of time due to a bad wrench he received in his back, while loading poles on flat car for some one of our neighboring stations.

Cycleodian Rau still rides to town on his velocipede and occasionally gets an opportunity to wave to that girl that lives in Mt. Sinai.

C. B. Schou has threatened to leave us for fairer fields of activity, perhaps nearer his sweetie; who knows?

P. E. Slade has recently got a new band box, namely a new Chevrolet Coupé.

Tesch has taken the step to Shift Engineer recently, and most any day now can be seen smoking cigars and reading the paper, whereas Dynamo-Tenders usually are more apt to be smoking those butts that they find on sweeping the powerhouse.

We are sorry to lose our culinary artists, namely Mr. and Mrs. Oberwetter, who sure held up their end on the pies, etc., but all join in wishing them luck wherever they may go.

Mr. and Mrs. Feathers had the bunch over to their cottage the evening of the twentieth, and it sure was some salubrious jollification, finally winding up with everything from soup to nuts. However, Sallman strongly favored the last named dish, being togged out in Mr. Feathers' Hawaiian grass skirt.

Our new Chef, Mr. Withers, has arrived and so far has shone forth brilliantly in the form of wonderful eats. We understand that he was located up at Chatham and Belmar for some little time.

We have been favored the past month for a couple of short visits by Mr. Alexanderson, who quickly wins his way to the hearts of all at Mess.

Messrs. Reoch, Rossi, and Ranger have also been out from the metropolis to see that all's well at RADIO CENTRAL.

Across the wide world messages must travel,  
In order that gossip and news may unravel,  
But as cables may hold, and cables may sever,  
The Radio Corp. goes on forever and ever.

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#### SAN FRANCISCO CITY OFFICE

**S**INCE the completion of installation work in connection with centralized control, we have lapsed back to the daily routine and have nothing to cause the least bit of excitement. Were it not for the exercise caused by dodging autos

on our downtown streets, our country cousins in the operating room would be pining for the rolling hills of Marshall. After listening to the telegraph instruments for two and a half years, the business office now seems like a receiving vault. Miss Horton on the typewriter, Malcolm on the adding machine, and Cooke with his buzzer set to KPH, strike up a trio every now and then which is punctuated by the flop of the carriers from the pneumatic tubes. Most of the time, however, quietness reigns and it is the source of much satisfaction to be able to carry on our business without undue strain on our vocal organs.

We were favored with a visit from a member of our board of directors during the month. Mr. Edwin W. Rice, Jr., proved to be a most likable gentleman and we appreciated having him, even if it was for only a few minutes. Mr. Isbell drove Mr. Rice to Bolinas and Marshall to inspect the stations and gave him a look at some of the big trees in Muir Woods on the return trip. Come again, Mr. Rice.

On September 16th we were notified of the opening of trans-Atlantic traffic to the entire United States through a traffic agreement with the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company. Messrs. Shaw and Miller of the Postal were guests of Messrs. Isbell and Baxter at luncheon that day and plans were completed for the handling of traffic from San Francisco. We are pleased to note that the local filings are steadily increasing. Our solicitor has met with much enthusiasm on the part of San Francisco business firms who have waited long and patiently for our service.

Direct communication was established with our Honolulu City office at midnight September 24th, the first message being from the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. We have a hunch that the urgent traffic between the two offices is going kerflooey—every message is urgent now. We are going to practice Christian Science on that San Francisco-Tokio direct circuit now, so don't be surprised to get the announcement some fine day. Our direct contact has already proven that Bob Carlisle has not forgotten how to tickle a key. Can you use your bug on the adding machine, Bob?

Osgar Arensburg took a day off and got his license—radio, not marriage—and incidentally Osgar is to be complimented on his speed in securing same.

Motor Generator Cooke has purchased an omnigraph which Dame Rumor says he is using in his bungalow attic in the Piedmont hills. Strange how he can copy fifty or sixty W.P.M. off the circuit but his hearing got gummed at 25 on

the omni. He threatens to circulate a petition prohibiting the use of such machines by Government officials.

Bob Malcolm had a vacation and drove to Santa Barbara in his Stupid Six. Bob returned full of pep and smiles. Bob got a letter from the presiding judge of some hick village down the line, in which he was asked to part with ten bucks for speeding. Pep and smiles dwindling rapidly. He's going to have a snow plow attachment placed on his bus, and will hereafter burrow under the poverty-stricken burgs to the south of us.

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### BROOKLYN—NOVEMBER 3RD

**A** GREAT many people who reside in Manhattan and the Bronx and New Jersey are bewildered, nonplussed, etc., when it comes to making a visit to Brooklyn (the city of churches and rubber-plants), but a lot of New Yorkers and Jerseyites are going to learn something about Brooklyn on Friday evening, November 3rd, 1922, because on that night the Annual Dance of the Radio Provident Club is to be held at the Hotel St. George, 51 Clark Street, Brooklyn. The best way to reach the Hotel St. George from New York is to go via the Seventh Avenue Subway and get off at the Clark Street Station. There is an entrance from the subway to the hotel. The principal thing to do is to reach the hotel at 8:30 P. M. and join in the fun, even though it is necessary to walk across the Brooklyn Bridge. The dance is to be an informal affair and everybody is welcome.

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### TRAFFIC PRODUCTION

Commercial representatives are now located outside of New York as follows:

F. J. Carney, 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

N. E. Church, 709 Carondelet Building, New Orleans.

J. J. Kennedy, Room 505, 60 Congress Street, Boston.

W. M. Phillips, Room 101, Bourse Building, Philadelphia.

These men have had years of experience in the service of both landline telegraph companies. They are high-grade men and well and favorably known among the telegraph people as well as the business public.

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### COASTAL STATIONS

**A** DDITIONS and transfers to operating staff have brought Messrs. Short, Hovelsrud and Campbell to Chatham; Estberg to New York and A. Campbell to Cape May. Underhill has returned to New London.

To the men who have just entered or re-entered the service we extend congratulations and know they will measure up to the RCA standard which has been set and upheld by their associates in the stations.

Vacations are about over. Manager Holden at Siasconset has returned and Matt Tierney and Rogers are the last to enjoy the annual respite.

We have not failed to observe the large and increasing number of TR reports coming in every day. These reports are valuable in many ways and *every one helps*. Boost the quantity and quality of TR's by getting them in early and often to RCA stations.

Several medical messages have been handled recently with speed and gratifying success. There is a great deal of satisfaction in performing any act which tends to relieve human suffering and these medical messages are the mariners' personal SOS.

A word of caution may be in order on the necessity of being accurate and careful especially in reception and transmission of figures in addresses. A repetition to verify a group of figures may often prevent a delay or non-delivery.

ACCURACY—SPEED—ECONOMY is our slogan—but note that ACCURACY is first.

The S. S. *Stork* worked WLC recently—Manager Shaw on duty. Shaw received one checked (6?) pounds, addressed Marjorie Hollis Shaw, care of Papa Shaw. No RQ's requested and no QRM experienced. Shaw says "R—K—QRV."

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### SOME DISTANCES

The steamer *Matsonia*, which is equipped with one of our 1,000-watt combination telephone and telegraph sets, talked, by means of its telephone, every morning from September 12th until September 25th, the day before she arrived in San Francisco from Honolulu, with the radio station at Apia, British Samoa. The last conversation was at 8:30 A. M., and at that time the *Matsonia* was 4,050 miles from Apia.

On this voyage, the *Matsonia* was in radio telephone communication the entire round trip with either our San Francisco station, KPH, or the Hawaiian station, KHK.

Some extraordinary daylight radio telephone records have been made by this ship. One was with the Naval Radio Station at Pearl Harbor at mid-day when the vessel was 1,475 miles away.

All the ship's telephone work was on 550 meters.



## A RECORD

All records were broken on September 27th when KPH handled traffic direct in both directions with the S. S. *Tahiti*. The vessel was 5,778 miles from San Francisco, and only a few miles outside of Wellington, New Zealand, for which port she was bound.

## GOOD WORK AT CAPE MAY

The S. S. *Santa Luisa* KJEU exchanged signals directly with Cape May WCY October 14th when approximately 3,500 miles distant, forwarding noon position as 975 miles South from Balboa.

This not only emphasizes the receiving ability of Cape May, but indicates the efficient operation of the installation aboard the S. S. *Santa Luisa*.

## LOWER RATES

Effective October 10th, 1922, the landline forwarding charges on ship radiograms destined to points located within the states of Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, when transmitted through Radio Corporation of America coastal stations at Marion, Mass. (WCC), Chatham, Mass. (WIM), and Siasconset, Mass. (WSC) will be one cent per word less than the forwarding charges heretofore applied.

The new forwarding rates per word from the stations mentioned, are as follows:

	Maine	Mass.	R. I.
Marion, Mass. .... (WCC)	.04	.03	.03
Chatham, Mass. .... (WIM)	.04	.03	.03
Siasconset, Mass. .... (WSC)	.04	.03	.03

The forwarding charges to all other points remain unchanged.

## WEDDING BELLS

At Chatham, Mass., September 9—Frank James Flood, of R. C. A., to Patia Ella Small.

## BORN

At New Brunswick, N. J., October 4—To Mr. and Mrs. Alanson W. Aird, a daughter, Margaret Helen, 6 lbs., 13 oz.

At Cranford, N. J., October 21—To Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Hoffman, a son, 9 lbs. Mr. Hoffman is employed in the Comptroller's department.

## HEAD OFFICE

E. J. Nally, President, has arrived in Berlin, after visiting Paris and Brussels.

Captain Powhatan Page, South American representative, sailed from New York for Buenos Aires on October 14th on the steamship *Pan-America*.

Sidney St. J. Steadman of the Legal department of the British Marconi Company, London, was a recent New York visitor.

William Brown, Vice-President and General Attorney, has returned from his vacation spent motoring and golfing in New England.

C. W. Latimer, Engineer, sailed from Honolulu for Japan on October 9th on the steamship *President Pierce*, after having completed the installation of distant control of the Koko Head receiving station from the city office at Honolulu, eleven miles distant, and of the transmitting station at Kahuku, fifty miles distant, thus placing San Francisco city office in direct touch with Japan with but one intervening relay point, namely, Honolulu. At this point all the operators are concentrated in the city office, and to accommodate them it was necessary to lease the entire building so as to place the operating department on the second floor, leaving only engineers at Kahuku and Koko Head.

Mr. David Sarnoff, Vice-President and General Manager, was the speaker at the opening of the second season of the Philadelphia Forum at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, recently, his subject being "The Commercial and Social Influences of Radio." Mr. Sarnoff spoke for an hour and a half before an audience of more than 3,000 people, tracing the history of radio from the time it was invented and put to use by Marconi down to the present day and also picturing to the audience some of the more important applications of radio telephony, particularly in broadcasting. He referred to the development in radio telephony and predicted future international radio telephone service as well as radio telephony with ships at sea. A complete receiving set for broadcasting was erected on the platform and the audience was treated to a radio concert broadcasted from the Wanamaker store. The evening closed with an exhibition of Bray's reel, showing how a radiogram is sent and how it is received. The Forum is an educational society promoted by Mr. Edward Bok, devoted to the development of the arts and sciences.

Mr. H. W. Allen, Joint General Manager of the British Marconi Company, London, made a brief visit to New York recently.

Miss Vones, of the Purchasing department, has been granted indefinite leave on account of ill health.

The Vice-President and General Manager, and the Treasurer have returned from Chicago.

## BOSTON

**T**HE *Calvin Austin* has been placed out of commission. H. T. Munroe and H. A. Wells are on the *Belfast*.

Walter Swett has just completed a tour of duty on construction and returned to the *North Land*.

Stanley Wade and John Cushing have resigned.

T. F. Collins is now with J. A. MacLean on the *City of Augusta*.

Paul Platt is on an extended leave and we fear somebody may force a lucrative position ashore on him.

Seymour Elliott has returned from his vacation, which included a trip to Maine. He disappointed us by taking no pictures.

J. T. O'Mara has returned to the T. O. division, having spent the summer on the *City of Bangor*.

C. L. Potter was paid off the *Seaconnet* and went to the *Bristol*.

E. B. Burgess is on the *Transportation*.

Two weeks fishing in the Granite State and lucky for the bass remaining in the lake, we were limited to the two weeks.

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**T**HE steamer *Pacific*, formerly fitted with a Haller Cunningham set, recently received our standard 2 KW equipment with vacuum tube detector and amplifier. Robert

## BALTIMORE

S. Howard took the assignment.

Charles G. Barany returned to Baltimore after leaving the barge *Standtow No. 2* at Buenos Aires, where she was sold.

Irving H. Walker and Herman Wolbarst were assigned to the Standard Oil steamers *James Magee* and *Fred. W. Weller*, respectively.

The *Santa Paula* sailed from this port recently with Harry E. Brown in charge.

Lee R. Vickers relieved W. H. Jeffers on the *Glen Ridge*. Jeffers proceeded to his home in Alabama where he will undergo a slight operation.

The new service contract steamer *Major Wheeler* of the Baltimore Steamship Company sailed for San Juan with Irving Eney in charge.

John E. McMillan, ex *Cerro Azul*, relieved Franz Munch on the steamer *West Quechee* as senior. F. J. Mathers, ex junior of the *West Quechee* relieved McMillan on the *Cerro Azul*.

## EASTERN DIVISION

## NEW YORK

**T**HE burning of the *City of Honolulu* in the Pacific ocean on October 12, brought into the limelight another wireless hero, Walter P. Bell, of Oakland, Cal. All the New York newspapers featured his heroism, one of which in particular, we quote below:

**RADIO OPERATOR HERO IN BURNING OF THE HONOLULU—STAYED  
AT KEY DIRECTING RESCUE SHIPS TILL FORCED TO FLEE**

San Francisco, October 13.—Chief Radio Operator Walter B. Bell is the hero of the *Honolulu* fire at sea. He lives up to the wireless traditions of the sea, started by Jack Binns in the *Republic* disaster. His last message from the ship was: "Captain and gang leaving now; goodbye to you all."

Ten minutes previously Bell had said that every one aboard but the captain, chief officer, chief engineer and himself had left the ship. Fire then forced these officers to take to the open sea."

Bell was on his first voyage on the *City of Honolulu*. His home is in Oakland. He is twenty-four years old, was in the aviation service during the war, and at one time was an automobile mechanic with Barney Oldfield and the late Omar Toft.

Bell's assistant operators on the *City of Honolulu* were Hadys D. Hancock, second, and Norris C. Kumler, third. Although assigned at San Francisco, all three are Eastern division operators. Reports also show that Hancock and Kumler proved themselves real RCA men, remaining calm throughout the excitement, assisting wherever and whenever needed, acted heroically when their lives were in peril, and leaving the vessel only when there was nothing left for them to do.

The SOS call from the distressed vessel was first heard and responded to by the RCA operator on the yacht *Casiana*, which stood by ready to render whatever aid the small yacht might find possible. Other ships also stood by and an army transport brought the passengers and crew to port.

Another of our operators to send an SOS call during the month was Thomas B. Case, who performed the duty when the *Swiftstar* ran aground and began to pound heavily on the beach near Black Rock on October 12. It is feared that the vessel is a total loss.

William W. Ehmer, transferred from the *W. C. Teagle* to the *Martinique*. Ehmer is one of the comparatively few men who hold extra first-class licenses.

Ehmer took the place of T. D. Entz on the *Martinique*. Entz is now on the unassigned list awaiting a ship to Europe. Robert Krahn took Ehmer's post on the *W. C. Teagle*.

Mike Beckerman took a trip off the *Hamilton* while A. D. Bernstein took his place. Beckerman's trip off was in the interest of a new arrival at his home, a baby son. A few weeks ago Mike took a trip off to attend a brother's wedding. Now, we know what your thoughts are: You say, "What's the matter with Ben?"

M: A. Nemback is now junior on the *Zulia* with J. C. Stuart. Louis Blank took his place as junior on the *City of Savannah*.

Ralph Wanser sailed on the *Munsomo*; Abe R. Bernstein is on the *Norfolk* and Reid S. Shipley is making a temporary trip on the *City of Montgomery* to permit C. S. Thevenet to take the first vacation he has had in some time.

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#### GULF DIVISION NEW ORLEANS

**W**E are now comfortably settled in our new location at 709 Carondelet Building, the Commercial department's representative, Mr. N. E. Church, and his stenographer, Miss A. M. LeBon, are located right alongside of us.

Joseph L. Young has entered the service on the Eastern division tanker *J. E. O'Neil*.

Robert H. Williams, Jr., of the *Dauperata* is now on leave of absence; he has been succeeded by William S. Marks, late of the tanker *Dannewaike*.

Willard D. Ryen has been assigned to the *Rochester* of the Eastern division as a relief for Howard L. Edsall.

George H. Pascoe has been relieved from the *Walter Jennings* by John W. Henderson.

Carl B. Eberle, late of the *Lake Hector*, is now in charge of the *Braddock*.

George G. Paris has been assigned to the new service contract vessel, *Blue Hill*.

After considerably more than one year of continuous service aboard the *Lake Flournoy*, Ernest G. Johnson has been granted an extended leave of absence; he has been succeeded temporarily by David L. Stokely.

William J. Holmes has relieved J. W. Coyle on the *Silver Shell*; Coyle is now on the *Huguenot* trading out of Port Arthur.

Charles A. Moore, who was attached to the Shipping Board tanker *Danville* when recently she was blown ashore off Tampico by a West Indian hurricane, is now on the *W. L. Connelly*.

The following assignments have been made by the Shipping Board's Radio Supervisor at Galveston: Edward C. Caffery to the *West Tonant*; Robert E. Johns to the *City of Fairbury*, and Edwin L. Olds to the *Liberty Bell*.

### GREAT LAKES DIVISION CLEVELAND

**S**UPERINTENDENT NICHOLAS has closed rental contract with the Wilson Transit Company, to equip the *S. S. James A. McNaughton*, a recent addition to their fleet. The installation was completed by Constructor Weide, who installed a one-half kilowatt type No. 531 transmitter. We entertain hopes for equipping the remainder of their fleet in the very near future.

The Goodrich Transit Company recently purchased the passenger steamer *Pilgrim* from the Chicago, Racine & Milwaukee Line. Rental contract was canceled at time of sale, but re-negotiated with Goodrich Transit by Mr. Nicholas.

Constructor Weide has completed re-installation of the QMS installation on board the *Ann Arbor No. 7*. This vessel was formerly known as the *Ann Arbor No. 3*, but after having been in the shipyard for several weeks undergoing a thorough overhauling and being lengthened forty-five feet, the Ann Arbor Railway Company decided to put her at the head of their list of vessels. The numbers of their car-ferries now run from 4 to 7 inclusive, and it might be well to mention that the four vessels are under R. C. A. rental contract control.

Gerald Covey, one of the Cleveland inspectors, found himself, during the last two weeks of October, very much of a bachelor. Mrs. G. C. spent two enjoyable weeks as a passenger on one of the large bulk carriers, returning recently to find all the dishes of the neighborhood, as well as their own, piled up under the kitchen sink.

John Aitkenhead, Jr., has relieved Albert Miller on the *M. A. Bradley*. Miller decided a leave of absence would be most beneficial.

Charles E. Zimmer, in rounding out four months service on the *Fayette Brown*, questions the necessity of cold weather and King Winter freezing up the Lakes, as continuous sailing is preferable, in his estimation, to a three month lay-up.

Julius Katona showed a burst of speed when he chased the *Harvey H. Brown* by rail from Cleveland to the Soo, a

distance of three hundred miles, in order to relieve George A. Tracey. Needless to say, he won.

Ralph E. Jacks, a new man in the service, recently relieved Harold M. DeGowin as junior of the *City of Cleveland* 111, the latter having resigned to accept other employment.

F. Arthur McPhillips, after having bid on and layed for the *Harry W. Croft*, finally made connections and was assigned to this vessel during October.

Norman S. Walker and William C. Ellsworth are now located on the *Detroit* 111 as senior and junior respectively. They have taken over the duties of Lyle W. Wright and Ewald A. Stein, resigned.

Herbert Graham has turned down a car-ferry combination purser-operator position to remain on the *E. J. Earling*, a one-man bulk carrier. The attraction must be at their ports of call.

Don G. McDaniels has been piling up an enviable record on the wrecker *Favorite*. He has, in the vernacular of the age, been knocking them cold with his 106-B crystal receiving distance records.

Percy E. Reynolds, who was on the *Indiana* for some time, has temporarily left our service on leave of absence.

Elmer B. Hill can once again be located on the *Charles O. Jenkins*, having relieved Norman J. Hughes on the fly at Detroit.

John S. Lake, who spent six months on the *Western States*, has been transferred to the *Lakeland*, which position carries with it, not only a substantial increase in salary, but also the added title of Purser. Emil H. Nelson has taken over the *Western States* duties.

Donald H. Plameter, a new man in the service, has relieved Glenn H. Pickett on the *Clemens Reiss*, a one-man iron ore and coal carrier.

Herbert I. Schmitt, having tried terra firma employment for five months, has returned to our service and is now to be found on the *John P. Reiss* vice Ralph F. Cole, who requested a short leave in order to attend, to use his words, a very important political meeting in Cleveland. We know of no reason why a good radioman should not make a good politician, as diplomacy is part parcel of a ship board radioman's very existence.

Hyman Silverman, after a short leave, has been re-assigned to the *William A. Reiss*.

Arthur W. Krause, a new man, was recently assigned to the *Frank Billings*, a one man job.

Earl H. Boldt is receiving so many messages that he wears out on an average of a tuner a trip. His berth is the *Harold B. Nye*.

Nicholas J. Zehr, a most attentive radioman, is at present taking care of the *G. A. Tomlinson* traffic.

Ward W. Hurlburt, who has been kept on the jump transferring and making emergency assignments, is now permanently located on the *James P. Walsh*.

The *S. Y. Stellaris*, owned by Mrs. Stella Ford Schlotman, has completed her summer's roaming and been placed in ordinary for the winter months. Paul E. Frederick, a graduate electrical engineer who most satisfactorily held down the *Stellaris* berth, has returned to his home and more serious endeavors.

The affiliation of RCA with the Postal for the acceptance of inland traffic destined overseas, announced through an extensive advertising campaign conducted by our trans-oceanic department, has created quite some interest in this section of the country. Gradually the haze on the horizon has lifted and we have noticed particularly, during the recent developments, that the public, as a whole, have come to their own good decision, that if it's anything in radio, regardless of subject, the place to get what they want is from the RCA.

## PACIFIC DIVISION

### SAN FRANCISCO

ONE of the "bugs" in the 1,000 watt set on the *H. F. Alexander* was removed in accordance with our promise in the last month's issue. It was in the shape of a joker placed in the set when it was assembled at the G. E. factory. The grid bias resistance had been connected up with reverse English and the regulating juice to the grid of the modulating and voice amplifying tubes caromed off the wrong end of the resistance. After this we don't take anything for granted when a tube set goes wrong.

Operators Thorne and LaFetra of the Matson liner *Matsonia* are doing wonderful work with the new tube set. At any time between San Francisco and Honolulu their voices may be heard and to talk to our KPH station at Marshall right from Honolulu harbor is duck soup. Last voyage when the *Matsonia* was 50 miles from the San Francisco lightship the British station at Apia, Samoa (VMG), reported the voice strong and signals easily read. This is a distance of *four thousand and fifty miles*, by 'phone, and we believe the longest yet on record from a ship to shore.



Two of the largest liners on the Pacific were added to the fleet this month. The S. S. *City of Los Angeles* and the S. S. *City of Honolulu*. They will ply between Los Angeles and Honolulu. Operators Carr, Sheldon and Burr are on the *Los Angeles* and Bell, Hancock and Kumler disturb the ether from the *Honolulu's* radio room.

Ralph Gerber, our clerk and storekeeper, managed to finish up the vacation periods for the season and everyone is happy for having had a chance to stretch his limbs and draw a long breath.

Arthur Baxter is now Purser-Radio on the *Makana* for the Matson Navigation Company. Art says it's fine but he misses the fair sex.

Operator L. D. Evans relieved Operator LaFetra aboard the *Matsonia* this trip. We are planning on giving each one of the junior operators aboard the other Matson vessels an opportunity to become familiar with the tube set by making one trip on the *Matsonia*. It's kind of rough, sailing the day after arriving, but each will get two weeks in on the final change.

Operator E. J. Clark, a graduate of the Radio Institute, was assigned to *Barge 93*. Operator J. J. McGrath rejoins his old ship, the *Algonquin*, and is bound for Taku Bar, China.

J. P. O'Leary has just returned from a trip around the world on the *Diana Dollar* and is taking a shore-side vacation. Carl M. English of the schooner *Ozmo* is going around the world with *Diana*.

Rudolph Jenson, junior of the *Mau*, has resigned to go into business ashore and we wish him luck. A. D. Mair has taken his place aboard the *Mau*.

E. H. Martinelli has joined the *Nanking* with B. C. McDonald. We hope Mack will take good care of Mart.

L. H. Hardingham was assigned to the *Santa Barbara* bound for the East Coast. Strange how these old-timers always stage a come-back.

Our instructor or director, as we may style him, Mr. Fassett, of the Radio Institute, gave a talk before the Bay Counties Radio Club in Berkeley recently. Fassett told the bunch how he could judge a man's character by the style of his aerial. He forgot all about the one he put up himself in 1908, and he turned out to be a pretty good fellow himself.

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#### PORT OF LOS ANGELES

**M**ONROE G. SOMERS who has been on our waiting list for several months was assigned to the steam yacht *Casiana*, said to be the largest private yacht afloat—

and we can readily believe it from what we saw of this trim floating palace.

Since his assignment, Somers is growing a moustache, radiating about one amp.

Southern California has been all "het up" the past two weeks, the thermometer ranging from 95 to as hot as you like it, but we always have a cool breeze on the waterfront when the radio men call on us, as we don't mind the hot weather.

#### SEATTLE

THE steamer *Queen* has laid up for the winter. M. De Shazo, who was first on the *Queen*, will relieve Edwin Kraft as second on the *Ruth Alexander*. Kraft will commence the winter quarter at the University of Washington.

E. Parks, lately second on the *Queen*, will replace G. Metcalf as second on the *Admiral Schley*. Metcalf says the rigorous maritime life has a deleterious effect on his health. He is, therefore, planning on taking a claim on some Government acreage, sufficient distance inland to be away from the smell of the ocean atmosphere.

Our construction engineer, Mr. Henry Barker, has just returned from his vacation. Asked how he had enjoyed himself, he replied, "Great! I sawed nearly enough wood to fill our woodshed, and spent the rest of the time trying to make my Ford run."

Lister Payne relieved George Snyder on the *Louise Nielsen*. Snyder was assigned as second on the *Curacao*.

With the closing down of the Alaskan canneries and laying up of a number of vessels for the winter, there are a number of operators on the beach in this district. If the number increases we are going to erect a tent on the roof of our building for them to use as a static room. (Maybe.)

Mr. Linden, Assistant Radio Inspector of San Francisco, is temporarily relieving Mr. Redfern, Radio Inspector at Seattle. The Radio Corporation Seattle Manager had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Linden to the members of the Seattle branch of the I. R. E. recently.

The continued fine weather in this district is getting on the nerves of the local dealers in amateur radio equipment. Everybody seems to have forgotten their radio hobby in the pursuit of outdoor recreation. The dealers have all been stocked up and "ready to go" for almost a month. Good weather can't hold out much longer, and when it does break we all feel confident that popular radio stock will start to move as rapidly as it did in the spring.

# **RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA**

**233 BROADWAY**

**WOOLWORTH BUILDING**

**NEW YORK**

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Let the Money You Make  
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# WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

PUBLISHED BY  
**RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA**

DECEMBER, 1922

VOLUME 3

AT  
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR  
EMPLOYEES



OUR NEW HOME, BROAD & BEAVER STREETS, NEW YORK

# RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

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## EDWARD J. NALLY TO TAKE UP NEW IMPORTANT POST IN PARIS

Edward J. Nally, now president of the Radio Corporation of America, will, on January 1st, 1923, take up his new duties as Managing Director of International Relations for the same company, with headquarters in Paris.

During the nine years that Mr. Nally has managed the affairs of the Radio Corporation and its predecessor, the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, the business of the corporation has been built up from relatively small figures to a volume which places the company among the largest and most progressive business organizations in the world.

At the time Mr. Nally took up the management of radio in this country, the operations included mainly ship to shore and ship to ship message traffic. Under his direction the first inter-continental radio circuits were organized and placed in regular operation. He inaugurated radio communication between the United States and Hawaii; the United States and Japan; and between this country and England, France, Germany, Norway, Italy and other European countries.

Already the Radio Corporation of America is handling nearly one quarter of the message traffic across the Atlantic, and also a large proportion of the traffic across the Pacific.

In recent years it has been necessary for Mr. Nally to visit Europe two or three times annually, for extended periods, in order to care for the international interests of his company, and he has been successful in consummating long-term operating contracts with radio communication systems in England, France, Norway, Poland, Germany, Sweden, Holland, Italy and other countries, with all of which direct radio service is maintained to and from the United States. In Poland and Sweden Mr. Nally has closed contracts with the respective governments of those countries by which the Radio Corporation of America will construct and equip the high power radio stations which will communicate with the stations of the Radio Corporation in the United States.

The great growth in the corporation's affairs abroad has been such that at the November 17th meeting of the Board of Directors the new office of Managing Director of International Relations was created, Mr. Nally being elected to take up the work.

Mr. Nally, who has been in the communication business all his life, has been a prominent figure in the development of radio, both in this country and abroad, and because of his familiarity with conditions in Europe and his wide acquaint-



ance with influential government and commercial officials there, is especially well-qualified to represent the growing interests of radio in the foreign field. He will make his headquarters in Paris.

Before sailing for Europe to occupy his new post, Mr. Nally will be the guest at several important dinners given by commercial and professional bodies of New York, plans for which are now under way.

Mr. Nally will be succeeded in the presidency by Major General James G. Harbord, who, until his resignation from the service, was Deputy Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

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### STRANDING OF TANKER *SWIFTSTAR*

**W**E were on our last forty-mile lap of an 11,000-mile round trip, Fall River, Mass., to San Pedro, Calif., for crude oil.

At 5 p. m., October 10th, bearings from NAH to NAF placed us some thirty-odd miles south of Block Island, and course was shaped from them. A heavy fog set in about 6 p. m., making it impossible to see more than 300 yards. Soundings and bearings were taken at intervals, placing us well clear of all land.

At 8:43 p. m., while testing with NAF, there was a sudden jolt throwing me from the chair, followed by another which threw an 18-inch Remington to the deck, the first wreck. Two good bumps and we were hard aground. It was impossible then to make out any coast line, one could hear only the surf breaking.

In half an hour the life-saving crew from Block Island were aboard to get details and lend any assistance. They left the ship within an hour and that was the last heard from them.

Attempts to back off the rocks were given up as futile. A heavy easterly swell was running which pounded the ship further on to the beach.

Messages were sent immediately to WLC for assistance from New York and Fall River. The Scott Wrecking Company replied within ten minutes, requesting our exact position and saying that tug had been dispatched to our assistance.

The stern was free and the heavy swell lifted it easily, bringing it down again and again heavily on the rocks. It seemed at times as though the ship would break in two. This continued all that night and during the early morning.

About midnight the fog lifted and the moon showed herself. We were within a stone's throw of the beach, lying

broadside to, with the swell breaking over continuously. Constant communication was kept with WLC, WST and NAF, keeping them familiar with all details as they occurred.

At 6 o'clock next morning the tug *Guardsman* hove in sight, but, unable to assist, returned to New London for pumping equipment. By this time the cargo pump-room had flooded and two boilers had been cut out, leaving steam on one boiler only. The engine-room and fire-room tank tops had also gone. Sand had choked up the pumps forward, making it impossible to keep number one hold and the forward pump-room clear of water. Now we were without pumps. The engine-room was leaking, but by means of auxiliary pumps the water was held in check and did not rise above the floor plates.

Shortly after the *Guardsman* had left the Standard Oil tanker *Eocene* came alongside offering to tow us off. If we were towed off then the ship would probably have sunk, as most of the tanks were punctured, and water leaking in forward and aft badly. She departed without salvage.

About this time the Navy mine sweeper *Chewink* heard of our plight and wanted all details. She received them gladly, NAF giving further information, but she never showed up to our assistance.

No word had been received from New York or Fall River regarding any tugs up to this time, and the KDPF seemed doomed to stay where she was for the time being. Meanwhile the after part of the ship was wrenching badly and it was impossible to stand without support. Then someone started a stampede and the crew with their grips and sea-bags rushed 'midships to the boat deck, determined not to move aft.

About 10 a. m. a message was broadcasted that we would probably have to abandon ship before nightfall. At that time not a ship was standing by, although several had asked our location. NAF informed that the Coast Guard cutter *Acushnet* had been advised but that she was in Gloucester and would not be in our position in time. Up to this time all information had been broadcasted and all ships in the vicinity knew our condition.

At 11 o'clock the after-peak bulkhead gave way, flooding the engine-room in a few minutes, putting the dynamos out of commission. All means of communication were now gone.

The after port boat was launched, and the captain and a few sailors left at 12:30 in an attempt to get ashore. 'Twas impossible to make a landing opposite the ship and they were soon lost in the fog. No other boats were launched, as any attempt to land a boat on the beach near the ship would

have been futile on account of the heavy breakers and large rocks.

The ship had settled considerably by this time and the pounding had subsided, making it a little more comfortable. She had a slight port list. Someone had broken into the ice-box and the store-rooms and fruit, bread, meat, etc., were taken up quickly by the crew. It was to be our last meal aboard KDPF.

The fog lifted for about half an hour at three o'clock and the usual curious natives were gathered on the beach.

A submarine was sighted coming round the end of the island, but at that time it was doubtful whether she was coming to us or not. A tug with three barges in tow passed in close, but attempts to signal her by means of S. O. S. on the fog-horn were useless and she passed on.

More fog.

At 4:15 the submarine lay off our windward quarter, and the first boat left the ship with members of the crew and their baggage.

Three trips to the submarine and all the bunch had left good old KDPF, even to two kittens. We were packed like sardines in that submarine, and after two hours' ride were landed at New Harbor, Block Island.

The crew was dispatched at once to two Coast Guard stations, but "Yours truly", the O. M. and the "Chief" lived in state for three shipwreckers. We slept at a hotel!

At noon the next day the officials of the company, insurance man, underwriters, etc., landed at the island, there to remain. The crew, except those who were to stay to stand by the ship, were sent to Newport aboard the schooner *Dorothy M.*, and from there to Fall River, the end of the voyage.

And again, the old saying applies, "All's well that ends well."

The ship has since been refloated and re-conditioned.

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Here I wish to thank WLC and WST for their co-operation in handling the ship's traffic expeditiously, and also many thanks to WSA who was but ten miles away, for his courtesy in working his traffic. Not once did he jam.

One more. I wish to apologize for the QSC. QSC's were coming thick and fast in the early hours of the morning, but if there is any operator who can send straight stuff standing up with both feet braced, never knowing where you will land next when the ship lurches, hands purple with cold and shivering as if with the DT'S, let me hear of him.

## AND A FEW CO-INCIDENCES FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS

It was Friday the thirteenth the finale of the KDPF was heard. Paying off.

It was thirteen months to a day from the day I joined KDPF to the day I left her in the submarine.

Thirteen messages were abstracted for the month of October.

Thirteen of the crew were at one Coast Guard station, the other ten elsewhere.

It was thirteen hours from the time we first went ashore to the time the first messages regarding abandoning ship were sent.

It was 13GMT we should have been at Brenton Reef L. V.

Thirteen returned to the ship, including the crew who remained on the island.

And that's seven thirteens.

## RADIO OPERATORS OF TODAY

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE RADIO OFFICERS OF THE S.S. "ADRIATIC"

*By J. L. Bernard*

**W**OULD you expect to find talent for a radio broadcasting station below the decks of an ocean liner, puttering amid a mass of cooking utensils of the ship's galley? Our story opens on board the S. S. *Victoria* in 1919, when one telephone transmitting set was ready for operation but inarticulate for want of an artist to perform. The aerial impresário, now the chief radio officer of the *Adriatic*, Mr. P. S. Smith, had scoured the ship from stem to stern for one possessing the necessary qualifications to furnish the microphone with voice vibrations, only to find a cook willing to offer his services on the occasion of the first official telephone transmission tests on an English steamship.

Mr. Smith was among the distinguished radio officers who sailed with the staff of the *Victoria* which had been especially chartered for the experiments being conducted by the English Marconi Company. Among the notables aboard were twenty official correspondents, each of whom enjoyed the honor connected with a "Sir" prefix before his name.

Coastal stations and vessels within range of the *Victoria* on her maiden radio broadcasting voyage, besieged Mr. Smith with messages, all having the common text, "Give us another concert." The talking machine which outlasted the voice of the improvised artist, the cook, was in perpetual action en route. Traffic was occasionally interrupted, for what inducement was there for the budding operators of the service to



MARCONI OFFICERS OF THE S. S. ADRIATIC  
SENIOR OFFICER P. S. SMITH ON RIGHT  
JUNIOR OFFICER F. J. TRUE ON LEFT

discharge their usual duties when such an overwhelming attraction as real music filled the air for the first time?

The junior officer of the *Adriatic*, Mr. F. J. True, upon being approached and questioned concerning his seafaring experiences, which rite is a part of every follower of the sea, responded by saying, "I was born of humble and honest parents." However, the powerful influence of a generous sip of good old English tea, which all hands of the party enjoyed, favored the interviewer and thereupon Mr. True was free with a vividly-colored picture in which was painted a vessel taxed to its carrying capacity with Russian prisoners cap-

tured in France. While at sea an explosion occurred and Mr. True flashed an S. O. S. for immediate assistance. Meanwhile the *Manelan* settled by the stern until her main decks were awash by the heavy seas. The prisoners hurriedly organized their forces, overpowered the ship's crew and forced their way into the life-boats which they sent adrift, believing that the mainland was close at hand and that freedom would reward them for their perilous fight. Many found graves in the sea; the others who remained were taken to Russia on a vessel summoned by Mr. True's radiogram for help. In performing his duties on this occasion, Mr. True suffered no hardships; it was all in the game for radio men during the World War.

Mr. Smith of the *Adriatic* and Mr. Sandbach of our Traffic department at New York, made their first acquaintance when in the employ of the communication division of the Post Office department in London. The unique fascination of the employment offered by radio service has bound these men together into the world-wide fold of a common brotherhood—a fascination of which radio is the singular possessor. Today, after many years of diverse radio activities and experiences, the service still holds these men within the fraternity.

The ever-present call WCC designating the RCA station at Chatham, Mass., from which signals permeate the ether enveloping the greater portion of the Atlantic, indeed as far east as the harbors of the British Isles, finds its way into the radio cabin of the *Adriatic*. The elastic and invisible highways of communication over this vast area which are kept clear by the Chatham personnel are available to everyone aboard the *Adriatic*, wherever she may be, by way of her capable radio staff.

Both Messrs. Smith and True received their early training at the Marconi schools in London and Liverpool. Thereafter the stage of their experiences was set on more than twenty of the huge ocean-going vessels, the names of which are as familiar to us as those of the states of the Union. Both are affable gentlemen in whose company one will find genuine welcome, which has won for them a wide acquaintance of friends and has created an atmosphere of good fellowship about their radio quarters that makes a visit there most pleasant.

## OBSERVE THESE THREE

**I**N most respects the telephone is such an easy instrument to use that we are very likely to overlook a few simple and really obvious practices that ought to be observed in its use. For instance, the number of people who do not talk directly into the mouthpiece of the transmitter but speak across the mouthpiece, and often with their lips several inches away, is really surprising. Let the telephone user observe his own practice in this respect and bear in mind that the correct position is with the lips about but a fraction of an inch in front of the mouthpiece. To talk with the mouth six inches away from the transmitter cuts down the volume of sound which enters the mouthpiece thirty to forty times. It is as unsatisfactory as conversing with a person when he is thirty feet away rather than when he is but three or four feet away.

In case either party to a telephone conversation has any difficulty in understanding, a marked improvement will result from talking slowly and distinctly. In fact, at no time when using the telephone is anything gained by rapid speaking.

As an aid to understanding a telephone message when one's surroundings are noisy, the transmitter mouthpiece may be covered with the hand while listening. This shuts out the extraneous noise from the transmitter and prevents the reproduction of this noise in the receiver which the listener holds to his ear, where it would tend to confuse the distant speaker's voice.

These three practices, although extremely simple, will, if consistently observed, be found to yield results amply justifying the slight attention they require.

---

THE MARORE AIDS THE FIRMORE

While passing north thru the Canal the *Marore* struck a rock on the port bow. A message to the agent at Cristobal was immediately forwarded. Next day we continued our voyage north, passing Cape Maysi October 18th. Sent a message to Cape May station of RCA. Heard the *Firmore* 100 miles north of us requesting a message be relayed to New York. This message to ORESTECO office relating to the *Firmore's* delay of 48 hours on account of engine trouble also forwarded immediately. Went off watch 1 a. m. October 19th, understanding the *Firmore* was O. K. and on her way to a Cuban ore port. Next morning the atmospheric conditions were very unfavorable. Along about 1 p. m. heard the *Firmore* desiring help, turbine engine disabled again, and she was adrift. Verified her position 190 miles south of the *Marore*. During whole night sent code and plain messages to New York without a moment's delay. The *Santa Luisa*

assisted during the emergency, thanks to efficient and true-spirited RCA operator, Mr. Rogers. Specific orders received to proceed aid of *Firmore* 1 a. m., 20th. Verified *Firmore's* position once more during night, sent messages to ORESTECO stating *Marore* due to reach disabled ship in the morning. Went to sleep early a. m. October 21st, but was up at 6 a. m. Sighted the *Firmore*, and later found out her dynamo was also out of commission. *Firmore* was taken in tow. Next morning, October 22nd, arrived at Felton, Cuba, to transfer fuel from *Firmore*. On the way to Cuba arrangements as to fuel transfer were made possible by *Firmore* putting her receiving set buzzer in series with aerial as a simple buzzer set. From Felton, proceeded north, keeping in touch with New York RCA station all the journey. Long distance and congested traffic never was an obstacle for me in keeping direct communications with New York, due to very efficient apparatus of the ship. All the messages sent and received were transmitted to *Firmore* by me, as operator could not listen while *Marore* was working. We arrived at New York about seven days late. I did not realize the spirit of RCA personnel until this emergency arose, and I actually saw what a splendid service they are rendering ships in trouble under all circumstances, resulting in an assured perfect service to the steamship companies themselves; and it is my pride to be able to boast that I am in such an association.

FRED SALIM,  
Operator-in-Charge S. S. "*Marore*."

The following letter is pleasant reading for all of us:

*Ore Steamship Corporation*

25 BROADWAY, CUNARD BUILDING

JOHN H. GREGG  
President  
H. W. WATLEY  
Vice President

*New York*, November 13, 1922.

IN REPLY REFER TO  
OD-280-0-2/1

Dear Mr. Porter:

RADIO ACTIVITIES - S/S MARORE

I have your letter of the 11th instant, and copy of report made by operator Salim of the S/S *MARORE*, which I have noted with much interest.

Your letter and the report reminds me that I have been lax in not having written earlier requesting you to thank your operators on the *LORNE* and *VIRGINIA*, and your staff at Broad 5100 for the efficient service they rendered while the *VIRGINIA* was disabled.

I had occasion to communicate with your office at Broad 5100 a number of times during the first few nights after we received the distress message from the *VIRGINIA*, and was very much pleased with the hearty spirit of cooperation shown and the efficient manner in which the messages were handled. Will you please, therefore, convey to all concerned my appreciation of their services.

Very truly yours,

*H. W. Watley*  
Vice President.

G. Harold Porter, General Supt.,  
Radio Corporation of America,  
235 Broadway,  
New York, N. Y.



## MISTAKES

When the plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it's just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake—good night!

---

If you strike a thorn or rose,

Keep a-goin'!

If it hails or if it snows,

Keep a-goin'!

'Tain't no use to sit and whine,

When the fish ain't on your line.

---

LA PALOMA TO ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN SEAS

Ho, for the South Seas!

Away down below the equator, in the realm of "Bully" Hayes and the bucko mates of yesteryear in the South Pacific.

Within a month the sails of *La Paloma* will be spread and in command of Captain Anderson, the trim little vessel will be headed down to Tahiti, to Samoa and through the Gilberts.

Can anyone conjecture a voyage, a cruise, more alluring than this; one that fairly sizzles with pictures of pirates, buried treasure, isolated islands, strange, bronze-skinned races still living primitive lives, idols and temples, sunny skies and sapphire seas, of tinted coral and *beche-de-mer*; isles where once trading vessels visited and traded for copra and rare birds and pearls?

*La Paloma*, once the pride of Commodore Clarence Macfarlane, and a frequent sight in the channels and Pearl Harbor, was twice entered in the trans-Pacific yacht race, and now is owned by Captain Anderson, one of the Greig family that owned Washington and Fanning Islands. The vessel is now on the Inter-Island drydock at Honolulu being repaired, painted and made one of the staunchest little vessels that ever nosed out of Honolulu harbor.

A small engine is being installed in the vessel so that there will be no tiresome delays in reaching anchorages.

Anderson will probably have a crew of five with him, and it is expected that his wife will go along, for she was aboard on the last cruise of the little vessel. It will be a vacation cruise and will last at least three months.

And now Captain Anderson will be pestered to death by a lot of folks who will want to be in on that wonderful South Seas cruise. However, there's room for only five or six people on board.

Anderson recently resigned from our staff at Koko Head.

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### RADIO PROVIDENT CLUB SECOND ANNUAL FALL DANCE

On Friday evening, November 3rd, in the ballroom of the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, nearly 200 members of the Radio Corporation of America staff and their friends gathered for the second annual dance. Everyone present agreed that this affair was by far the most enjoyable which we have yet held and hoped for a chance to attend a similar function in the near future. Excellent music was provided by the Paramount Dance Orchestra of Brooklyn.

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### LOSS OF THE CITY OF HONOLULU

*By H. L. Bleakney*

ON Thursday morning, October 12th at 5:50 a general fire alarm was sounded on the S. S. *City of Honolulu*.

At the same time, Capt. Lester telephoned from the bridge to Operator Kumler requesting him to report to the bridge immediately, Kumler being on watch at this time. Mr. Kumler at once awakened Senior Operator Bell, explaining the situation, and Bell took charge of the radio, while Kumler reported to Capt. Lester, and was instructed by the captain to send out a general alarm, informing all ships that there was a fire aboard, and requesting them to stand by for position.

The Radio Corporation of America's station (KPH), San Francisco, instantly answered the call, asking "Any report for San Francisco?" The *City of Honolulu* replied, "No, not yet; stand by."

On receiving the reply to his query, KPH took entire control of the air, instructing all ships and land stations to stop working and stand by for further details.

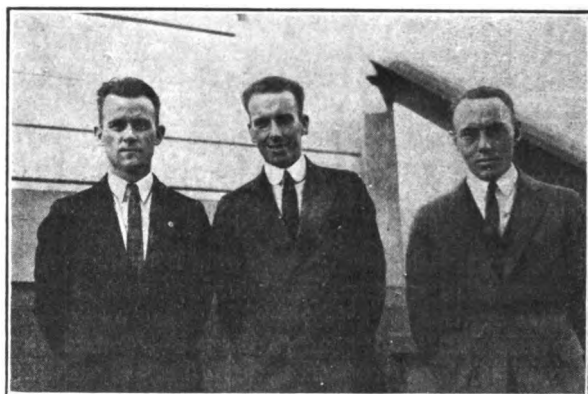
At 5:58 a. m. the ship sent her position broadcast, which was acknowledged by KPH, and positions exchanged with the transport *Thomas*, S. S. *Enterprise* and *Manoa*.

At 6:30 a. m. the *City of Honolulu* exchanged position information with the *City of Los Angeles*.

At 6:58 a. m. a naval station asked KPH for information regarding the seriousness of the fire.

From 7:00 to 7:30 a. m. all was quiet with exception of a call from the *S. S. Homer* and a service message from the *S. S. H. F. Alexander*.

At 7:30 a. m. KPH called the *City of Honolulu*, sending a service message asking, "Is fire any worse? How are our signals?" The ship replied, "Fire about same according to last word. Your signals loud."



LEFT TO RIGHT—W. P. BELL, H. D. HANCOCK,  
N. C. KUMLER

At 7:54 a. m. KPH delivered an eighteen word, reply-paid message to the ship.

From 7:54 a. m. to 8:30 a. m. all was quiet with the exception of one message received by KPH from the *Glamorganshire*.

At 8:30 a. m., two hours and thirty-four minutes after the first notification of trouble, the *City of Honolulu* called "S. O. S. de KUSD", followed by her position and a call to the *S. S. Enterprise* requesting that she come to her aid at once. KPH at once acknowledged the S. O. S. and asked if there was anything further. The *City of Honolulu* replied "Nil" and asked if KPH had heard his message to the *Enterprise*.

Up to this time KPH was the only shore station working with the burning liner, and continued in direct communication with her until 10:10 a. m., when the *City of Honolulu* sent the following rush message to KPH: "Leaving ship now,

good bye." Which was the last word received from the burning ship.

The foregoing establishes a record for radio efficiency which has never been surpassed, and possibly, in many ways, not equaled. Instant communication between a burning ship at sea and a shore station, approximately separated by seven hundred miles of water, carried on during broad daylight, is in itself a notable achievement, and has been favorably commented upon by passengers and crew of the ill-fated steamer, who all felt a certain sense of safety, knowing that they were in instant communication with the Radio Corporation's station at San Francisco, and that this station controlled the situation and could be relied upon to stand by until all ships were notified of their plight and rescue was made.

The heroic part played by the radio operators may be summed up in the following message which was sent to the S. S. *Enterprise* and copied by KPH station, at 9:58 a. m.: "All left but Captain, chief officer, chief engineer and wireless. We standing by ship."

At the time the above message was being transmitted, Radio Operators Hancock and Kumler were at their life-boat stations assisting in loading passengers in the life-boats and remained at their post of duty until all passengers were safely lowered; and Operator Hancock taking charge of his boat for three hours until the chief officer was transferred from another boat, when he took charge in Hancock's place.

Senior Operator Bell, after sending his last message, grabbed his telegraph bug and was in the act of opening a drawer for the ship's log when the vessel gave a lurch, and he made a run for the life-boat, missing his log sheet, but the proud possessor of his bug and relay, neither of which, of course, could be used in a life-boat, but which will come in handy on his next assignment.

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#### NEW YORK BROAD STREET

**O**N Election day we were requested by the United Press to take their traffic for the Pacific Coast. In less than five minutes we were in touch with Frisco (KET) and in less than that time had the Traffic Manager O. K. to GA. We were soon buzzing along merrily via WQL and the Air route with splendid results.

Joe Lynch, who was at the transmitter, was presented with a cigar and wore his horn-rimmed glasses for the occasion.

We regret our publicity man failed to make this quite important item known to the public through the press, which would without a doubt have added a very interesting feature to the already established efficiency in trans-Atlantic transmission.

We do not think any awards have been made to anyone of the Broad Street staff for suggestions. If they don't hurry none will be required as the improvements that are being made daily will bring the operating room to such a high standard of completeness that no suggestions will be required.

Now that Mr. Weaver has his own office it won't be so embarrassing for him this coming winter when he is removing his rubber boots.

Mr. Barsby has gone up, and is now located in the Traffic Managers department.

Mr. Cowden has returned after a few months' fishing at Cape Cod, and is now Assistant Superintendent.

Mr. Anderson is doing good work re-organizing the various departments connected with the operating room, and with the co-operation of Mr. Chadwick, a general improvement is already evident.

Mr. Leslie, of the Error department, is now living near 181st Street; so is Miss Owens.

Mr. Heiser has been transferred to Chatham and took with him a supply of oyster plants.

Mr. Briggs is quite an expert in the put-and-take system (cafeteria); ask Mr. Ranger. It has been suggested that the CE's be supplied with telescopes and a signal system be installed on each circuit denoting conditions, thereby enabling the O. E. on duty to write his log without the necessity of leaving his room. As we have no O. E.'s with one eye, we will not have to get any left-handed telescopes.

Tannenbaum and Kelly are vacationing in the Adirondack Mountains. We understand they motored to the foot of the mountains in Tannenbaum's high power car and walked the rest.

Sammy Freedman took a trip to New Orleans. Says he thought New Orleans was in a foreign country. He enjoyed the trip, nevertheless.

We hear that O. E. Taylor has started a course in Polish. We cannot say whether it refers to stove or shoe polish. Should think he gets enough polish at home.

As McClellan's trip has turned out so successful, we may be asked for another exchange of operators. There are still a few single men at Broad Street.

Otto Stenger exchanged four nickels for some beans in the Automat the other day, and placed them on one of the tables and went for a piece of pie. When he returned to the table he found two bowls of beans on his table and two on the table next. Not being able to recognize his thousand it was necessary for him to spend four more nickels, and when he had finished there still remained an order of beans. No wonder he's bean sore ever since.

### SAN FRANCISCO CITY OFFICE

**W**E are going to try and get this copy into the Editor's sanctorum before he empties the waste paper basket for the month, otherwise we might be among those missing. Like all others, we believe the Editor has a goat, and that possibly the goat gets hungry now and then.

Continuous Wave Latimer arrived from New York chuck full of vigor and vim. His implements were a fountain pen which held a gallon of ink, a pencil with a mile of lead, a slide rule which slid till it smoked, and two bales of blue prints and drawings. He arrived in action, remained five weeks in action, and slipped out gracefully after a thirty-hour shift, just to show that he was not yet fatigued. When he came we had an office full of most everything from shoe pegs to motor generators which had to be crawled over in order to move about. When he left, we had one of the niftiest remote control offices in the United States, which was completed in exactly 21 days. We take off our hats to you, Mr. Latimer, and hope you'll drop in to see us again.

The new Centralized Radio Control office is located at 314 California Street, three doors west of the office at 300. The operating room is at the front end of the office, the traffic files and servicing in the center and the abstracting and billing departments in the rear. The two offices are connected by a pneumatic tube system which greatly facilitates the handling of traffic from the operating room to the counter and delivery desks. There has been some delay in receipt of steel shelving, etc., on account of the railroad strike, but just as soon as these are received, we will ask the Editor to print some photographs of the new establishment.

The City office force extends a hearty welcome to Mr. F. M. Roy and his staff from the Marshall Station, who transferred to Frisco without a minute's interruption to the service. These men are: F. Wilhelm, Supervisor; N. R. Cherrigan, Supervisor; J. B. Brown, Operator; F. B. Arensburg, Operator; O. C. Arensburg, Operator; M. Solomon, Student; J. W. Cox, Student; and W. F. Lindauer, Service Clerk. Mr. Roy

has been appointed Assistant Superintendent and handles the duties of day supervisor.

With the discontinuance of Morse work, Operator Jackson was appointed Office Electrician and handled a large part of the installation work in a highly commendable manner. Hauselt has been appointed radio operator and Nichol resigned to accept a position as salesman for a large furniture concern. Thus, the Morse wire passed into oblivion at midnight July 31st, and the silence was really oppressive in the office at 300 for the first few days.

S. B. Hunter was engaged several weeks ago as Service Clerk but has been occupied as relief on the delivery desk and counter. J. R. Houston entered the service on August 21st as Service Clerk, which will give us a continuous service in that department.

Count Wilhelm left us for a short sojourn in the Land of the Rising Sun. He was to have left on October 2nd but for some reason or other he could not convince the Customs officials that he had been born, so he had to get some affidavits from prominent citizens who were willing to swear that he was alive. He finally got started on October 7th and we recently heard that he was unlimbering his mill at Tomioka. We are anxiously awaiting his appearance in print telling us in detail the adventures he is running into on the other side of the pond.

Joe Arensburg breezed in t'other day and cautiously asked if there was still a chance for him getting his vacation this year. Owing to the lateness of the season all hands thought he was going out as a demonstrator for some Eskimo Pie outfit and take advantage of the cold weather for demonstration purposes. Not so. Joe had just closed a deal whereby he became sole owner of a Buick roadster and he will soon be steering a straight course southward to the sandy beaches. Oscar, his brother, will have to be content with warming his lips on a saxophone during the winter.

Cherry Cherrigan has just returned from two weeks leisure which he spent south of the Tehachapi. During his vacation Jawn Hauselt acted as supervisor and kept the ball rollin' in a very commendable manner. We forgot to mention that Chet Jackson is acting as supervisor during Wilhelm's absence.

George Shecklen rejoined the force as Commercial Representative after a six months' leave of absence during which time he found that the selling of amateur radio apparatus was not as soft as some people led him to believe. He has taken up the solicitation duties in San Francisco and from all reports, the business men along the street are glad to see

him distributing the red top blanks. Harold Harding, who handled the work during Shecklen's absence, will be sent up and down the coast as outside man, a new job in this division.

Mrs. Sugerowe (nee Sabatino), our beautiful telephone operator, recently returned from a week's vacation spent in Los Angeles and surrounding territory. If she goes there again next year, she will know all the policemen in the city. Try another direction next year, Myrt. Mary Horton, maid of all work, took four days off and spent all the time in the hospital. She now has a magnificent ultra-soprano voice and warbles continuously. We don't hear much from the girls in the abstract room, meaning, of course, that they are all happy and enjoying the fall sales at the local department stores. Oh, yes, Sadie McLoon busted out in a big black fur a week or so ago, and swore she shot it herself.

Thursday, October 12th, was a holiday in the business section of the town and we flipped a coin to see whether or not we would observe Sunday hours. The gods of fate must have known that something was going to happen, for the coin told us to have all hands on the job. Sure enough, the steamer *City of Honolulu* took fire early that morning and we had all hands and the cook flying around the place in order to pacify the public that was eagerly seeking news. All in all, the situation was well handled and we will leave it to those who were closer to the scene to give you the details of fire. We are thankful, however, that the old ship had the decency to catch fire at some reasonable time.

Just to show our readers that the KPH station is on the job for all comers, take a slant at the following direct reports which were grabbed by the TR friends who watch the ether for short or long hauls:

October 12th, 8 p. m.: S. S. *Homer* 402 yards south of Mile Rock.

October 29th, 8 p. m.: S. S. *Algonquin*, San Francisco for Tsingtau, China, 5,930 miles from San Francisco.

Be it known that Mile Rock is in the Golden Gate and that the *Homer* was anchored there assisting in the work of floating the oil tanker *Lyman Stewart* which piled up near the Cliff House after a collision with the *Walter Luckenbach*. And incidentally the *Algonquin* included in her message that she would arrive in Tsingtau on the morning following the sending of her long distance report. There is no need to add that the steamer *Tahiti* was in communication every night from the time she left San Francisco until her arrival in Sydney, Australia, and return. This is getting to be so commonplace there is hardly any use mentioning it. After the



*City of Honolulu* disaster, we did a little experimenting in putting the marine signals onto a tone channel so they could be copied direct in San Francisco. Results were good. Our second attempt brought in the *Algonquin* 5,674 miles from San Francisco and smeared his signal all over California Street. Shet Jackson said he had to wear earmuffs to save the wear and tear on his ears.

Red Roy, our able Assistant Superintendent, is having trouble with his specks lately. He knocked off today noon for an extra half hour in order to get his third pair fitted. Third pair this month, think of it. Several suggestions have been offered which he has sifted down to two possibilities—that of buying specks by the gross, and that of having the next pair riveted through the bridge of the nose. Offhand, we would say it was the smell of his pipe that knocks them off so regularly.

Isaac Colbert. Isn't that a swell name for a telegraph operator? Nevertheless, Ike holds the second trick counter job down and handles the Marine Bureau on the side. He's always on the job, but Lord help the man who attempts to hang three balls outside the office. Ike says he was named after the family dorg.

That's all there is; there isn't any more.

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### KAHUKU

**A**LTHOUGH we don't do it very often, we like to get into print once in a while just to let the rest of the world know we are still here doing business at the old stand.

We still have our comings and goings. Recently we welcomed to our happy family E. C. Hersam and H. G. Jagers and his family, all formerly of Bolinas. The well-known and justly famous Irish Comedian Walter Pat Flanigan has left us to assume his duties in the land of the web foot and husky voice, namely the above-mentioned Bolinas, otherwise known as the First National Fog Bank. By the way, Pat, let us know when the big noise is coming off, and why that Los Angeles trip?

They have moved all the ops. from Koko Head into Honolulu but that in no way accounts for the unusual amount of business Morris seems to have at the City Office lately (Bless you, my children).

Here is a problem for some of you mathematical sharks: If Mr. Graff buys an Essex from Dean for  $x$  dollars and then sells it to Carlisle for  $y$  dollars and then buys Morris's Buick for  $z$  dollars, how much did he make or lose, and if so, why?

We were surprised to learn that Mr. Finch, after having

all the fair Wahinis of Hawaii swelling the tide with their tears over his departure, had immediately proceeded to play the part of Leslie the He-Vamp as soon as he arrived in New York. How about it, J. L.?

Having said that which we started to say, we will now bring the meeting to a close by singing that grand old tune, "How Long It is Between Paydays."

The foregoing is from the gifted pen of inmate X and since he has again resumed his lethargic state, we take pleasure in being able to permit you to take advantage of a rare opportunity to peruse the works of another of our literary bombshells, so to speak.

I. M. Deprave-d,  
*Associate Editor.*

Considering the irregular intervals between KU's appearance in this magazine, it would not be surprising if you sometimes doubt the existence of the station. However, a little listening in on either of its two wave lengths will be evidence that the ether is getting no rest from our attacks. In fact, said attacks have been intensified, as we now have all tuning coils housed in, which prevents the inductance from making visits to unknown quarters, as was its habit whenever Old Man Jupiter turned on the faucet. As a result of the housings, Peterson, our Chief Rigger, is glad to see the grass growing on the once-beaten path of the night watch at his door.

The station's location makes social gatherings few and far between. But each has his own diversions on "time-off" in Honolulu. Perhaps this is a reason why our diary is not often seen in this W. W. W. The extent of one's speed in town is automatically registered with the others, upon his appearance as he drifts home again. Observations of one E. P. Hill here, cause us to think seriously of putting a pussy-foot on his trail. We know that the drive to, and parking on, Punch Bowl crater, is a very pleasant evening's diversion, particularly on a moonlight night ;but why the taxi-driver should go in search of night-blooming cereus when there are none within miles of Punch Bowl, we cannot understand—that is, exactly.

Sorry we haven't anything on Mr. and Mrs. Franklin for you. They seem to keep their reputation on a pretty substantial foundation. He and two other semi-intelligent laborers (B. K.-Rub) he, with the assistance of two semi-intelligent laborers have been trying to take the Hula curves

out of the masts. He was a righteous youth when he arrived here.—A. R.

Skinny Thronsen still manages to tip the scales to two-fifty or better, despite his continual round of pleasure with machinists' troubles. Thronsen has worked in the salmon packing game for years, and when he calls some one a poor fish, we know it's an expression of sympathy.

Thanks to someone, our Engineer-in-Charge has had to cancel his sailing reservations and remain with us a little longer. So our congenial little family will probably remain the same until the next headline even of KAHUKU appears in this worthy publication.

*Aloha.*

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### BOLINAS

Dear Editor:—

This may be late, but we've all been so blame busy out here that we hardly got time to keep the wolf away from the back door, without trying to be literary. The wolf proposition is serious, though, when they come up and gnaw the handles off the garbage can. Meyers saw the wolf and I'm not doubting his word, but they generally go hand in arm with the pink elephants and spotted rhinoceroses and white horses that wave their hands at you. I don't see how any man could pick a lone coyote out of a zoo like that. Also, Nidros had some alarming experiences with animals. A coon visited his chicken corral the other evening, and Nidros's dogs, being pretty wise, figured they wouldn't tempt fate and would rather see Nidros lose a couple of chickens than two good dogs. Word filtered back here that some of the sporting blood in the Honolulu Isles went pig hunting with dogs, axes and three hundred rounds of ammunition and took Messrs. Finch, Graff, et al., along for decoys and didn't see nary a hog. Well, friends, we have a man here who has established a record in pig hunting. Coming home from Petaluma, Nidros was cruising along and two ambitious pigs sought to give him a race. Nidros won the race and downed both hogs and they must have been bad pigs and died hard because Nidros' Ford Whoopie looked like it had been through a rock crusher. Riddle chased a fox home from San Rafael last Sunday night and Ray Pepper came near running over another deer, but as I said before, I'm glad the boys chase little animals and don't pick out one of the big pink elephants, 'cause if two pigs can wreck a Ford like I see Nidros' wrecked, imagine what an elephant would do to a Chevrolet.

Hunting has been patronized by some of the boys. Cross

wants to go snipe hunting and we're soon going to have a real honest-to-gosh snipe hunt like the boys throw at Rocky Point. Beltz brought in five ducks that smelled and tasted like they had just come in from Cape Cod. They tasted just like Portuguese sandwiches minus the garlic; fish is fine but fish and game don't mix—although they do have the Fish and Game Commission in this State—and maybe that's why the game tastes so fishy. Anyway, some time ago we went fishing and caught a lot of abalones and some eels. There is some argument as to whether an eel is slicker than an abalone is hard to pry off; but from experience I would say an eel wins in a walk because I've seen three men try to pick up one little eel and then they could hardly manage him. I can understand now all the comparisons I've heard about eels.

It's soon going to be time to vote and from the way the boys are talking I guess the bootleggers are going to have to go to work. We heard a red-hot lecture, and while everybody agreed it didn't apply to none of us, still our duty was plain to see, so with Slattery running for Constable, we sure ought to line up 100% for Law and Order.

Kraft, Slattery, Beltz and Riddle all attended the Better Bull meetings and reported some valuable information.

Meyers has become Heap Big Chief with the little reservation on the beach at Marshall. They have christened him Sit-and-Bull Meyers. We understand this is a high honor and only a very few of our prominent members have held this distinction.

As far as I can remember this is about all that has happened except the dance at Bloomfield and the space is too narrow to start a discussion of that party.

*More Anon.*

I think it will be of interest to publish the extraordinary results obtained from the 5 KW. 60-cycle non-synchronous rotary spark set at Bolinas, operating on 600 meters.

In the summer months of June, July and August, this set consistently carried on communication both ways with vessels 5,800 miles distant, some of the ships being only a few hours out of Wellington, New Zealand, and others only a short distance from Tsingtau, China.

KPH receiving station at Marshall has made a report showing the distance covered direct, both ways, with the tanker *Algonquin*, 5,676 miles from San Francisco, and the *Maunganui*, arriving in Wellington, New Zealand the following afternoon after the TR was received.

The signals from the *Algonquin* were so strong that they were placed on a tone channel at Marshall and transmitted to San Francisco.

## HONOLULU

**H**ONOLULU Centralized Control Station; the dream of less than two years ago, is now an accomplished fact.

On September 25th, at midnight, Koko Head was officially abandoned as a control station and at the same time HU office assumed a new and greater importance in the RCA family.

Traffic was handled from the new location without a hitch; the first message sent from here being an official greeting from the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce to the San Francisco body. Similar messages were received from San Francisco and all were expressive of the appreciation felt for the efforts of the Corporation toward improvement of communication between Hawaii and the mainland.

To date, nothing has happened to weaken our confidence in the new system. Our four tone-channels to Koko Head have remained quiet and effective in spite of rainy weather and static. Control-line losses have been reduced, due to a shorter connection with Kahuku; and the Mutual Telephone Company's engineers have been instantaneous in their response to our reports of trouble on the latter wires, clearing up grounds and opens with surprising speed.

All of the operators, and especially the married ones, are delighted with the new arrangement. It really amounts to a shorter working day for those that used to commute between Honolulu and KO and saves them even more time during the rainy season, as the roads to KO become almost impassable during that time.

The new office makes use of time-tested forms of apparatus such as are in use at Broad Street and San Francisco. The signals are piped in at audio frequency from Koko Head and amplified to the strength necessary for operation of the recorder and telephone circuits.

The monitor signals from the two transmitters are handled in a like manner, excepting that the separation of the two signals is performed at HU by means of audio frequency tuning; KIE coming in at a high pitch and KGI having a lower note.

As might have been expected, a perfect signal from KET is received here at practically all times. An ordinary land line relay and sounder connected in the rectifier circuit of the S. F. amplifier gives about the same results as a land wire, and when we connected the relay to our KIE transmitter the other day, S. F. told us that it sounded the same as his monitor set, excepting for a slight lag.

The operators are looking forward to the time when they can check the messages off as they pass through from

S. F. to Japan and vice versa, being relayed automatically by KI Eand KGI, respectively.

Our prime source of power for the control lines, etc., is the Hawaiian Electric Company. Their power house is located a scant three blocks away and is a modern plant in every respect. It is not likely that H. E. power will fail us very often, but if it does fail we have storage batteries of sufficient capacity to run us for several days.

Mr. Latimer, who with the assistance of Ye Humble Scribe installed the HU plant, is now sojourning in Japan, accompanied by Assistant Superintendent Oxenham of this station and Supervisor Wilhelm of San Francisco. It is expected that these three men, who are exceptionally well-qualified for the tasks assigned them, will render valuable assistance to our Japanese friends and thus perfect the chain of Radio Communication between the U. S. and Japan. Great strides have already been made in this direction and we believe that in the near future this circuit will yield satisfactory returns.

The following is the personnel of the new operating room:

In the absence of Assistant Superintendent H. A. Oxenham, Supervisor W. P. Schneider is acting in that capacity, looking after the details in general.

Mr. R. I. Hatch, formerly of the Honolulu City office, is the head electrician.

The other supervisors are Mr. George Street and Mr. L. E. Nichols.

The operators are as follows: C. E. McNess, A. B. Pontius, C. G. B. Meridith, H. W. Marion, A. J. Lindholm, J. J. Neville, W. N. Ferrell and R. S. Roehrig.

Chief clerks are: D. Reidy, J. F. Seals and J. S. Wright.

Personnel of business office follows: W. P. S. Hawk, Superintendent; R. R. Carlisle, Cashier and Bookkeeper; Elinor Winter, Stenographic Clerk; Esther Lackey, Counter Clerk; Edward Ha, Counter Clerk; Owen K. Harrison, Delivery Clerk; and Frank De Coito, Delivery Clerk. There are five messenger boys.

Below are the official messages referred to:

**SAN FRANCISCO, SEPT. 25.**

**PRESIDENT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,  
HONOLULU.**

**DEFINITE ESTABLISHMENT FIRST DIRECT WIRELESS  
COMMUNICATION BETWEEN HONOLULU AND SAN FRAN-  
CISCO MARKS GREAT AND IMPORTANT EPOCH IN  
OUR RELATIONSHIP. SIGNIFICANCE AND IM-**

PORTANCE OF SUCH AN EVENT CAN HARDLY BE  
OVERESTIMATED AND FORMS ANOTHER LINK  
WHICH BINDS HAWAII TO THE PACIFIC COAST.  
WE HEARTILY CONGRATULATE YOU AND OURSELVES  
AND I WILL BRING TO HONOLULU IN OCTOBER  
SENTIMENTS OF OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND  
BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

LYNCH,  
VICE PRESIDENT.  
HONOLULU, SEPT. 24.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

RECEIPT OF THIS MESSAGE ANNOUNCES AND  
DEFINITELY ESTABLISHES FIRST DIRECT  
WIRELESS COMMUNICATION BETWEEN HONOLULU  
AND SAN FRANCISCO WITH COMPLETION OF  
CENTRALIZED RADIO THIS CITY TONIGHT.  
GREETINGS AND CONGRATULATIONS FROM CHAMBER  
OF COMMERCE HONOLULU.

COOKE, PRESIDENT.

---

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT  
THE RADIO PATHFINDER

\$1.50—Doubleday, Page & Co., New York

Written by one of our engineers, Richard H. Ranger

Illustrated delightfully by Thom Monroe

For those who wish to delve into the mysteries of Broadcast-  
ing in an easy and entertaining way.

For Sale By

THE WIRELESS PRESS

and the

RADIO PROVIDENT CLUB

Woolworth Building, New York

## FAMILIAR SAYINGS

*Overheard in the Sales Department Loud-Speaker*

*O! would the Power the giftie gie us  
To see our sel's as ithers see us*

BURNS

DS	Let's have the facts.
EEB	PSM—
Belanger	I told him you were out.
Goulden	I have found another error in the catalog.
Gawler	Wow! this bird sticks out like skin disease.
Brunet	This is fundamental.
Nance	Our export policy—etc.
Cominsky	I've got a new lot.
Terwilliger	They have no rating in Bradstreet's.
Edwards	Have you a cigar?—Listen to this one.
Geo. Clark	It was a great radio show—Let's go in 'em all.
Pearl	I broke off the engagement.
Bernard	They gave us a great write-up.
Adams, Q.	Fellows, we are swamped with orders.
Adams, Ira	Well, now let's see—Sign this statement.
Berger	"For your information."
Philip	"Life's too short"—the dealer won't do it.
Haber	I'll make pie out of you.
CMS	Very high hat.
Pieri	I'll make a stab at it.
Bn	Get the slant!
Galvin	Fine dish!
Stoner	(To visiting distributor) "Shake."
Avendano	I like muchos Chili sauce.
Flynn	(Dictating letter to dealer) "Dear Sir: Your cuts were shipped last week, etc."
Miss Miller	I have an appointment!
Miss McInnes	He's in conference now!
Schmidt	Look at my file basket.
Stevenson	Do you know — — — —
Genet	I laid out a big shipment today.
G. Heisel	We never make errors.
JM Sawyer	That's nothing—Did you know that — — —
AR Beyer	Well—I don't know about that.
AE Crocker	I think we should be careful.
JM McKenty	I want you to — — —
ML Bergin	Well, now—Let me see.
PG Parker	It's a great game.
H. Higgs	Y'see. It's this way.
A. Sloyan	CLOSE THE DOOR! !
F.Brick	I can make it work.
DuBois	O well, tomorrow's another day.
Nelson	It must be done immediately.
Blount	WOW! But I talked to him.
WT Lee	It is up to you to get busy
EC Anderson	He welcomed me with open arms.
I Hardy	Yes, I got a small order.
EBP	Have you a story for me this month?



## RADIO UTILIZED BY THE EVENING HERALD IN ELECTION BEAT

**M**ANY thousands of readers of The Evening Herald marveled on election day when, beginning in the edition of 2:30 P. M. and continuing steadily in those issued from that time on, they read accurate election results from states in the far East. Many factors go to make up a great newspaper, so many that the average reader would be amazed merely to hear them enumerated. One of the latest, and that which made possible the excellence of this newspaper's election reports is RADIO.

The International News Service, with its many thousands of news gatherers, secured the co-operation of the RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, with the result that at 2 P. M., Pacific Coast time, which is 5 o'clock in the East, the count on the Atlantic seaboard began to be recorded in the office of The Evening Herald. This feat gave a distinct advantage to this paper over its afternoon rivals, who had to wait for the wire service, congested as it was because of the unusual character of the occasion.

In addition were the other two regular news services which The Evening Herald receives—three in all—and the result was that no rival could come within hailing distance. The old slogan, "First with the Latest," was once more fully justified and its truthfulness completely demonstrated.

The development of wireless telegraphy has been marvelous. It was only 40 years ago, in 1882, that Amos Emerson Dolbear, an American, the discoverer of the principle, was refused a patent for telegraphing without wires on the ground that it was "contrary to science and would not work." Today we realize its possibilities are boundless.

*(Los Angeles Herald.)*

## SOMETHING WORTH THINKING ABOUT

*By C. J. Ross*

**A** CERTAIN ancient history records an instance of filial affection worth remembering, referring to a city which was besieged and surrendered to be destroyed.

Among the inhabitants were two brothers who in some way had obligated the conqueror, who gave them permission to retire before the destruction, taking with them as much personal property as they could carry.

When the brothers appeared at the gates of the doomed city one was bearing their mother and the other their father.

## LOOK OUT FOR YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER

He hadn't the time when he felt the vim  
To be winning success and praise,  
To let his thoughts drift back to them  
With their simple, old-fashioned ways;  
Since the day he mastered the Radio code  
And sailed away on the ship.  
The way seemed long to the little home town  
And he never had time for the trip.

The tree he planted was pink with bloom  
And fondly, as parents will,  
They gathered sprays for the little room  
That they thought of as his room still.  
They watched and waited and dreamed and sighed,  
Lonely and old and gray.  
And the hope that the morning had brought them died  
When the postman had gone his way.

He never had time when the fair winds blew  
And the light of success on him shone  
And flattering friends praised his triumphs all new,  
To think of them there all alone.  
But he found the time in the later years  
To wish that he might forget  
And to feel while wiping away his tears  
The ache of an old regret.

## NORWAY BUILDS A STATION

Additional commercial radio telegraph facilities between Norway and the United States are to be secured by the installation of a powerful station on Rundemanden, a mountain 2,500 feet high near Bergen, Norway. The station will work with England and the Continent as well as North America.

## COST OF A BUSINESS LETTER

Probably few business men have delved into the subject deeply enough to ascertain the cost per letter of their outgoing correspondence. According to the figures of a prominent paper manufacturer, the cost of producing an average business letter, using a good grade of paper and envelopes, is a little over 18 cents. Itemized costs per letter follow:

Labor: Stenographic service.....	\$0.0727
Office overhead .....	.0727
Postage .....	.0200
Printing or lithographing letters and envelopes.....	.0062
Paper and envelopes .....	.0126

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\$0.1842

## SALES DEPARTMENT, NEW YORK

## PERSONALITIES

Mr. Pieri recently returned from an extensive trip to Cincinnati and St. Louis, where he made several interesting public addresses.

One radio exhibit held at the Grand Central Palace, New York, was very well patronized by the general public, and there were many comments made approving the display board showing the manufacturing operations of our Raidotron tubes.

We see that John Panzuto has gone in for facial decorations, especially around the eyes. We are now curious to learn whether John is a disciple of the manly art of self-defense.

It is with great pleasure that we announce that Mr. Harry Higgs' most strenuous efforts have at last been rewarded, and his department is now fully equipped with new office furniture. This certainly should increase the efficiency of Harry's department, if this is at all possible.

Mr. Schaeffer evidently finds our phone service to be a source of amusement and entertainment, judging by the hon-eyed voice he uses when saying, "Rose, let us try it again."

Now that the hunting season is here, Otto Bosler will exhibit his wonderful marksmanship in hunting for the man-eating rats in our warehouse.

Recently our office was visited by the porter with a chemical fumigator. One of the private offices required drastic treatment. Before quiet was restored it was necessary to place a requisition for some Mary Garden perfume.

We notice Mr. Goulden is spending considerable time in the Jersey wilds. What is the attraction?

We have had our curiosity aroused as to why our girls were so industriously questioning the married men as to baby clothes, etc. At first we thought there was to be a wholesale marriage, but to our sorrow this is not so, as there is a doll dressing contest taking place. Dolls are being dressed for Christmas distribution to the poor kiddies. Good work, girls, keep it up.

We have heard of birthday parties, but we have never heard of a birthday party which starts on Saturday afternoon, and winds up on Monday morning. The crowd that was present at Mr. Genet's home certainly must have had a rousing time.

Mr. Gawlers activities reminds us of Phineas Fogg and his eighty days around the world. He can step across the office in three strides.

Alan Stevenson was asked why he always praises his home state of New Jersey. Those living in Brooklyn thought it was the last place God ever made. However, all Alan had to say was, "When I arrived in New Jersey I weighed nine pounds, and look at me now; I weigh one hundred and eighty-five pounds."

We all envy Miss Coenen who recently left our service to prepare for the most eventful occasion in a person's life, that is the marriage stage. On her leave-taking, Miss Coenen was agreeably surprised with a most beautiful gift of a very fine set of chinaware. We extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

An unusual series of events recently took place in that Messrs. Alan Stevenson, Van Ness Philip, C. M. Schaeffer, L. R. Galvin were married. In honor of this unusual series of events, Mr. Sarnoff tendered these men an extremely fine testimonial in the form of a short and stirring talk, at which were present the entire Sales department.

Mr. Sarnoff's address was a total surprise to the men, and was very much appreciated. In this impromptu address, Mr. Sarnoff spoke on the "Romance of Radio." We offer the four men our best wishes and heartiest congratulations.

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### SALES DEPARTMENT LOUD SPEAKER

Because of our extensive advertising campaign the name of RCA is certainly becoming a power amongst the radio consumers. We have heard many good things about our product, and this certainly speaks very well for the work of our traveling representatives.

The radio game certainly offers wonderful opportunities for the commercial man today. Just imagine what this

means when you realize that every home should have a radio set, and there are approximately 15,000,000 homes in the United States. The housewife is the one who buys vacuum machines and electrical appliances, so *we* must sell radio sets to the housewife.

Convince the housewife with a demonstration, and you make a sale.

It is a foregone conclusion that in order to have the distributors handle RCA products properly we must keep pounding at the public all the time, and if we talk radio, think radio, we will surely sell radio.

One way to keep the public interested is tell your story fully and clearly; "SAY IT WITH ADVERTISING."

Courtesy and desire to please applies to the radio industry. A satisfied customer is our biggest asset.

Reputable houses are never backward in submitting statements, and the extension of credit assists the dealer or jobber. Credit is what makes the business wheels go around. It is only the fly-by-nights who hesitate in making financial statements.

The best form of putting sales across is through the broadcasting of public events; such as baseball series, prize fights, and other similar occasions.

Let us all root for a big 1922 Radiola Christmas. We have had a year of extensive advertising, so let us create a stocking big enough for our proportionate share of a Radiola Christmas.

### THIS IS A RADIOLA CHRISTMAS

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#### COASTAL STATIONS

**W**E are extremely sorry to hear that Operator Robillard of WLC has again had to go to the hospital for treatment on his leg. Robillard was severely wounded by an exploding shell "over there" while serving in the Signal Corps and although he has been at WLC nearly three years, has been under steady treatment since he was ordered home from France. That he will speedily return is the sincere wish of all.

We announce with pleasure, the opening in the near future, of a new coastal station at Los Angeles, California. This addition to our service has been made necessary by the demands of the rapidly growing port of Los Angeles and the general prosperity now being enjoyed by marine interests on the West coast. Definite announcement, with necessary details, will be made later.

The Marine Radio Bureau at Broad Street—Messrs. Harvey, Myers and McPhail—is functioning effectively in receiving and distributing traffic to and from the Atlantic coast stations. Through this Bureau, which is the medium of direct contact, steamship companies and the public are receiving real service, which is fully appreciated by those who have occasion to do business there. Anticipating a situation or a steamship company's wishes, are all part of a day's work.

An interesting experiment in high speed automatic transmission was recently given a trial on the R. M. S. *Majestic* of the White Star Line, working to Chatham WCC. The results were highly successful and were such as to encourage an extension of this method of operation.

With the exception of Mr. Estberg relieving Mr. Robillard at WLC during the latter's enforced visit to the hospital, there have been no staff changes in the coastal stations since our last issue.

The men in the coast stations have expressed the thought that RCA ship operators might make more frequent use of the abbreviations, QSO, QSP, QSQ, QSR in connection with assisting in getting and clearing traffic. The golden rule of RCA ship radio men should be "Relay for others to RCA as you would, that others should relay for you—but set the example."

Mr. Isbell writes from San Francisco as follows:

"At 3 p. m. October 6th, our time and date, the steamer *Tahiti* left Wellington, New Zealand, some 5,800 odd miles away, and that night KPH carried on *direct* communication with the vessel.

"Several years ago I traveled from San Francisco to Wellington on a passenger steamer, spending twenty-one days en route. This fact quite forcibly makes me appreciate the extraordinary long distances covered by our 5KW, 60-cycle spark set at KPH."

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#### LONG DISTANCE ACCOMPLISHMENTS—S. S. NANKING

Activities of the S. S. *Tahiti*, showing very efficient service and more than ordinary long distance ranges of operation, were recently reported in these columns.

The *Tahiti* is not, however, without competition, the *Nanking* having exchanged messages with KPH every night from September 16th to October 2nd, on the latter date transmitting a message to KPH, a distance of approximately 5,000 miles, at which time he heard KPH clearly say "KKEE RRR". This was at 11:30 p. m.

The activities report of the *Nanking* shows very satisfactory work throughout the voyage. We have just touched upon the high spots which show the very commendable work now being accomplished.

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### HEAD OFFICE

President Nally and Mrs. Nally returned from Europe November 14, per S. S. *Majestic*, having visited England, France, Belgium, Netherlands, Prussia and Poland.

Mr. Sydney St. J. Steadman, of the Legal department of the British Marconi Company, and Mr. H. W. Allen, its general manager, recently visited Montreal and New York, and sailed for England November 11, per S. S. *Homeric*.

A new warehouse and shipping point will be opened in San Francisco shortly. This warehouse will care for the distributors of RCA apparatus on the West coast. Mr. Sawyer is now out on the coast arranging the details for the installation of the organization.

R. T. Rossi, of the Engineering department, has been appointed on the Membership Committee of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Any member of the Radio Corporation staff who desires to affiliate himself with the Institute would do well to communicate with Mr. Rossi, as he is well-posted on the requirements, is prepared to assist in making out applications for membership and can give general advice on the subject.

Mr. Rossi would appreciate it if all applications for membership were passed through his hands. He can be reached at Head Office. Mr. Rossi has been a member of the A. I. E. E. during the past ten years, and has a wide acquaintance among engineers.

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### STATIC CLUB

The November meeting of the Static Club was held on the 2nd at Hotel Astor, New York. Mr. Donald McNicol gave an extremely interesting talk on his experiences among the Indians in the Hudson's Bay country. 53 members were present. The dinner was fine and the music excellent.

The annual election of officers was held and the following were elected to serve during 1923:

President, Ira J. Adams; Vice-President, W. W. Winterbottom; Treasurer, H. A. Sullivan; Secretary, W. P. Van Wyck; and Assistant Secretary, P. Boucheron.

## WEDDING BELLS

At Plainfield, N. J., October 25—Alan Stevenson, of the Sales department, to Irma T. Williams.

At Schenectady, October 28—Van Ness Philip, of the Sales department, to Lilian Gould Davis, daughter of Mr. A. G. Davis, Vice-president of the General Electric Company, and a director of the Radio Corporation.

At West Brighton, S. I., October 28—C. M. Schaefer, of the Publicity department, to Florence G. Seaman. The ceremony was performed at the Church of the Ascension.

## EASTERN DIVISION

**E**LMER G. WEAVER was instrumental in the saving of the lives of 116 passengers on October 19th, when the Colonial Line steamer *Concord* caught fire at two o'clock in the morning off Watch Hill, Long Island Sound. Weaver sent out his messages and remained standing by in the radio room after the passengers had been removed to the *Mohegan*, which came to their rescue, and while the fire was raging beneath him. The vessel finally made port with Weaver still attending to his duties.

Carlton K. Sturms arrived in New York on the *Hog Island* from the seat of the Near East conflicts, telling startling stories of what he saw there. J. C. Quinlan and Siam Salim are on the *Acropolis*, which is now stranded in the very hot-bed of the trouble and we are anxiously awaiting word from them.

Jerome J. Potts sailed for Turkey on the *Hog Island* November 1st, taking the place of C. K. Sturms, who did not wish to return to the scenes of horror.

Charles F. Andrews is now junior to S. F. Nielssen on the *Porto Rico* in place of Lester O. Marholz, who is now on leave of absence visiting his folks in Chicago.

John L. O'Connell is standing by and assisting in the installation of the set on the new yacht *Ohio* at Newport News. When all is completed the yacht is to make an extended cruise around the world. The yacht is being equipped with the latest models of high wave and low wave receivers and a two K. W. transmitter.

J. F. Forsyth sailed on the *Eglantine* for France via Galveston. This is a new vessel under our radio control and Doc is well pleased with her. His place on the *Haito* was taken by C. E. Stevens.

Ernest G. Kroger is en route to Pacific ports on the *Chattanooga City*.

James L. Splane is now on the *Argon*; James E. Ward



is on the *China Arrow* and C. W. Hilkemeier is on the *Sunelseco*.

John J. Lamont, a new man, who was graduated with honors from the Radio Institute, is now junior on the *City of Montgomery* with C. S. Thevenet.

Harry R. Wolfe took out the *Redondo* on a voyage to the Pacific.

Seymour H. Wheeler transferred from the *Japan Arrow* to the *Jolee* and is now on his way overseas.

M. S. Tinsley and C. P. E. Gruetzke are the new operators on the Red D liner *Philadelphia*. Both have seen long service with us and much is expected from them on this run; in fact, we do not think the ship will ever be out of communication with WNY during the entire voyage to Venezuela. Crandall on the *Caracas* now hold that record.

R. S. Henery transferred from the *Philadelphia* to the *Albert Jeffress*.

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### BOSTON

**A.** T. BARBER has left the *Tiger* and is on leave at Boston. Barber was relieved by Ralph Rice.

R. G. Philbrook is on his way to the West Coast on the *Wabash*, and is particularly interested in visiting Seattle.

G. E. Travis is on the beach, living over memories of a summer spent on the St. John run.

Thomas B. Cave, who pounded the brass on the stranded *Swiftstar*, has sailed on the *I. C. White*.

The Boston-New York flier, *North Land*, has discontinued carrying passengers and will be a freighter during the winter. Walter Swett is back on the *Governor Dingley*, and John Browne has joined Leon Thomas on the unassigned list.

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### BALTIMORE

**T**HE new steamer *Steelore* recently sailed from this port with Operator Henry W. Garnett in charge.

Charles D. Townsend was assigned to the *Charles Pratt* when she was re-commissioned at this point. Townsend is a new man in our service.

Franz Muench, former senior on the *West Quechee*, is now holding forth on the *F. Q. Barstow* of the Standard Oil fleet.

The *West Haven*, a newly-allocated Shipping Board vessel, sailed from Baltimore with the radio in charge of Leonard Schabdach.

James Hubbard McCauley, ex-*Tuscaloosa City*, is now on the *West Celina* bound for British ports. Mas has at last

found what he calls a real sweet little girl in Bristol, England. Wish you luck, Mac.

Fred R. Robinson, formerly of the *West Celina*, has proceeded to his home in Minnesota for a short vacation.

James Schultz, formerly of the ill-fated *Charles Braley*, and another Minensotan, is also on a few weeks' vacation.

#### GULF DIVISION NEW ORLEANS

**P.** R. ELLSWORTH, Assistant Division Superintendent, has been placed in charge of the recently established district office and shop at New Orleans. The office, shop and storeroom are located at 512 St. Peter Street. Mr. Ellsworth is being assisted by Inspectors W. P. Elkins and W. L. Rothenberger.

Ross Wood, our Storeroom Keeper at 512 St. Peter Street, after having severed his connections with the Radio Corporation, is now enjoying a visit with the home folks in Texas.

Master Virgil J. Cornelius has been added to the staff at the Division office as office boy, etc. (mostly et cetera).

Thomas Nugent, after having reported here from New York on leave of absence, has been assigned to the *Elkhorn* at Galveston.

S. H. Escudero and A. G. Erwin, both Filipinos, have been assigned to the motorship *Katherine* as senior and junior, respectively. The *Katherine* is now en route Philippine Islands via California ports.

Charles D. Beckett, after having been relieved on the *Maiden Creek* by Roy S. Hood is now in charge on the *Dulcino*.

No matter how hard they may try, it appears to be impossible to stay out:

Pelham P. Nisbet is back in the Key West district, and has been assigned to the *Cuba*, under District Manager Broussard.

Now comes L. G. Kirschenblatt and lands the *Dannedaiki* after having been out of the service for several months.

Vincent De Martino, after having placed the *Marne* out of commission at Galveston, has been assigned to the *West Cheswald* out of New Orleans, relieving Edward Clesi, granted sick leave.

Other assignments of late:

C. F. Bailey to the *Barryton*, and F. F. Milgaze to the *Hulver*.

Through the columns of our Service Magazine, we desire to extend our congratulations to one of our former old-timers,

J. H. McKinney. McKinney informs us that he is now leading the life of a married man, having married the best-looking and best all-around young lady in the world, Miss Augusta Marshall, of Little Rock, Arkansas. McKinney says that when the wife is in a good humor his home address is at 1308 Mississippi Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

McKinney is now trying to earn the daily bread for two by holding down a trick at the Federal Barge Line Radio Station (WYBD) at Memphis.

Miss Mary Fitzwilliam has relieved Miss A. M. Le Bon as stenographer in the Commercial office, preceded over by Mr. N. E. Church.

Although the Commercial Representative very generously supplied the consolidated offices with a self-winding clock, the darn thing (we mean the clock, of course) hasn't worked a stroke since its arrival. This, notwithstanding the fact that the Commercial Representative has acquired one of those mutual nuisances—a pocket tool kit.

No, Peters, being located near church doesn't necessarily mean that you're full of religion. Let Elkins diagnose your troubles.

#### THE CRADLE

Born to Superintendent and Mrs. J. A. Pohl, on November 4th, an 8½-pound boy, Harry Eddington.

Now the "Boss" will have a chance to lay up his Magnavox loud-speaker for repairs, while H. E. does the loud-speaking.

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#### GREAT LAKES DIVISION CLEVELAND

**T**HE birth of this issue will about wind up our 1922 season of navigation. With the exception of three or four Goodrich liners, all passenger vessels have been placed in ordinary for the winter months. Freighters are going into their winter quarters daily and the operators are commencing their annual migratory season.

Inventory is the order of the day and between this pleasurable pursuit and the laying up of the various vessels' equipment, Constructors Weide and Covey are sure having their hands full.

Guy Harden has layed up the *Eastern States* and is now taking life easy at his home in Norwood, Ohio.

Emil H. Nelson who hails from Havre, Montana, a town which was but recently placed on the map through varied newspaper publicity, has completed the *Western States* sail-

ing season and is now on his way home to see what it is all about.

Henry R. Grossman, of S. O. S. shoe repair fame, recently tied up the *City of Erie*.

Norman J. Hughes, who placed the *City of Buffalo* in her winter quarters, is now to be found in THE CITY WHERE LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

Galen G. Crose is finishing out the season on the *James MacNaughton*, having spent an enjoyable three week visit with his parents prior to the assignment.

Joseph E. Carroll and Ralph E. Jacks, senior and junior respectively, just recently finished up on the *City of Cleveland III*. Both Carroll and Jacks proceeded to their homes for an indefinite stay.

J. E. McDonald, veteran of veterans, has relieved Burton Bangert on the *Illinois*, a one-man passenger ship.

James F. Bondi can now be found on the *Indiana*, sailing out of Chicago.

Donald Palmeter has taken charge of the *Richard Reiss* equipment for the remainder of the season.

Howard A. Mills, formerly with the Coast Guard Service, is now attached to the *Frank Billings* vice Hyman Silverman, on leave.

J. Leslie Wilcox recently relieved William H. Barlow on the *James P. Walsh*. Barlow is waiting further assignment.

#### PACIFIC DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO

**I**T has been surprising to us to note the intense interest manifested in radio by the public on the Pacific Coast at the time of the recent accident to the *City of Honolulu*, which was destroyed by fire in mid-ocean on October 12th. Everybody realized the important part that radio played in saving the lives of all on board the vessel and they did not hesitate to comment on the fact. One heard of it on all sides. No doubt the advent of broadcasting has stimulated interest to such an extent that the public takes more notice of the good work which is being carried on by the operators of the deep sea ships.

The *City of Honolulu* carried three operators, W. P. Bell, senior, H. H. Hancock, junior, and N. C. Kumler, third. Operator Bell took charge of the radio immediately after the fire alarm was sounded and remained at his post for five hours until the ship was abandoned by the captain. On the whole the affair was taken very calmly by the passengers and crew and assumed more or less the nature of a lark. It

had its serious aspects, however, as it was feared that the vessel would capsize from the tons of water which were poured into the hold. The sea was calm but a heavy swell was running and very few escaped *mal de mer* during the six hours they were afloat in small boats.

The first distress call was broadcasted at five in the morning and immediately acknowledged by KPH, who took charge of the situation and kept the air policed until all were safely on board the *West Farrallon*. Bell said that KPH signals were strong and clear while those of the rival stations at KFS he could barely hear.

On Monday night following the accident we were testing the receiving set on the *President Harrison* preparatory to placing her in commission for the *City of Honolulu's* run, and Bell who was transferred to the *Harrison*, exclaimed when he heard KPH, "My, but that sounds good." It was the first time he had heard the signals since he said good bye as he left the burning vessel.

We are now about to spill a deep secret. V. A. Goldsmith, the roly-poly little man in charge of the *Manoa's* P8, is married. About two months ago we received a confidential, very confidential, tip from Goldie himself, that he was married. Of course, the confidence was respected and to our surprise three or four operators arrived and stated they had heard Goldsmith was married. "Married? That's the first we have heard of it," was our white-lie reply. Then the mystery cleared. In going over ship traffic an ocean letter was found in unmistakable terms signed by the "confidence man" himself. So ends a secret.

During the month assignments were few and we have about forty men on the beach. The closing of the Alaskan season, we believe, accounts for the surplus.

We have had one man as Mayor of San Francisco for the past eleven years, Mr. James Rolph, Jr., who, in addition to his civic duties, is a very keen and well-known business man, and as such, he, judging from a letter recently received from him praising our marine bureau service, appreciates our slogan—WORLD WIDE WIRELESS—for he addressed the letter to "World Wide Wireless Corporation of America, San Francisco." The letter reads:

"I have your message that the *Hollywood* is now 2,950 miles northeast of Newcastle, and write to thank you for your courtesy in advising my concern of this fact and to commend your business enterprise in so doing.

"With every good wish, believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"James Rolph, Jr."

## PORT OF LOS ANGELES

SOME days ago we stood beside a marble slab erected in Venice in memory of a radio operator from this division who years ago went to his death in the line of duty. This slab tells in eloquent words the heroism of the young life sacrificed that others might be saved.

Today, we pay tribute to the three radio men—Bell, Hancock and Kumler who, while still living, took a chance—and stood by the ill-fated *City of Honolulu* until all the passengers were safely lowered in the life-boats.

The marble shaft erected in memory of Prudhont will, in the story of the *City of Honolulu*, be something unseen; yet just as real—for it will be erected in the memory of all those on board the burning ship, an oft-repeated story of heroism.

## SEATTLE

ALL the signs of approaching winter are with us. Folks are commencing to look covetously at our umbrella, and soon we are going to have to hang the family wash in the basement to dry.

Three more of our ships went into Lake Washington for the winter lay-up, putting some good operators on the beach. The vessels are the *Curacao*, *Rodman* and *Sebree*. Syverstad and Snyder were on the *Curacao*. Wunderlich and Stephens were on the *Rodman*. Stephens succeeded in getting an all winter job at the Chichagof Mine in Alaska, as operator and bookkeeper. We know the white lights won't bother him this winter, anyhow.

J. A. Johnson, who was on the *Sebree* when that vessel laid up, was transferred to the *Dorothy Alexander*, where he will serve as freight clerk until another radio job shows up.

Joe Hutchinson has just returned from a six months' voyage up the coast of Northern Siberia and the Arctic on the *Mazatlan*. Joe says he did some phenomenal distance work while out and enjoyed the trip exceedingly, with the exception of one period when they ran short of grub and were forced to subsist on whale blubber and fish for a month or so. He swears he'll never look a fish in the face again.

R. H. Brower, who has been on our unassigned list for some time, has accepted the position of operator on the *Swiftsure Bank* light vessel. He took along a great bale of reading matter and a receiver, which he is developing. This receiver, he claims, will revolutionize the radio art.

# RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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## TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT

G. S. DE SOUSA, Treasurer

M. H. PAYNE, Assistant Treasurer	A. B. TUTTLE, Credits and Collections (Trans-oceanic and Marine)
C. G. TERWILLIGER, Credits and Collections (Sales)	J. V. HENRY, Cashier

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## COMPTROLLER'S DEPARTMENT

C. J. ROSS, Comptroller

H. A. SULLIVAN, General Auditor	E. H. KEELER, Aud. of Disbursements
A. NICOL, Auditor of Receipts	L. G. HILLS, Auditor Transoceanic Dept.
G. A. BELLIS, Auditor Sales Dept.	

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## SALES DEPARTMENT

E. E. Bucher, Manager

NEW YORK OFFICE

Quinton Adams  
M. Brunet  
M. Berger  
F. J. Brick, Jr.  
P. T. DuBois  
R. C. Edwards

H. C. Gawler  
S. W. Goulden  
A. R. Genet  
J. G. MacKenty  
C. H. Nance  
V. N. Phillip

Donald Pieri  
J. W. Power  
A. Stevenson  
J. M. Sawyer  
D. Stoner  
W. J. Schmidt

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## CHICAGO DISTRICT OFFICE

M. L. Bergin  
A. R. Beyer  
L. Bennett

C. C. Chapelle  
J. P. Francis  
E. Lange

P. G. Parker

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John B. Rostron,  
Asst. Traffic Mgr. (Trans-Oceanic)

T. M. Stevens,  
Asst. Traffic Manager (Marine)

C. J. Weaver,  
Acting Supt.

F. D. Heiser,  
Superintendent, Chatham, Mass.

W. H. Barsby,  
Assistant Supt.

G. E. Baxter,  
Superintendent, San Francisco

Walter E. Wood,  
Assistant Supt.

F. M. Roy,  
Asst. Superintendent, San Francisco

L. A. Briggs,  
Chief Office Electrician

W. P. S. Hawk,  
Superintendent, Honolulu

A. H. Morton,  
Superintendent, Washington, D. C.

H. A. Oxenham,  
Asst. Superintendent, Honolulu

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E. F. W. Alexanderson, Chief Engineer  
A. E. Reoch, Assistant Chief Engineer  
C. H. Taylor, Assistant Chief Engineer

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H. H. Beverage, Receiver Design	R. H. Ranger, Receiver Design

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L. C. Everett, Estimating Engineer	E. D. Sabine, Construction Engineer

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## OPERATING DIVISION

W. A. Graham, Operating Engineer

A. W. Aird, Engineer-in-Charge, New Brunswick, N. J.	W. H. Graff, Engineer-in-Charge, Kahuku, T. H.
B. S. Y. Clifton, Engineer-in-Charge, Marion, Mass.	G. A. Burns, Engineer-in-Charge, Marshall, Cal.
G. L. Usselman, Engineer-in-Charge, Radio Central, N. Y.	I. C. Reid, Engineer-in-Charge, Koko Head, T. H.
G. J. Eshleman, Engineer-in-Charge, Tuckerton, N. J.	A. B. Tyrrell, Engineer-in-Charge, Riverhead, N. Y.
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